

THE 100TH ISSUE

SPAWN



100

4.95 USA
7.80 CAN

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THE EIGHTH CIRCLE
OF HELL...

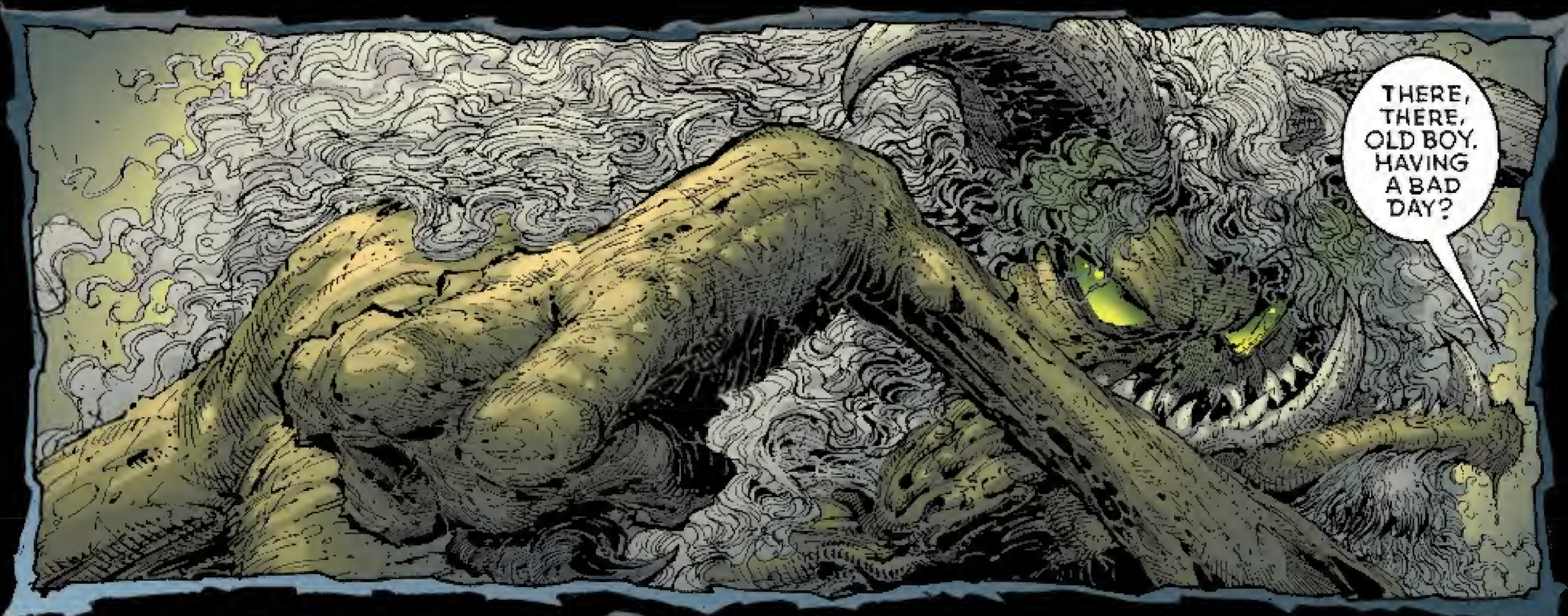
THE AIR IS STALE AND STILL,
HEAVY WITH THE STENCH OF
SEARED FLESH AND BRIMSTONE...

ECHOING WITH THE TORTURED
SCREAMS OF THE DAMNED.

ONE VOICE CAN BE
HEARD ABOVE THE
INFERNAL CHOIR.

AAH
ARGH!
AGH!





THERE, THERE, OLD BOY. HAVING A BAD DAY?



YOU LOOK TERRIBLE. YOU LOOK LIKE SOMEONE WHO'S JUST LOST EVERYTHING.

SOMEONE WHOSE GILDED DREAMS OF EMPIRE HAVE CRUMBLLED TO ASHES. SHAME.

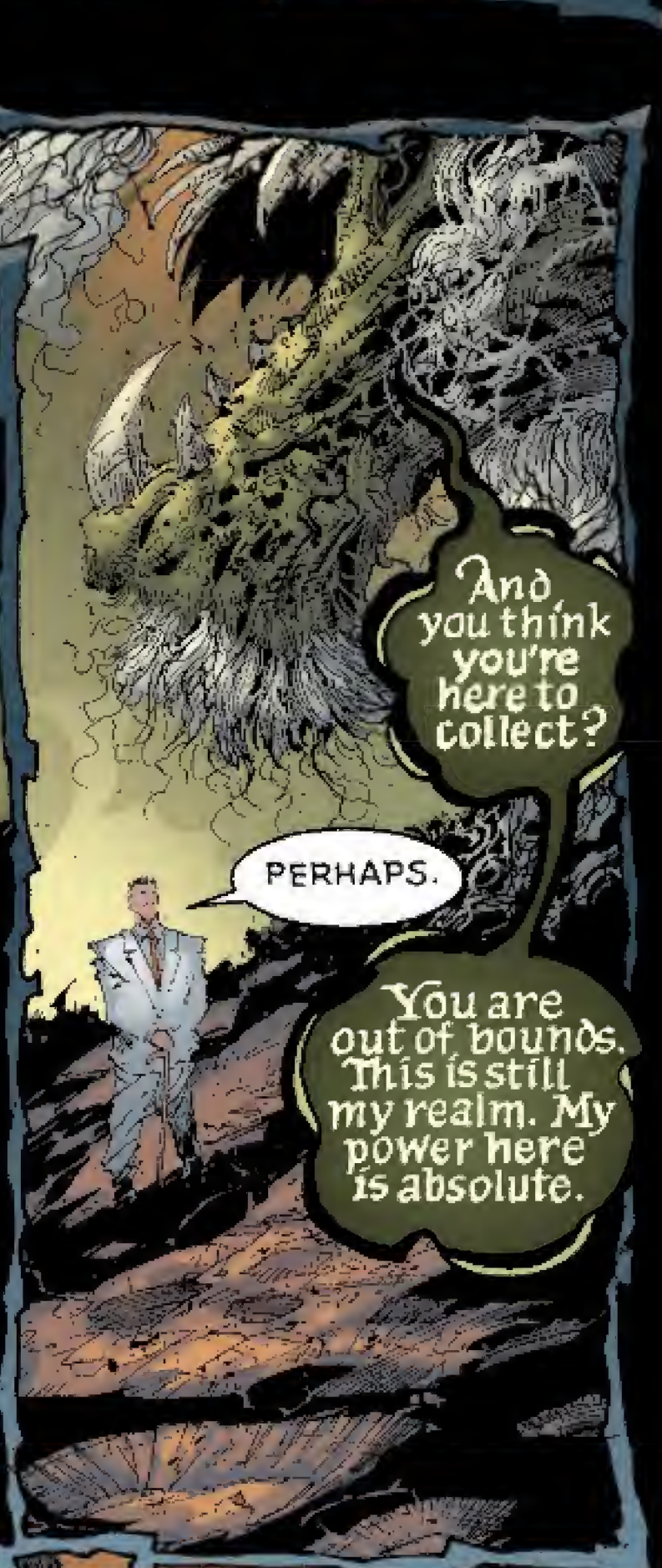
Do... not... mock... me... My wrath is considerable. You do not want to face it.



I HAVE TO ADMIT, MALEBOLGIA, I'M RATHER IMPRESSED. WHO'D HAVE GUESSED THAT YOU WOULD BE SO... CUNNING?

YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN SUCH A CLUMSY, OBVIOUS SORT. BLOOD OATHS AND BUTCHERY.

STILL, YOU GAMBLLED EVERYTHING. AND YOU LOST. TIME TO PAY THE PIPER.



PERHAPS.


And you think you're here to collect?

You are out of bounds. This is still my realm. My power here is absolute.



Now go! I do not answer to you.

NO YOU DON'T. NOT YET.



TELL ME
MORE...

I
CAN'T...

...MALEBOLGIA...

...YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
HE'LL DO.

MALEBOLGIA
IS THE LEAST
OF YOUR
PROBLEMS.
TALK.

HE-- HE
SAID HE
ALWAYS KNEW
IT WOULD COME
TO THIS...

COME
TO
WHAT?

THAT YOU
COULDN'T BE
COUNTED ON. THAT
SOONER OR LATER
YOU'D FLAKE.

WHEN YOU
WALKED AWAY,
YOU LEFT A VOID.
THE BALANCE
BETWEEN HEAVEN
AND HELL WAS
SKEWED.

HE HAD
US UNLEASH
URIZEN. HE
WANTED THE
WAR TO BEGIN,
FOR THE
ARMIES OF
HEAVEN AND
HELL TO
COVER THE
EARTH.

HE WANTED
ARMAGEDDON.



WHY?
WHY?

TO
TAKE OVER
HELL. ALL
OF IT.

WHILE THE
ARMIES OF HELL
WAGED WAR ON
EARTH, HE WAS GOING
TO USURP THE OTHER
EIGHT CIRCLES... HE
PROMISED US
POWER... HE...



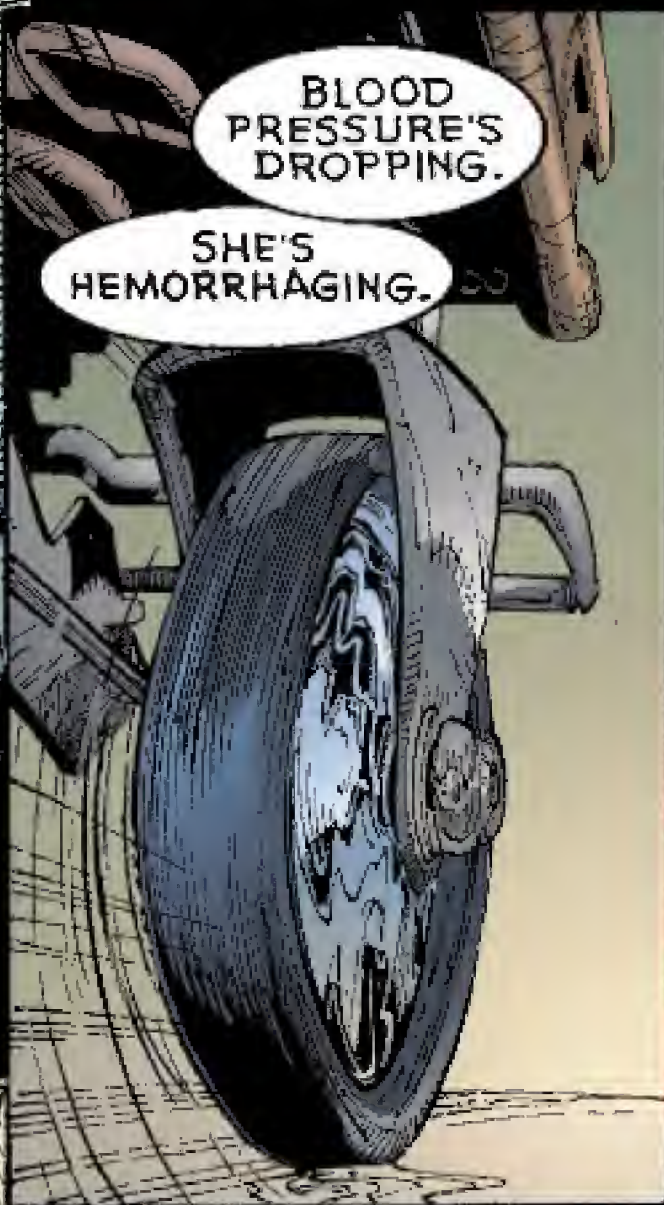
ENOUGH.
GO. GET
OUT OF MY
SIGHT.



YOU SURE
THAT'S A
GOOD IDEA,
SPAWN?



THEY
DON'T MATTER
NOW. ONLY
MALEBOLGIA
DOES.



BLOOD
PRESSURE'S
DROPPING.

SHE'S
HEMORRHAGING.

QUEENS,
NEW YORK.

SIR,
PLEASE IF
YOU COULD
COME WITH
ME.

NO!
THAT'S
MY
WIFE.

WHAT
THE HELL
IS GOING
ON?

SIR,
IF YOU
COULD PLEASE
STEP BACK.
WE NEED
ROOM.



WANDA!

SIR,
I'M SORRY
BUT YOU
CAN'T--



TERRY...
I'M
SORRY...



I'M HERE
BABY.
I'M HERE.

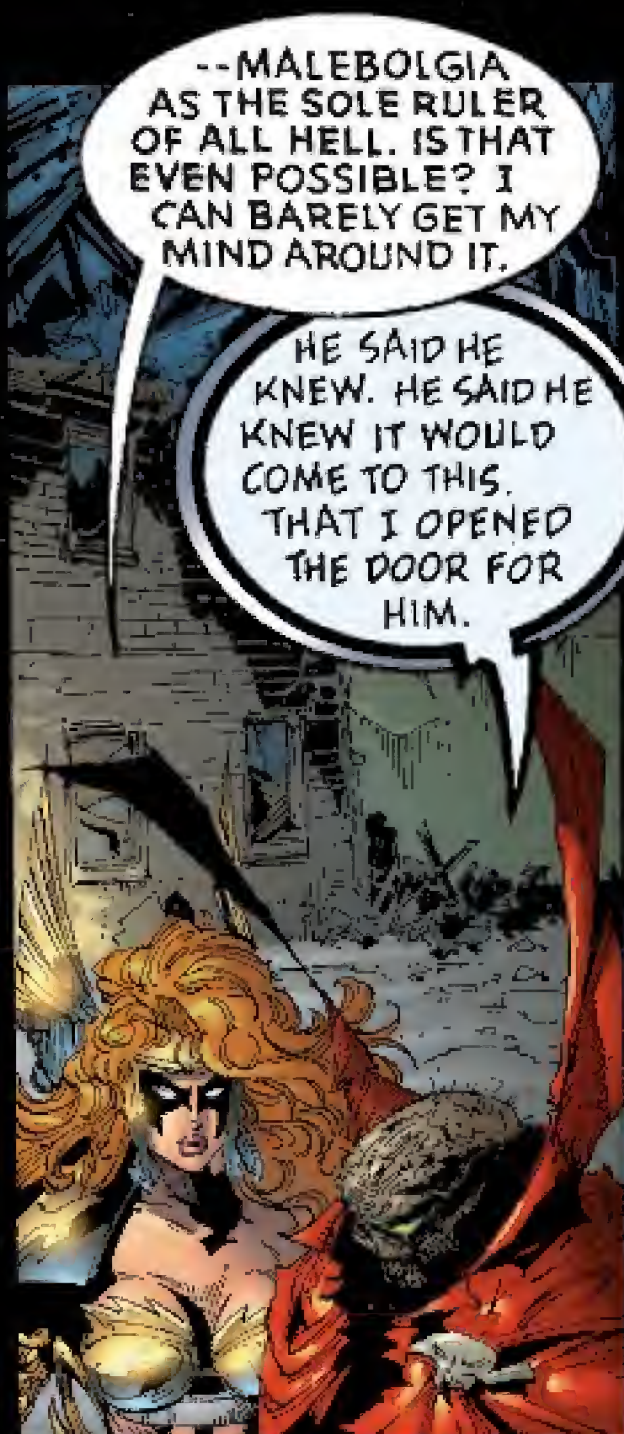
TERRY...

WANDA!

SIR,
YOU CAN'T
GO IN
THERE.



WANDA...



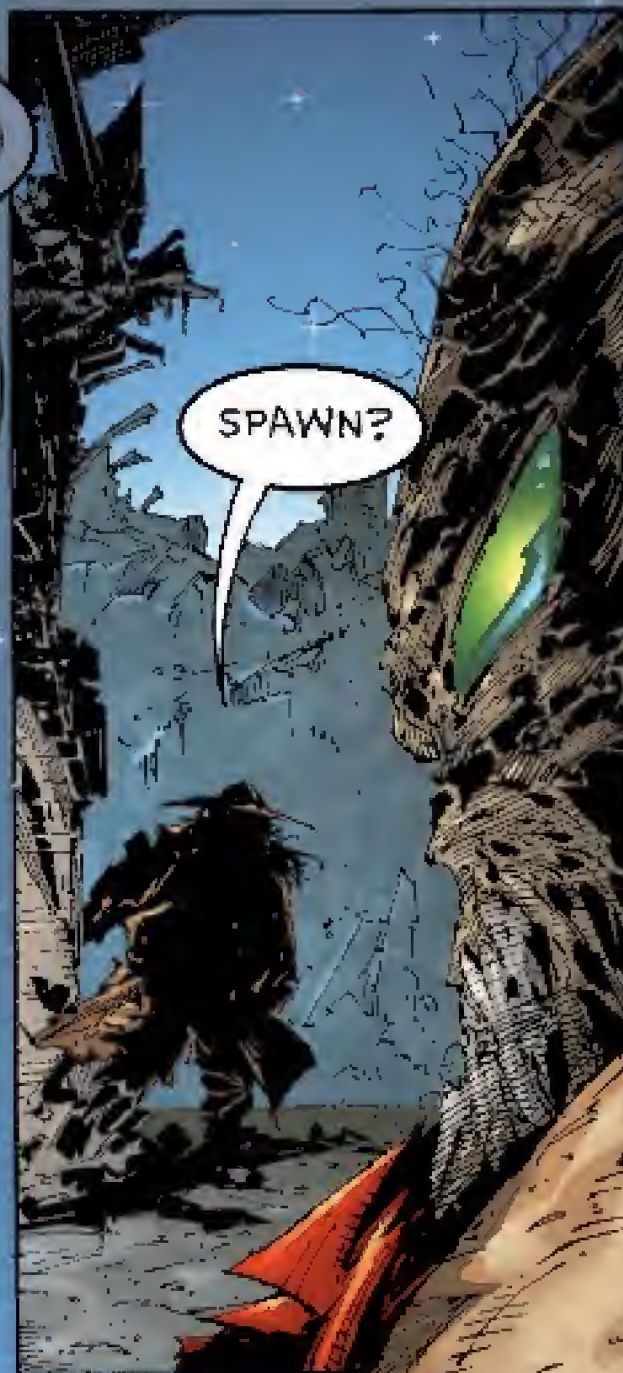
--MALEBOLGIA AS THE SOLE RULER OF ALL HELL. IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE? I CAN BARELY GET MY MIND AROUND IT.

HE SAID HE KNEW. HE SAID HE KNEW IT WOULD COME TO THIS. THAT I OPENED THE DOOR FOR HIM.



I THOUGHT I WAS FREE, BUT... HE KNEW. HE COUNTED ON ME.

I HOPE YOU'RE NOT THINKING ABOUT DOING ANYTHING STUPID. BESIDES, YOU CAN'T TRUST WHAT HE SAYS.



SPAWN?

I HAVE BEEN A COWARD FOR FAR TOO LONG. I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR AN OLD MAN TO TRY AND MAKE THINGS RIGHT.

COME WITH ME. THERE'S THINGS I MUST TELL YOU.



SHORTLY...

THE ALLEYS. WHY DID YOU BRING US HERE, COGLIOSTRO?

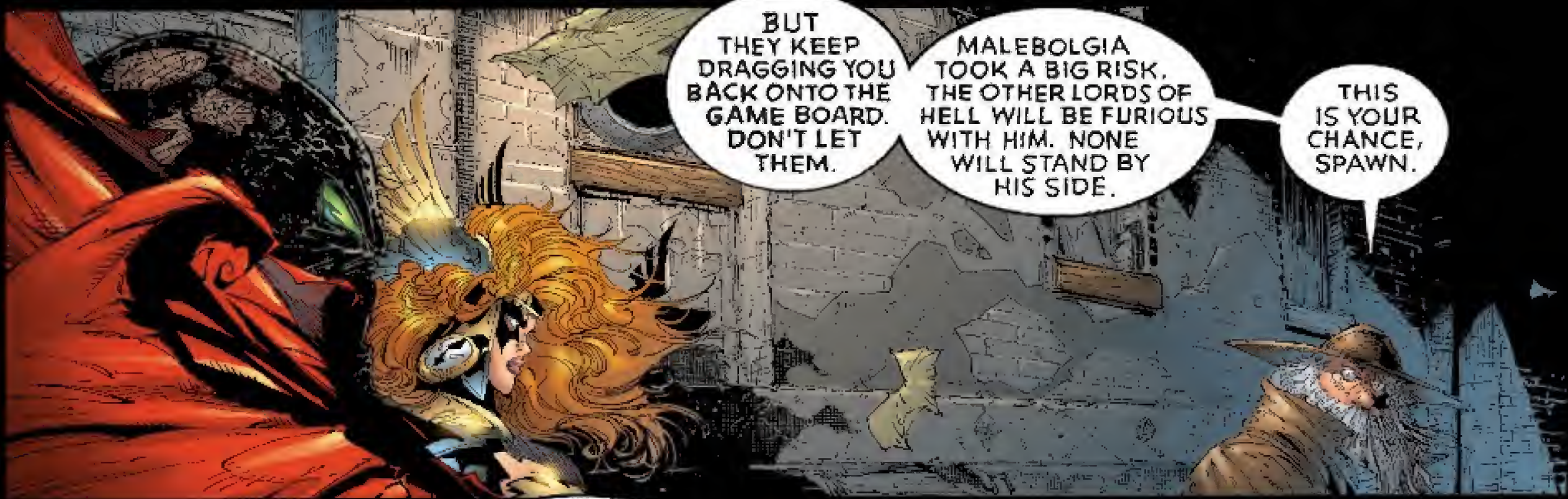
THIS IS WHERE IT BEGAN. THIS IS WHERE YOU WERE BORN. WHERE WE FIRST MET.

I TOLD YOU I WANTED TO HELP YOU. HELL, I TOLD MYSELF THAT, TOO. BUT THE TRUTH IS, I REALLY WANTED TO HELP MYSELF.

I'VE WALKED THIS WORLD WITH MY CURSE FOR CENTURIES. I THOUGHT YOU COULD FIND A WAY TO FREE US BOTH.

I TRIED TO TEACH YOU THE RULES OF THE GAME. BUT YOU WERE MORE DARING. YOU CHOSE NOT TO PLAY AT ALL.





BUT THEY KEEP DRAGGING YOU BACK ONTO THE GAME BOARD. DON'T LET THEM.

MALEBOLGIA TOOK A BIG RISK. THE OTHER LORDS OF HELL WILL BE FURIOUS WITH HIM. NONE WILL STAND BY HIS SIDE.

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE, SPAWN.



SOONER OR LATER, ALL MEN MUST BURY THEIR FATHERS.



I ONCE SHOWED YOU AN ENTRANCE TO HEAVEN HIDDEN IN THESE ALLEYS. BUT THERE IS ALSO A GATEWAY TO HELL. TO THE EIGHTH CIRCLE.



IT IS HERE. WHERE YOU FIRST APPEARED ON EARTH. THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FREE YOURSELF FOREVER.

I THINK YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS.



YOU'RE BOTH INSANE. YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?

I HAVE NO CHOICE.

YOU *ALWAYS* HAVE A CHOICE. BUT IF THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT--

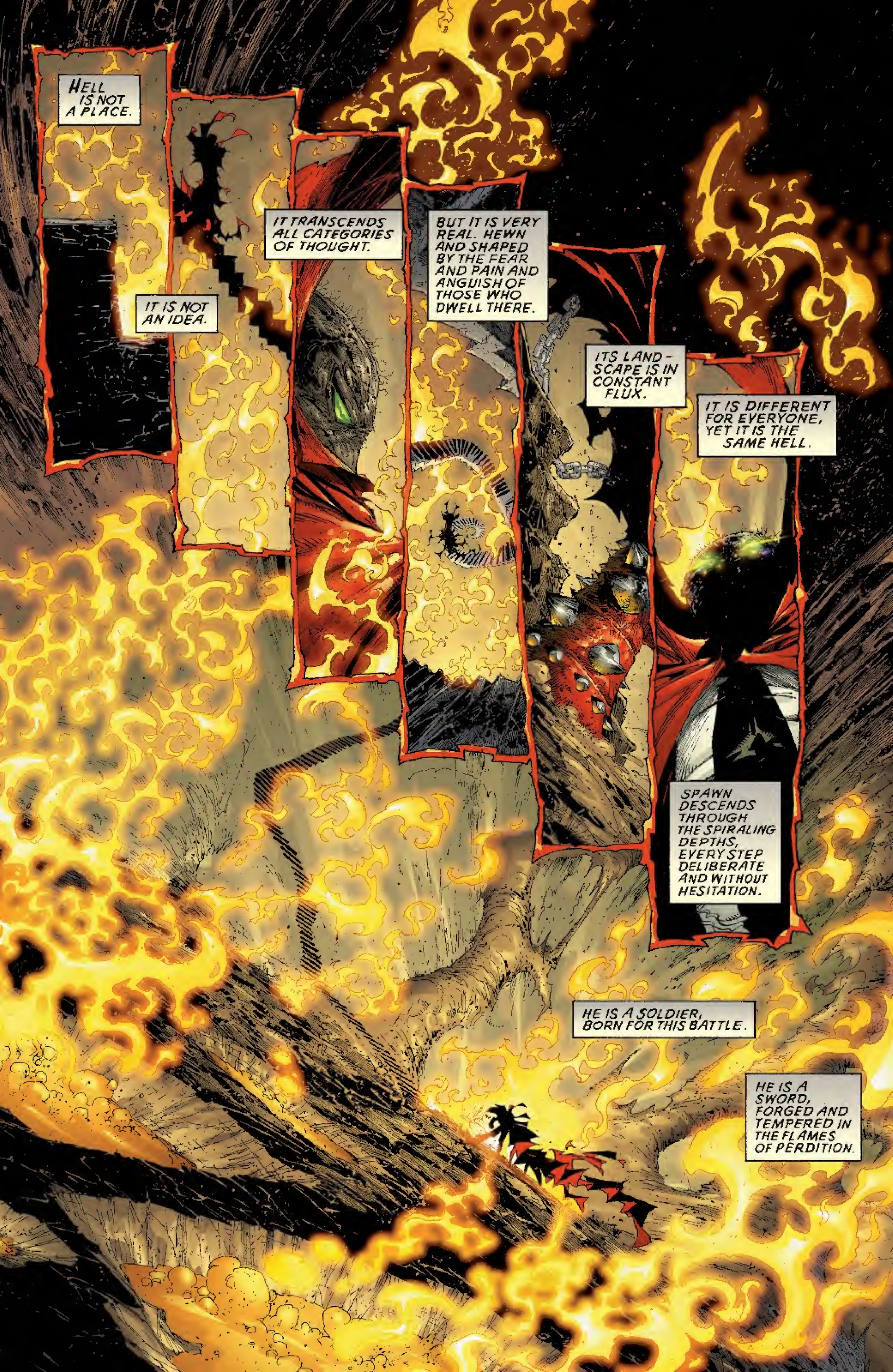


THANK YOU. BUT I HAVE TO DO THIS ALONE.

LEAVE ME, ANGELA. PLEASE.



GOOD LUCK, SON.



HELL
IS NOT
A PLACE.

IT IS NOT
AN IDEA.

IT TRANSCENDS
ALL CATEGORIES
OF THOUGHT.

BUT IT IS VERY
REAL. HEWN
AND SHAPED
BY THE FEAR
AND PAIN AND
ANGUISH OF
THOSE WHO
DWELL THERE.

ITS LAND-
SCAPE IS IN
CONSTANT
FLUX.


IT IS DIFFERENT
FOR EVERYONE,
YET IT IS THE
SAME HELL.

SPAWN
DESCENDS
THROUGH
THE SPIRALING
DEPTHS,
EVERY STEP
DELIBERATE
AND WITHOUT
HESITATION.

HE IS A SOLDIER,
BORN FOR THIS BATTLE.

HE IS A
SWORD,
FORGED AND
TEMPERED IN
THE FLAMES
OF PERDITION.





FROM THE
SHADOWS,
THEY CRY
OUT AT
HIM.

THEY MOCK AND
TAUNT, SPIT
AND CURSE.

SOME
BLAME HIM
FOR THEIR
TORMENT.

SOME LOOK
ON HIM AND
KNOW HOW
SMALL THEY
REALLY ARE.

AND OTHERS
LAUGH TO
THEMSELVES
AT THE
ABSURDITY
OF IT ALL.

BUT NONE
DARE LIFT A
FINGER TO
HARM HIM.



HELLSPAWN!



YOU
SON OF A
BITCH!



YOU
TRICKED ME.
I THOUGHT WE
HAD A DEAL. I
OFFERED YOU A
NEW LIFE AND
YOU SCREWED
ME!



HEY!
DON'T TURN
YOUR BACK ON
ME. LOOK
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE!

DAMN IT!
LOOK WHAT
YOU'VE DONE
TO ME!



YOU
DID IT TO
YOURSELF.
ALL OF
YOU.

NOW LIVE
WITH IT.

ONCE, THERE WAS A MAN NAMED
AL SIMMONS, WHO TRADED HIS
SOUL TO THE DEVIL FOR THE CHANCE
TO SEE HIS WIFE AGAIN.

The
return of
the prodigal
son. How
appallingly
biblical.

NOW, THAT
WHICH
WAS ONCE
SIMMONS,
HAS
RETURNED
TO FACE
THE THING
THAT MADE
HIM.


You knew
this day would
come, didn't you?
Somewhere,
deep down, you
must have
known.

YOU MUST HAVE
KNOWN IT, TOO.

Perhaps
I did. And
here you are.
What do you think
you'll accomplish,
I wonder?

Have you
come for
revenge?
Have you
come to
slay all the
hordes of
hell?

NOT ALL,
MALEBOLGIA.
JUST YOU.




FIGHT
ME,
MALEBOLGIA.
DESTROY
ME.


DESTROY
ME OR BE
DESTROYED.

ONE
WAY OR
ANOTHER,
THIS ENDS
HERE AND
NOW.

You sad,
pathetic
little
creature.




You think
you can walk
into my realm,
that you can
stand up
to me?




IT'S OVER,
MALEBOLGIA.
YOU DON'T OWN
ME. I AM NO
ONE'S SLAVE!

I
WON'T
BE PART
OF YOUR
GAME.




Spare me
the dramatics,
you little turd. What
makes you think you
have any choice?

Do you
think you're
anything other
than what
I allow you
to be?




UUGHN.



Do you
imagine
there's a
thought
in your
brain that
I didn't put
there?


I made
you. I can
unmake
you in an
instant.

NOOO!



We become
the things we
hate. Did you not
know that? Destroy
me and you will
become me.

Are you
prepared to
do that?
To take my
place? I don't
believe
you are.



A comic book panel showing a character with long, flowing orange hair and a metallic, horned helmet. The character is wearing a red and black outfit with a sword at their waist. They are standing in a dark, swirling, and chaotic environment. In the background, a large, multi-eyed monster with a red, segmented body is visible. The character is looking up at the monster. A speech bubble is coming from the character.

YOU
KNOW WHAT,
MALEBOLGIA?
I FOR ONE
DON'T GIVE A
RAT'S ASS
WHAT YOU
BELIEVE.

MATERN




PLEASE...

PLEASE...
IF THERE'S
A GOD IN
HEAVEN...



"...LET HER BE
ALL RIGHT."





ANGELA?!

YOU DIDN'T
REALLY THINK
I'D PASS UP THE
CHANCE TO TAKE
DOWN ONE OF
THE LORDS OF
HELL, DID YOU?


Now, this is
indeed a treat! Do
you know how long it's
been since I've feasted
on the flesh of an
angel?

I can
hardly--

AAUGH!

WHY IS IT
THE DUMB
ONES ALWAYS
DO THE MOST
TALKING?

Haarghnn!



Who do
you think you
ARE?
You are
NOTHING!

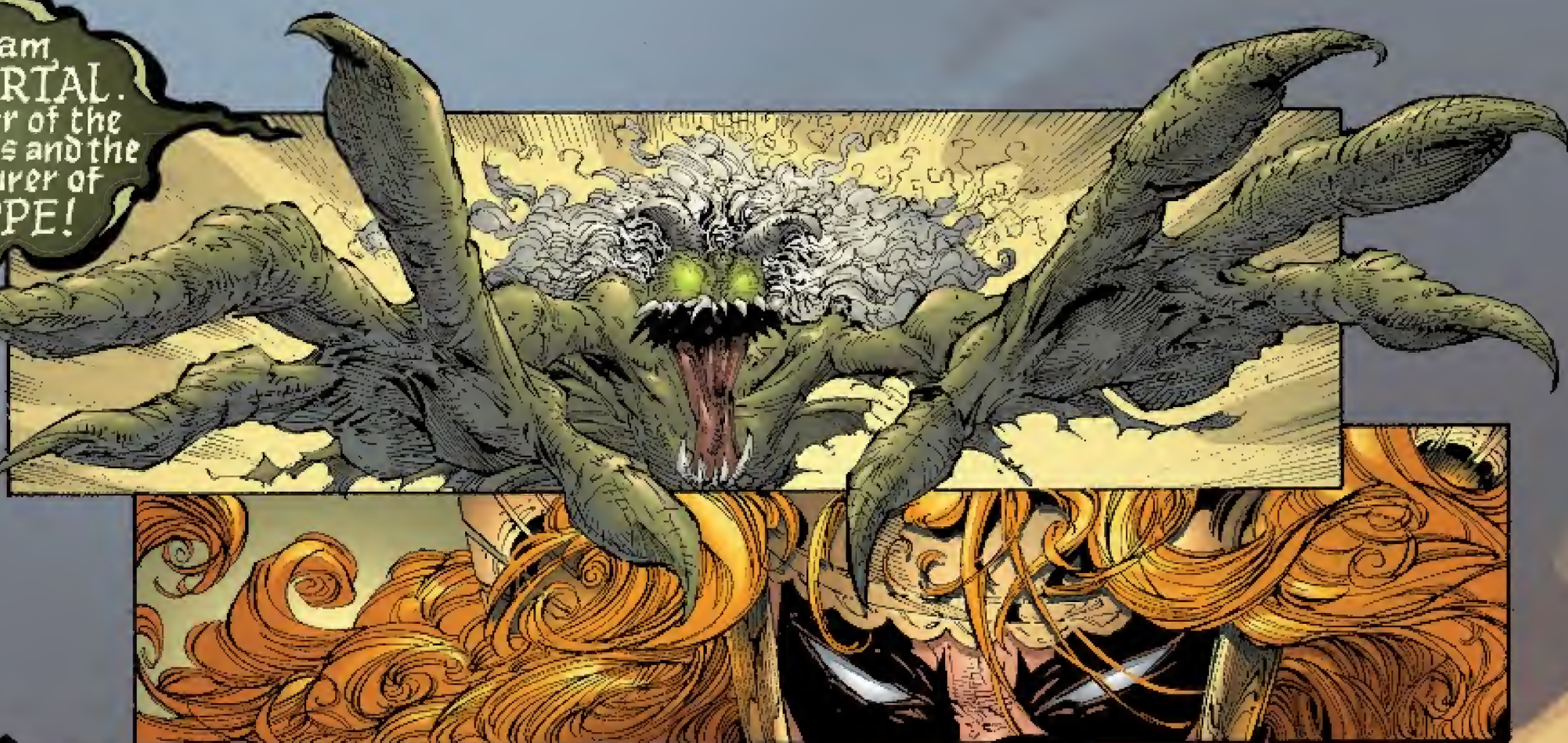
I am the
MALEBOIGIA,
LORD OF
HELL!

I am
darkness
and spite
and hatred
and
deceit!

I am
**UNHOLY
WRATH!**

Look at me!
Look at me and
despair! I am the
BLACK HEART
of the
UNIVERSE!

I am
IMMORTAL.
The slayer of the
righteous and the
devourer of
HOPE!



You little
BITCH!

I
am--

GETTING
ON MY
NERVES.

THAT'S
IT.

HAAOWW!





WELL, MY FRIEND, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TWO FOR TWO.

SPAWN, ARE YOU OKAY?

UH...

REMEMBER WHERE WE ARE. I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE IT, BUT YOU CAN STILL DRAW POWER FROM THE FABRIC OF HELL.

BUT I THINK WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE FAST.

THIS PLACE IS PRETTY UNSTABLE TO BEGIN WITH. WITH MALEBOLGIA GONE, WHO KNOWS WHAT CAN HAPPEN.

ANGELA...







SPAWN'S
WAR CRY
SHAKES
THE VERY
TIMBERS OF
CREATION,
REVERBERA-
TING
ACROSS
WORLDS.



AND THE RANKS
OF THE DAMNED
FALL TO THEIR KNEES
IN SUPPLICATION.

I MUST SAY,
YOU'RE TURNING
OUT TO BE MORE
USEFUL THAN I
IMAGINED. SAVED
ME THE TROUBLE
OF DOING IT
MYSELF.

BRAVO!

ONE LONE
SOLDIER WALKS STRAIGHT
INTO HELL AND CHALLENGES
HIS LORD AND
MASTER TO COMBAT.
UNTHINKABLE.

AND
BETTER
YET, THERE'S NO
BLOOD ON MY
HANDS.

AND YET,
SOMEHOW YOU
WON. HOW DID
THAT HAPPEN,
I WONDER?

IT HAD
TO BE MORE
THAN LUCK,
SURELY.

IN ANY
CASE, THE
KING IS
DEAD...



... LONG
LIVE THE
KING!



IT'S YOURS,
YOU KNOW.
THE THRONE OF
THE EIGHTH
CIRCLE OF HELL.
DO WITH IT AS
YOU PLEASE
FULFILL ANY
AND ALL
DESIRES.



WOULD
YOU LIKE
TO SAY A FEW
WORDS TO THE
FAWNING
MASSES?



NO.
I HAVE
MADE MY
CHOICE.

Oh,
YOU HAVE,
HAVE
YOU?



YES, I
HAVE.



DON'T
IMAGINE FOR
AN INSTANT
THAT WE ARE
THROUGH WITH
YOU!



DO
YOU
HEAR
ME?



HELLSPAWN!
WE HAVE
COME FOR OUR
SISTER.





SHE BELONGS WITH US NOW. WE SHALL LAY HER TO REST IN A PLACE OF HONOR.

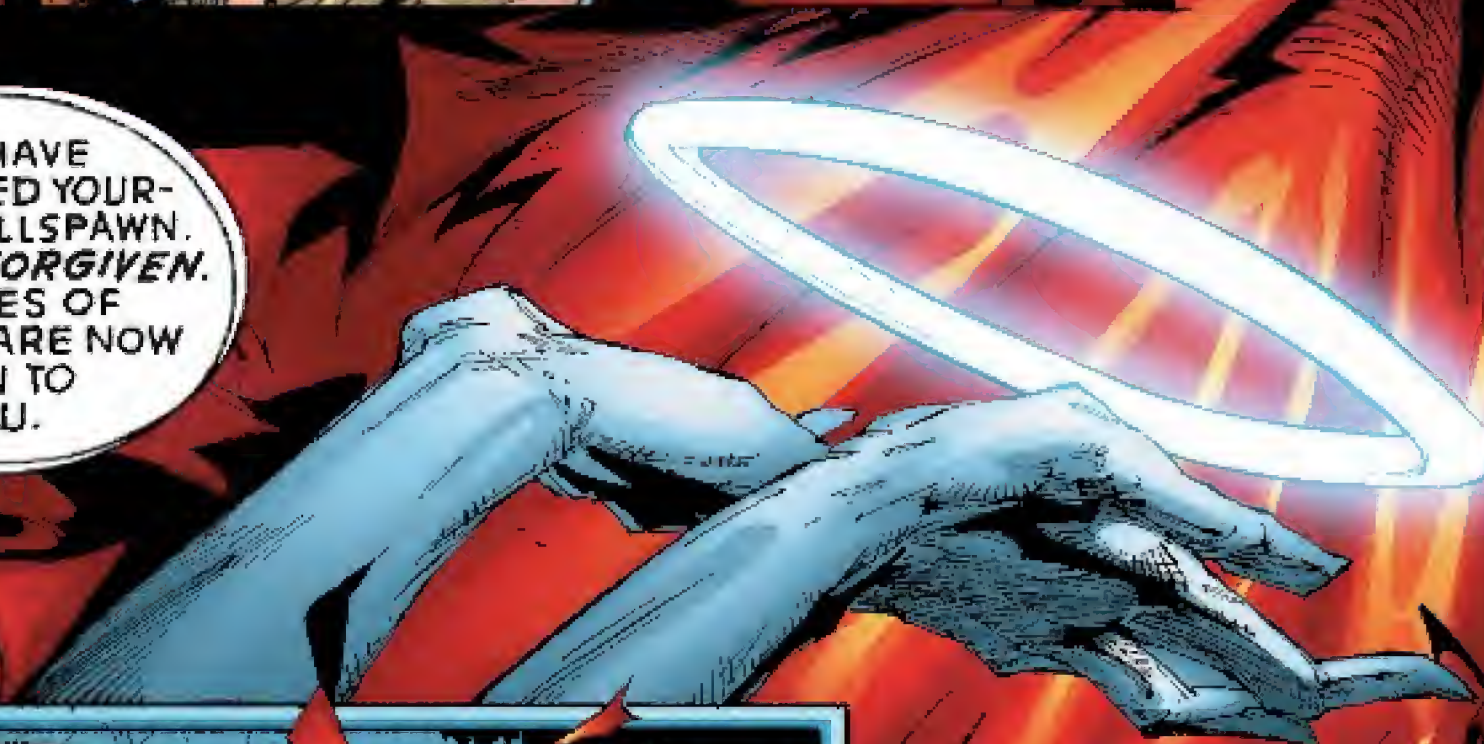
PLEASE...

FOR ALL HER WILLFULNESS, SHE WAS THE BEST AMONG US. BETTER, PERHAPS, THAN WE GAVE HER CREDIT FOR. SHE SHALL NOT BE FORGOTTEN.

AS FOR YOU, HELLSPAWN. THE THRONE HAS A MESSAGE FOR YOU.



YOU HAVE REDEEMED YOURSELF, HELLSPAWN. YOU ARE *FORGIVEN*. THE GATES OF HEAVEN ARE NOW OPEN TO YOU.



WELCOME HOME, MR. SIMMONS.

I DON'T WANT YOUR "FORGIVENESS." YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN THEY ARE.

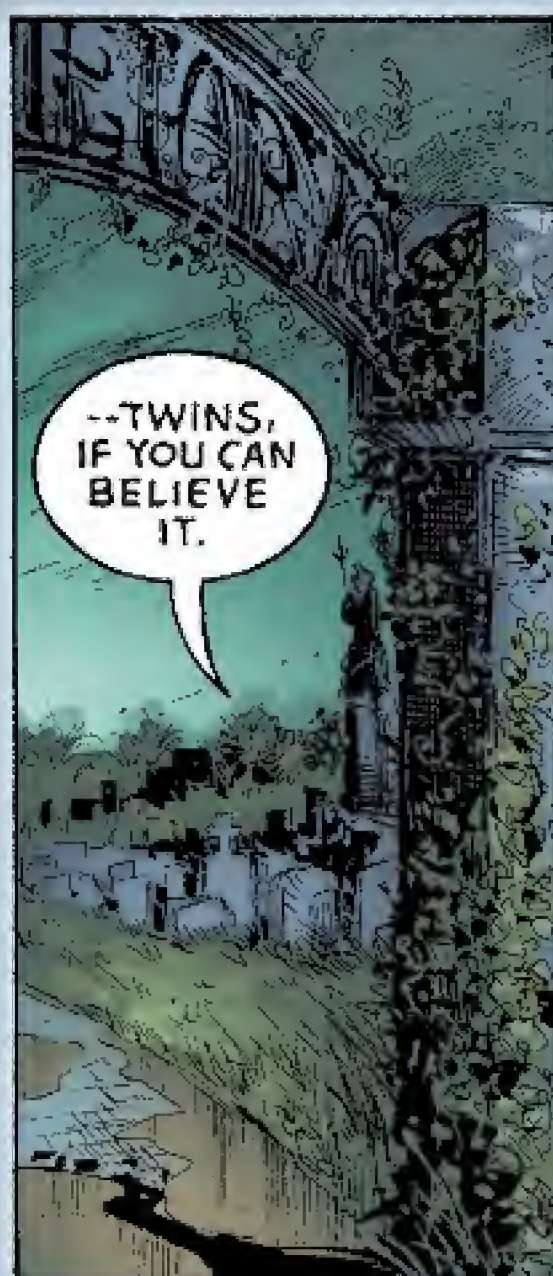


ONE MORE THING...



STAY AWAY FROM MY WORLD.





--TWINS,
IF YOU CAN
BELIEVE
IT.

THEY'RE
ABSOLUTELY
GORGEOUS.
KATIE IS THIS
LITTLE BALL OF
ENERGY AND
JAKE IS SO
SERIOUS.

AND
TERRY...
TERRY IS LIKE
A NEW MAN. I
SWEAR HE LOOKS
TEN YEARS
YOUNGER. ALL
HIS GRAY
IS GONE.



WE NEVER
DID QUITE
FIGURE OUT WHAT
WAS WRONG WITH
CYAN, BUT IT SEEMS
TO HAVE TAKEN
CARE OF ITSELF.
THANK GOD.



I THINK
GRANNY BLAKE
HAD SOMETHING TO
DO WITH IT BUT SHE'S
NOT TALKING. YOU
KNOW HOW
SHE IS.

ANYWAY,
IT'S BEEN A
CRAZY COUPLE
OF MONTHS
AND I GUESS I
JUST HAD TO
SHARE IT
WITH YOU.



WE'VE
COME SO FAR
AND EVERYTHING'S
SO DIFFERENT NOW.
BUT I WANTED
YOU TO KNOW
I HAVEN'T
FORGOTTEN
YOU.

I WOULDN'T
BE THE WOMAN
I AM WITHOUT YOU.
SIGH SOMETIMES
IT FEELS LIKE YOU'RE
STANDING RIGHT
BY MY SIDE,
SMILING AT ME.



THAT
MEANS SO
MUCH TO
ME.



WE ALL
LOVE YOU,
AL.

REST
EASY.
WE'RE
GOING
TO BE
OKAY.

THE NIGHT
RINGS WITH
DISTANT SIRENS
AND MUFFLED
CRIES. WITH
LOVERS' SIGHS
AND DRUNKEN
LAUGHTER.

ONE VOICE FLOATS
ABOVE THE REST,
ECHOING THROUGH THE
DARKNESS. SOFT AS A
WHISPER AND TERRIBLE
AS THUNDER. CAN
YOU HEAR IT?

"THIS IS MY FATE.
THIS IS WHAT I'VE
CHOSEN TO BE.
THIS WORLD AND
ITS SHADOWS
BELONG TO ME.
NOW AND FOREVER..."

"... I AM
SPAWN."



THE EPILOGUE TO ISSUE 100

SPAWN

SPAWN.COM

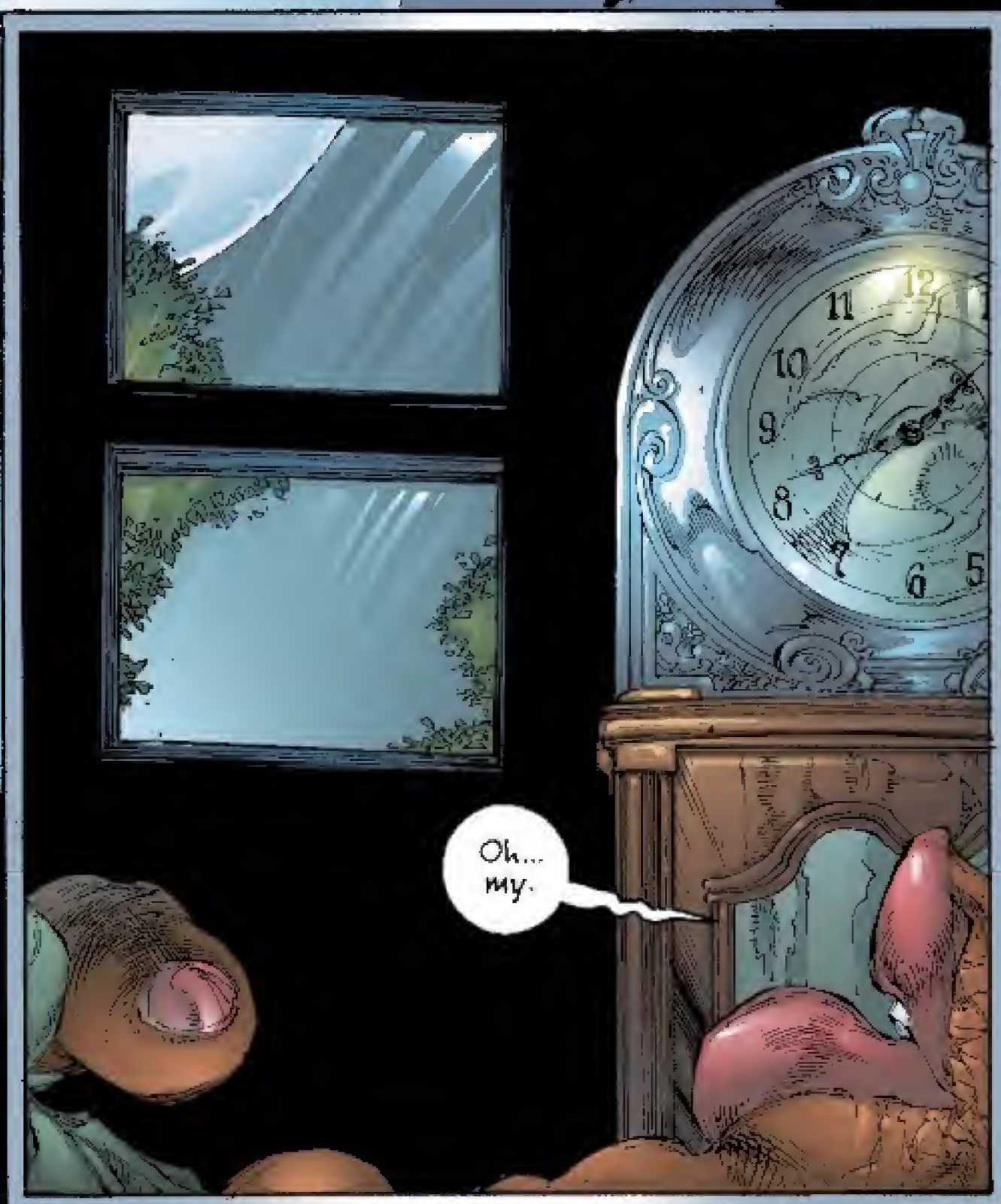


101
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EDITION

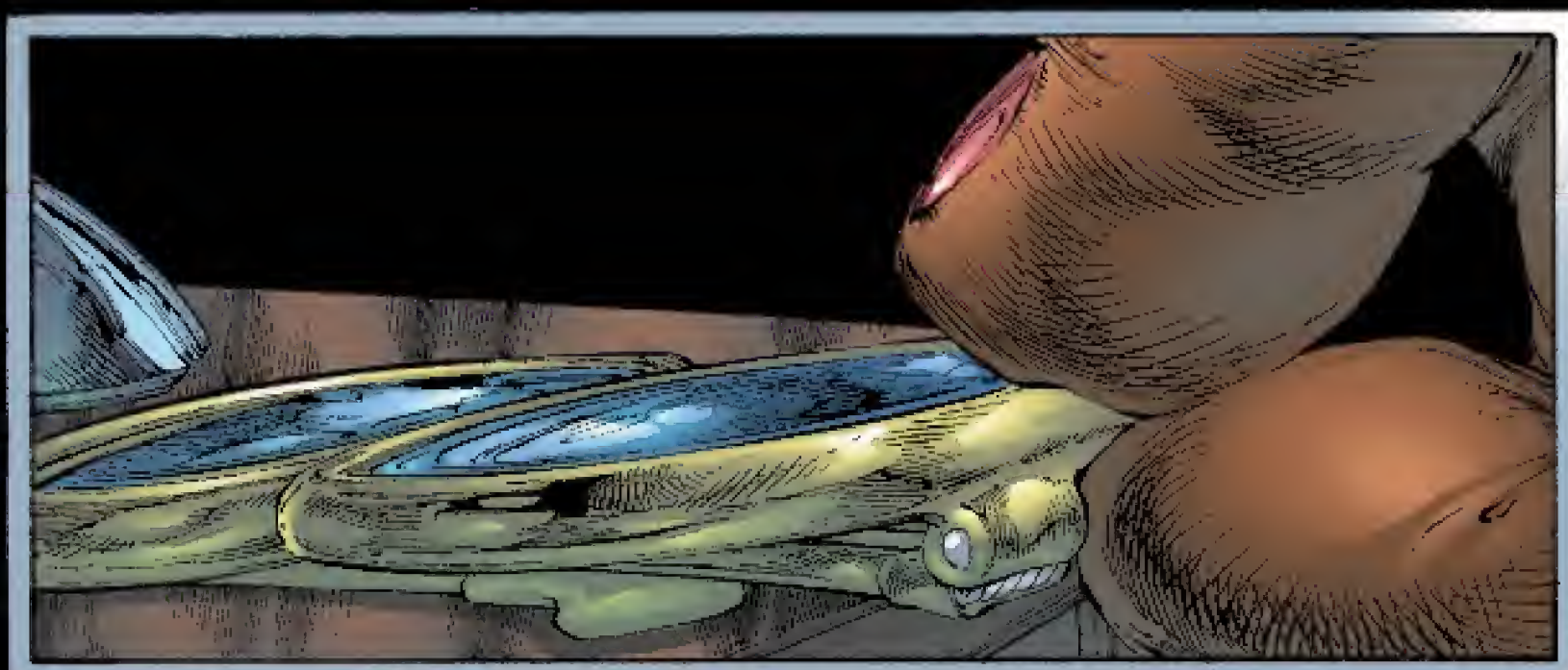


1:52 A.M.

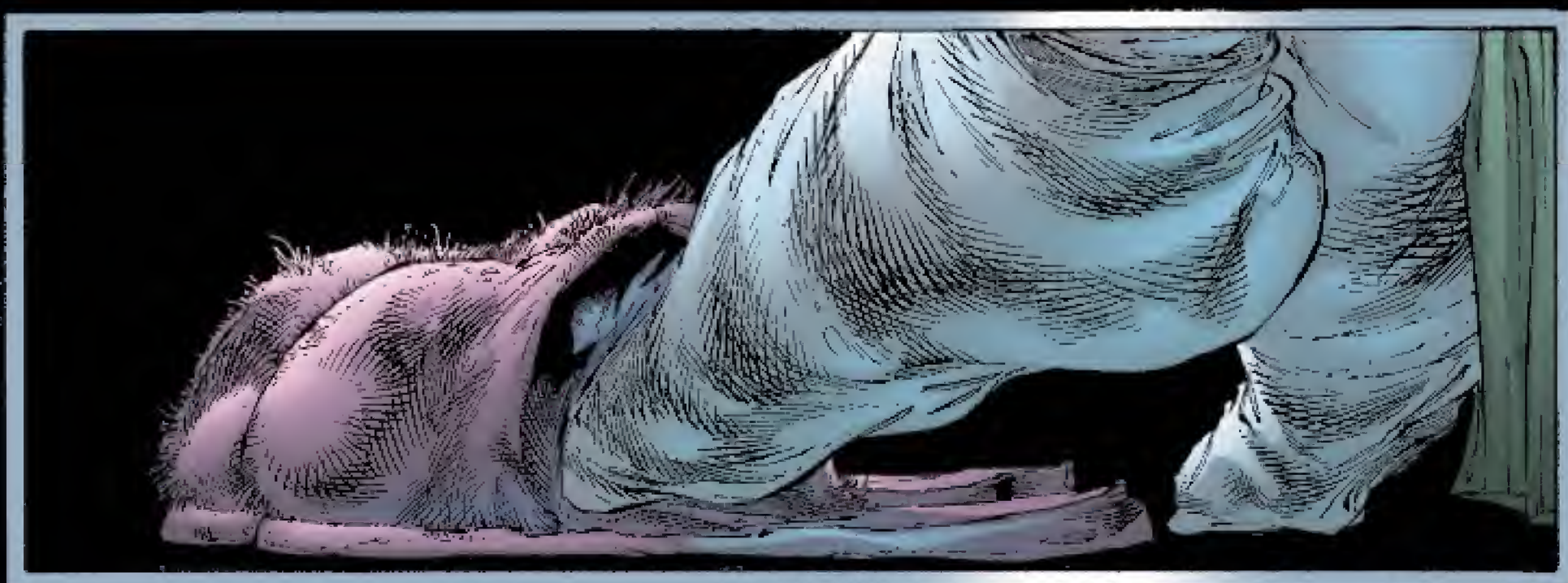
SUNDAY.



Oh...
my.

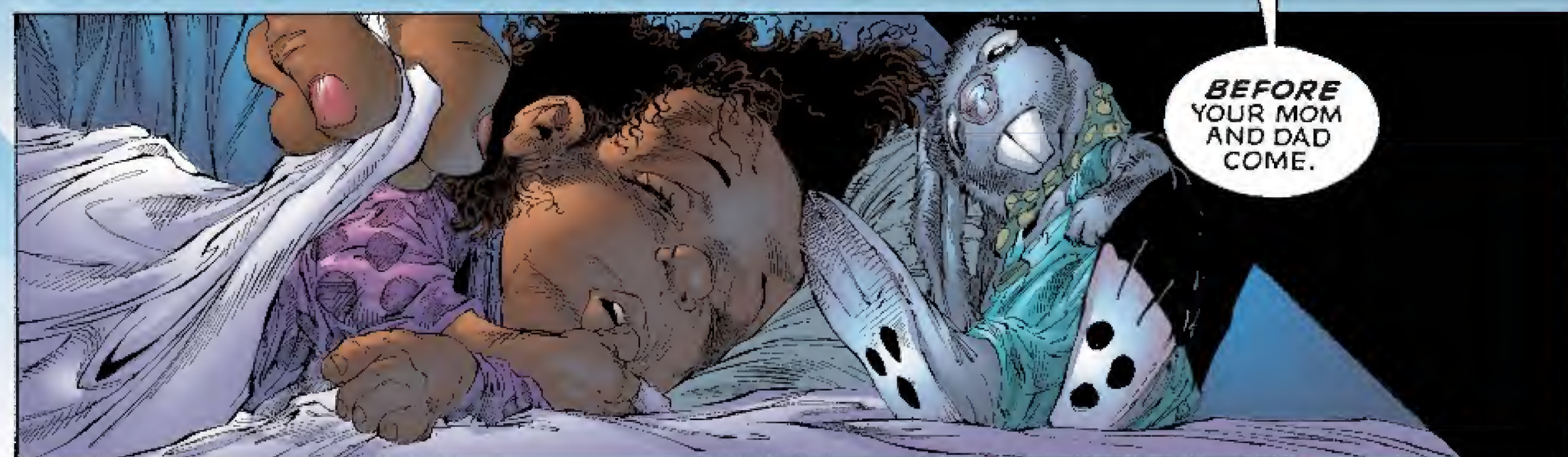
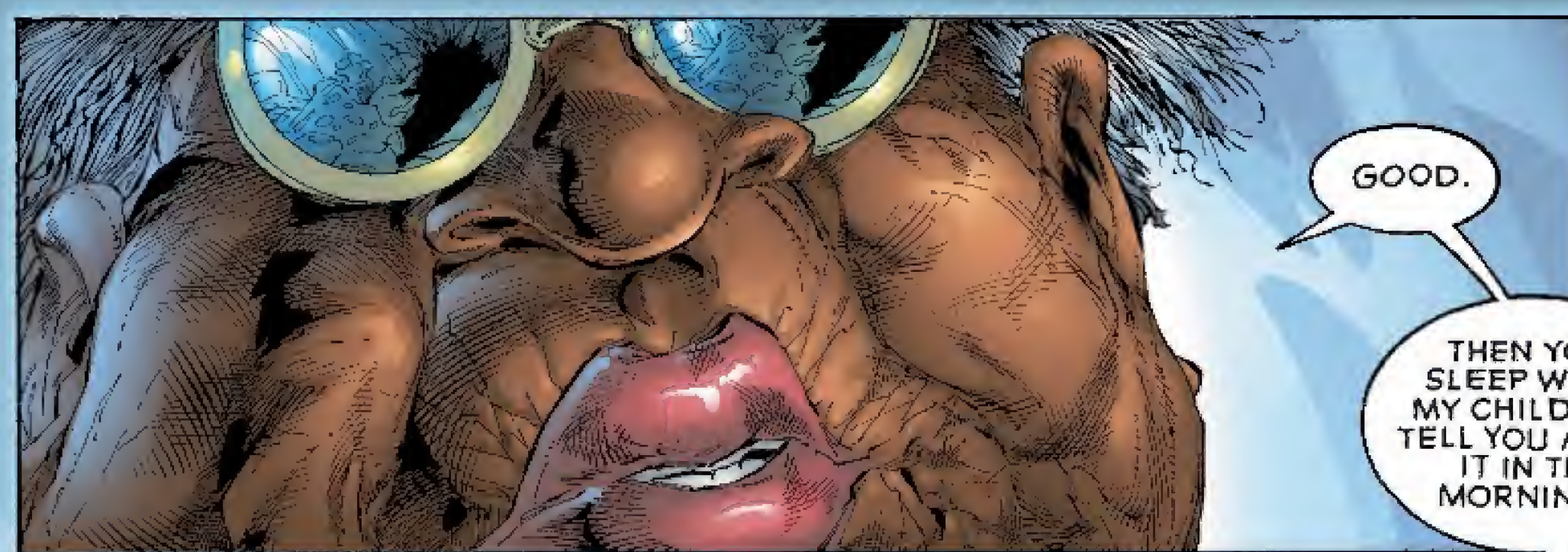


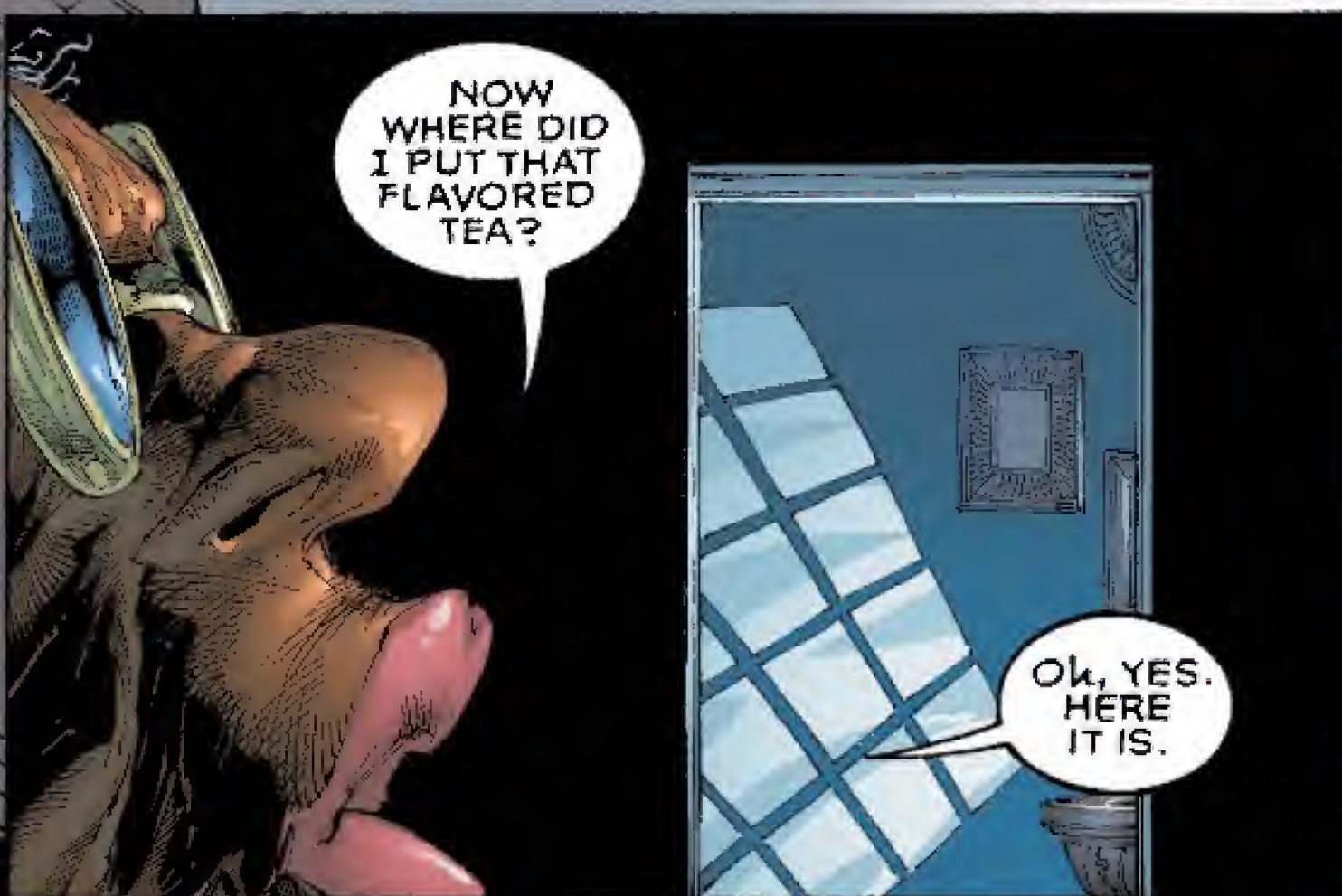
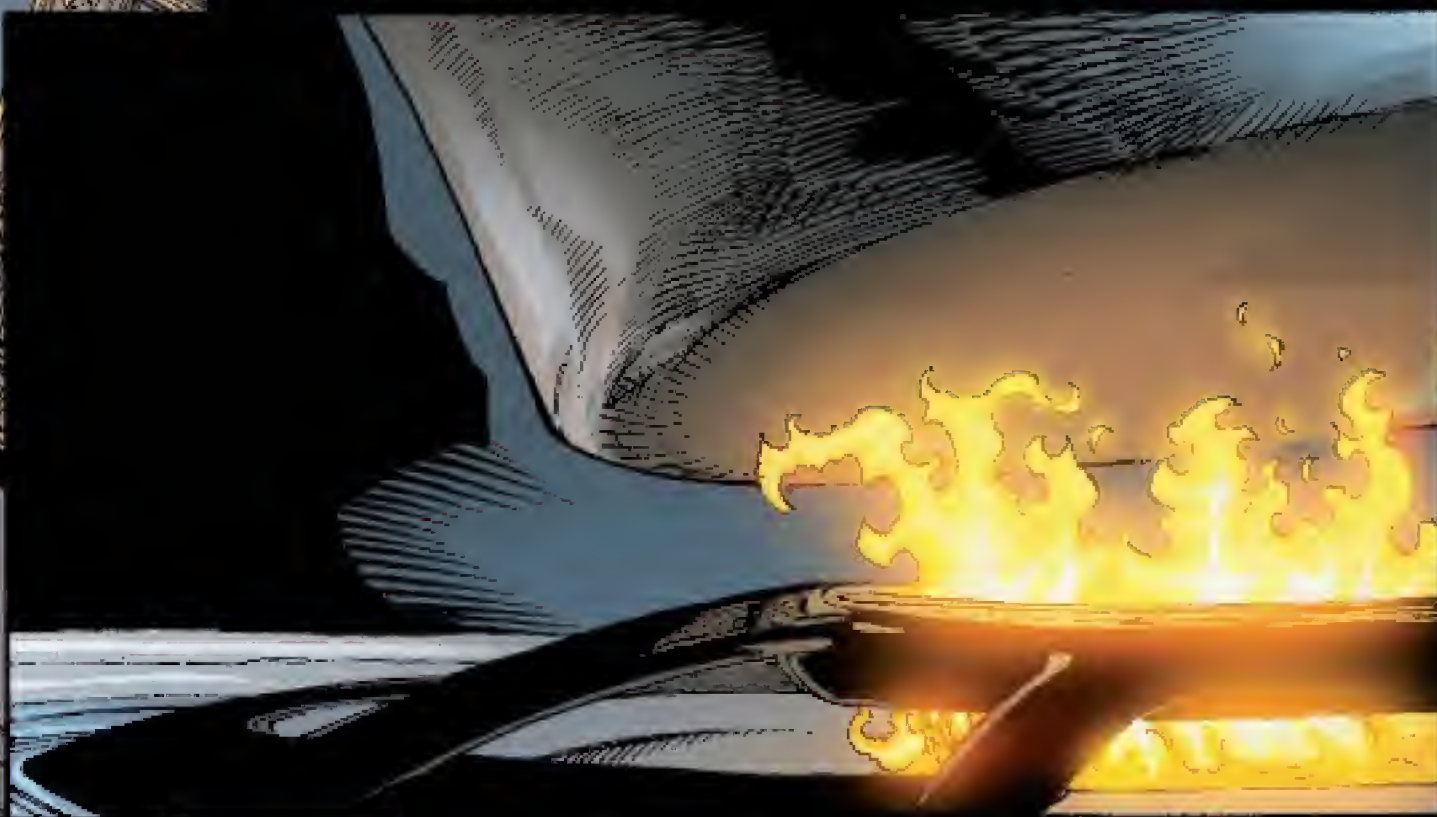
*AN OLD WOMAN'S
PEACEFUL SLUMBER
IS ABRUPTLY
ENDED.*



IT'S
TIME.









I DREAMT
OF YOU
TONIGHT.

BUT
SUDDENLY
YOU VANISHED.
AND I CAN'T
REMEMBER
WHERE YOU
WENT.

OR WHY YOU
WERE EVEN THERE
IN THE FIRST PLACE.
BUT IT DOESN'T
MATTER NOW. I
KNEW YOU'D
BE COMING
TONIGHT.

I'M
SORRY,
GRANNY. I
DIDN'T MEAN
TO WAKE
YOU.

YOU
DIDN'T.
GOD
DID.

BESIDES, I KNOW YOU'RE HERE FOR A REASON. HEAVEN WOULDN'T HAVE SENT YOU DOWN JUST TO CHECK IN ON AN OLD BLIND LADY.

HAVE YOU SEEN CYAN, YET?



YES.

SHE'S BEEN VERY CONCERNED ABOUT YOU.

I KNOW. IS SHE ALL RIGHT?

SURPRISINGLY, YES. GIVEN ALL SHE'S BEEN THROUGH LATELY.

HERE'S YOUR DRINK.

THANK YOU.



I GUESS THAT'S PART OF WHY I'M HERE.



GO ON.

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED. SOMETHING THAT MEANS I HAVE TO GO AWAY.

MAYBE FOREVER.





IS THAT WHAT YOU CAME TO TELL ME?

I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

NOW YOU COME SIT DOWN HERE. I WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE REALLY HERE.



I DON'T KNOW.



THEN I'LL TELL YOU.

GIVE ME YOUR HAND.

WHAT?

I SAID, GIVE ME YOUR HAND.




I PRAYED FOR YOU TONIGHT. HOPING THAT GOD WOULD SHARE YOU WITH US AGAIN.

YOU'VE BEEN GONE FROM OUR LIVES, MY LIFE, FOR TOO LONG.

I'VE MISSED YOU, AL.





I'M
SORRY.

FOR WHAT?

I CAN
FEEL IN YOUR
HAND THAT YOU
ARE STILL ROUGH.
HARDENED. WHAT ARE
YOU PROTECTING
YOURSELF
FROM?

EVERYTHING.


YOU
DON'T
MEAN...

**YES.
I DO!**

I THOUGHT
LIFE WAS
SUPPOSED TO BE
SIMPLE. THAT'S ALL
I'VE EVER WANTED.
A NICE, SIMPLE
LIFE.

YOU
KNOW,
A WIFE,
COUPLE KIDS.
WHITE PICKET
FENCE AROUND
THE HOUSE. AND
LAUGHTER.

DO YOU
KNOW HOW LONG
IT'S BEEN SINCE I'VE
LAUGHED OUT LOUD...?
I MEAN A GOOD,
LONG BELLY
LAUGH.



I CAN'T EVEN
REMEMBER
WHAT THAT
FEELS LIKE.

BUT, I GUESS
IT DOESN'T
MATTER ANYMORE.
I'M DEAD, RIGHT?

DO YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T
EVEN TRIED TO LOOK UP
MY OWN FAMILY SINCE I
RETURNED? MY PARENTS.
BROTHER. I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING
TO THEM. AND WHAT'S
EVEN SCARIER... THERE
IS A PART OF ME THAT
DOESN'T GIVE A DAMN.
WHY?

WHY WOULD I THINK LIKE THAT?

IS THAT REALLY ME, OR JUST WHAT
THEY WANT ME TO BE? I NEVER
DREAMED THAT'S WHAT I WAS
ASKING FOR, IN THAT BLINDING
MOMENT WHEN EVERYTHING
TURNED BLACK. I ONLY
WANTED WANDA.

THAT'S ALL I ASKED FOR.
ALL I NEEDED.

BUT THEY DIDN'T GIVE
ME TIME TO THINK.
OR REACT. THEY
JUST WANTED
ME TO SAY
YES.

JUST SAY
YES.

I'VE REPLAYED THAT MOMENT
A MILLION TIMES. GOD, IT
ALMOST DRIVES ME CRAZY.
OVER AND OVER. YES. YES!
I SAID YES!

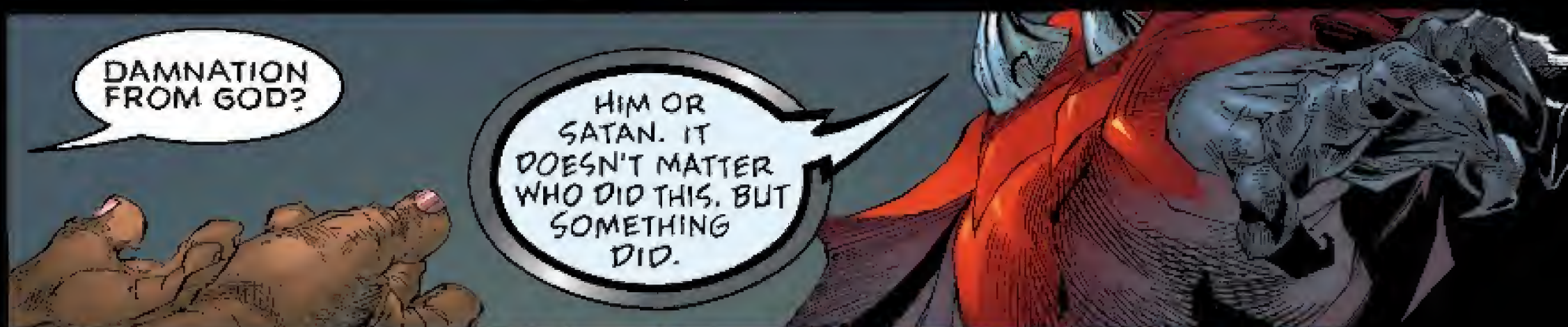
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE
QUESTION WAS. IT JUST-- IT
JUST HAPPENED SO FAST.
AND I WAS SO ANGRY
AT THE TIME.

I HATED JASON WYNN. HATED
MY JOB. HATED WHAT I
WAS BECOMING. EVERY-
THING. AND THEY USED
THAT. I KNOW NOW THAT
IT WAS MY HATE THAT
GAVE THEM THEIR
CHANCE. AND I WAS
TOO BLINDED TO SEE
THAT. DO YOU UNDER-
STAND, GRANNY?
THEY WANTED ME
TO BELIEVE IN LOVE.
IN WANDA. THEY
WANTED ME TO
BE CONFUSED.

LOVE. HATE.
HOW COULD THEY
BOTH EXIST AT
THE EXACT SAME
TIME? AND THEN
I SAID YES. I
THOUGHT IT WAS
IN ANSWER TO
SEEING MY WIFE.
IT WAS NEVER
ABOUT THAT.
WANDA WAS
ONLY A TRICK,
AN ILLUSION
TO CLING TO.

WHAT I SAID
YES TO WAS
DAMNATION.





DAMNATION FROM GOD?

HIM OR SATAN. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO DID THIS. BUT SOMETHING DID.

DID WHAT? YOU'RE STARTING TO SCARE ME, NOW.

IMAGINE HOW I FEEL, THEN. LOOK, GRANNY, THERE'S NO EXPLANATION FOR WHAT I'VE BECOME. SO HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND?

YOU'RE RIGHT.

THEN LET ME EXPLAIN A FEW THINGS TO YOU. I DON'T KNOW WHY GOD HAS CHOSEN YOU TO CARRY WHATEVER BURDEN YOU MUST NOW BEAR.

BUT I'D HOPED AND PRAYED THAT YOU'D HAVE COME TO SOME RESOLUTION SINCE WE LAST TALKED. IT APPEARS THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN. AND THOUGH I'M NOT SILLY ENOUGH TO THINK I CAN HELP YOU, I DO KNOW WHAT PART OF YOUR PURPOSE IS.

TO GUIDE US.



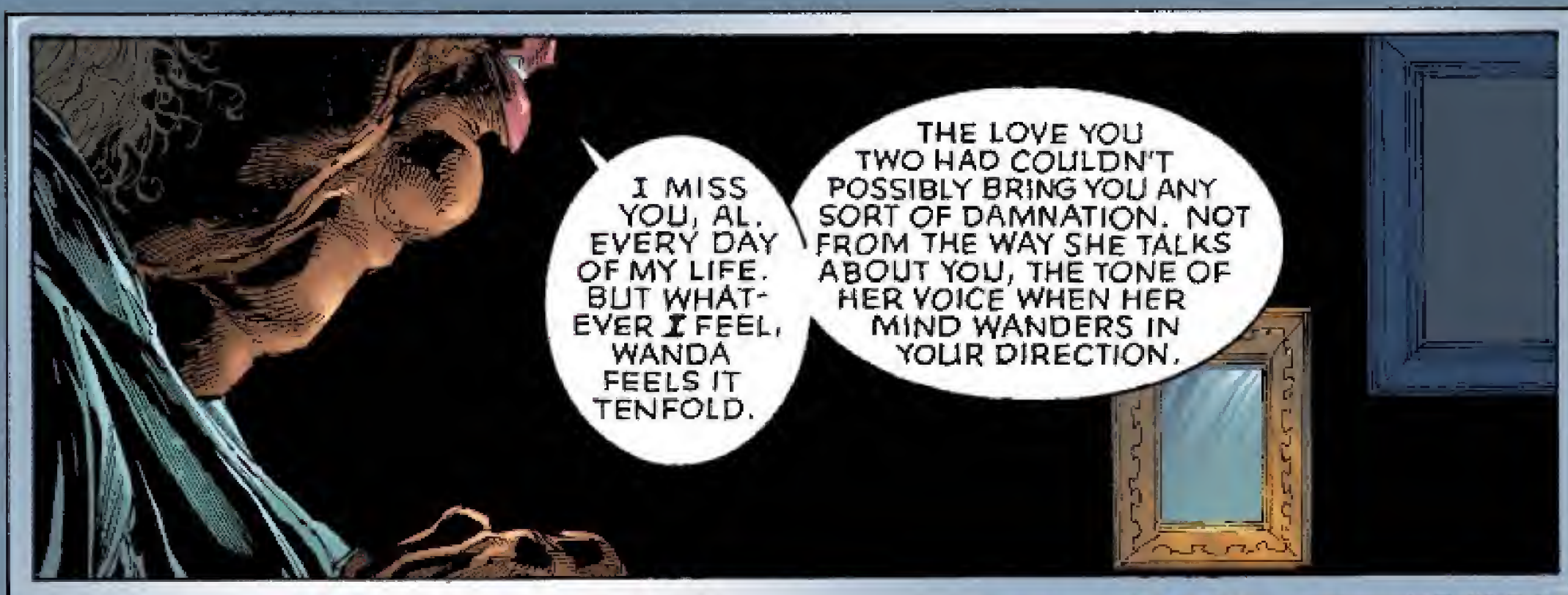
TO WATCH OVER US.

TO REMIND US OF WHAT IT MEANS TO BE STRONG.



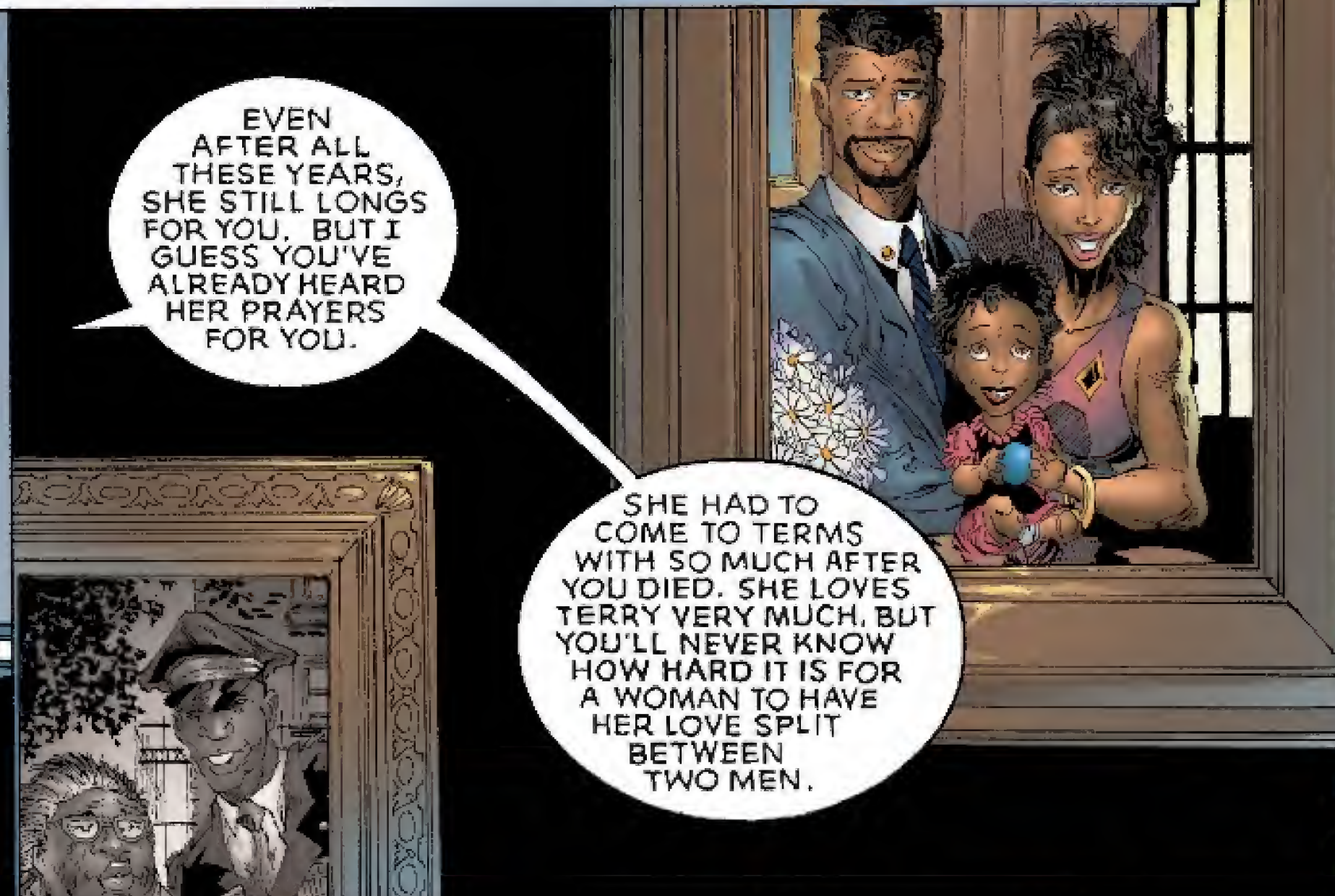
AND IN RETURN, WE WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR SPIRIT. WE ALL MISS YOU SO VERY MUCH.





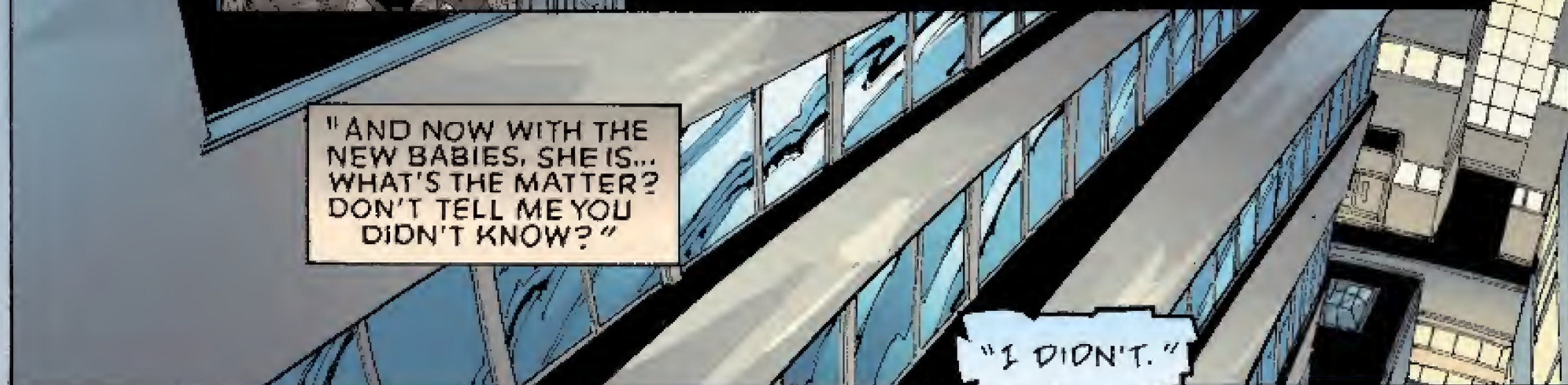
I MISS YOU, AL. EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE. BUT WHAT-
EVER I FEEL, WANDA FEELS IT TENFOLD.

THE LOVE YOU TWO HAD COULDN'T POSSIBLY BRING YOU ANY SORT OF DAMNATION. NOT FROM THE WAY SHE TALKS ABOUT YOU, THE TONE OF HER VOICE WHEN HER MIND WANDERS IN YOUR DIRECTION.



EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, SHE STILL LONGS FOR YOU. BUT I GUESS YOU'VE ALREADY HEARD HER PRAYERS FOR YOU.

SHE HAD TO COME TO TERMS WITH SO MUCH AFTER YOU DIED. SHE LOVES TERRY VERY MUCH, BUT YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW HARD IT IS FOR A WOMAN TO HAVE HER LOVE SPLIT BETWEEN TWO MEN.



"AND NOW WITH THE NEW BABIES, SHE IS... WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T TELL ME YOU DIDN'T KNOW?"

"I DIDN'T."



"YES. TWINS, EVEN. CAN YOU PICTURE THAT? A LITTLE BOY AND A LITTLE GIRL."

FEEDING TIME.

YOUR OTHER LITTLE GUY IS HUNGRY, NOW.

THANK YOU, NURSE.

A QUICK QUESTION, THOUGH. IS THERE ANY CHANCE WE'LL BE ABLE TO CO-ORDINATE THE FEEDING AND SLEEPING SCHEDULES BEFORE THEY TURN EIGHTEEN? OR ARE WE *DOOMED*?

YOU'RE DOOMED.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.

MY HUSBAND IS KIDDING, ELAINE. PLEASE IGNORE HIM. YOU SHOULD SEE HIM AND POOPY DIAPERS. IT'S NOT A PRETTY SIGHT.

WANDA!

WELL, IT'S TRUE, ISN'T IT?

Um... YES.

Oh, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU. GRANNY CALLED TO SAY CYAN IS DOING GREAT AND YOU CAN PICK HER UP THIS MORNING... *AFTER YOU GRAB A FEW HOURS' SLEEP.*

HERE, DID YOU WANT TO HOLD JAKE BEFORE HE STARTS EATING?

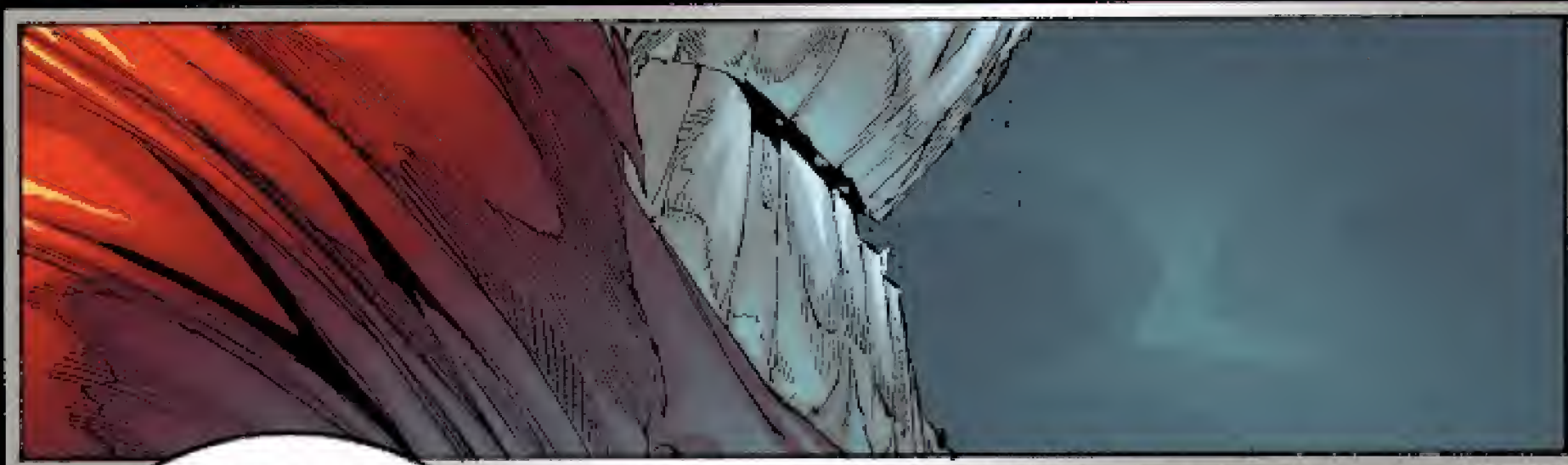


MIRACLE
BABIES.
THAT'S WHAT
THE DOCTORS
CALLED
THEM.



BECAUSE
MEDICALLY
SOMETHING
WASN'T
RIGHT--
SOMETHING
STRANGE,
ALTHOUGH
THEY NEVER
SAID WHAT.

ALL I
KNOW IS
THAT THEY SAID
LITTLE JAKE AND
KATE WERE
MIRACLES. ISN'T
THAT WONDER-
FUL?



YOU'RE NOT
TELLING ME
SOMETHING. WHAT
IS IT? WHAT ARE
YOU TRYING
TO HIDE?


AL?



PLEASE.
YOU CAME HERE
FOR A REASON.
WHAT IS IT? WHAT
ARE YOU SO AFRAID
TO SAY?



IT'S A
LIE!!
ALL OF IT!
INCLUDING YOUR
SO-CALLED
GOD.



YOU WANT TO
KNOW WHAT I'M
HIDING? THAT
WE'RE NOTHING
BUT FOOLS.
ALL OF US!


HEAVEN. HELL. THE BIBLE.
NONE OF THOSE FAIRY TALES
HAS IT RIGHT. AND THE
RELIGIONS?! THEY'VE GOT THE
WHOLE FRIGGIN' WORLD SUCKERED
INTO SOME DELUSION OR OTHER.

MORE THAN THAT, THERE ISN'T
A GOOD SIDE. THEY'RE BOTH
THE SAME. YOU SEE, GRANNY,
THEY JUST KILLED MY
FRIEND, AN ANGEL. A
REAL LIVE ANGEL.
GUTTED HER LIKE A PIG.
HELL DID THE DEED,
BUT HEAVEN AIDED
AND ABETTED THE
SLAUGHTER.
WHY? WHY
WOULD GOD LET
ONE OF HIS
GILDED FLOCK
DIE? THAT'S
AN EASY ONE.

WAR.

PLAIN AND SIMPLE.

ARMAGEDDON. THE
APOCALYPSE. CALL IT WHAT-
EVER YOU WANT. THE ONLY
WAY TO WIN IS TO HAVE MORE
SOULS THAN THE OTHER SIDE.
NO MATTER WHAT. AT ANY COST.
SO, IF YOU THINK YOUR GOOD DEEDS
COUNT IN THE END, THEN YOU'VE
BEEN SUCKERED AGAIN. EVERY
SOUL GOES IN ONE POOL, YOU SEE,
AND THEY ALTERNATE PICKS.
FIFTY-FIFTY, RIGHT DOWN THE
MIDDLE, LIKE SOME TWISTED,
INSANE SPORTS DRAFT.
FIRST HEAVEN, THEN HELL.
THEN HEAVEN. THEN HELL.
BACK AND FORTH.
OBVIOUSLY, NEITHER
SIDE GETS A
NUMBERS
ADVANTAGE
THAT WAY.



YOU KNOW WHAT THE
THING IS THAT TIPS THE
SCALES? IT'S QUALITY.
WHO'S BETTER AT WAR.
WHOSE SOUL CAN FIGHT
WITH MORE SAVAGERY.

YOUR HEAVEN NEEDS THE RUTHLESS AS MUCH
AS HELL DOES. GOD'S NOT STUPID ENOUGH
TO BELIEVE HE CAN WIN A WAR WITH HELL ON
THE BACKS OF THE SOULS OF SALVATION ARMY
VOLUNTEERS, KINDLY BLUE-HAIRED BINGO
LADIES AND SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS. NO.

GOD NEEDS THE SPIRITS OF
GENGHIS KHAN, ATILAH THE HUN
AND JACK THE RIPPER. THEIR
CRUELTY WOULD SERVE HELL SO
WELL THAT HE'D DO ALL HE
COULD TO KEEP THEM
OFF THAT TEAM.

SATAN CHOSE ME
BUT I WASN'T LIKE
HIS OTHER PAWNS.
I KILLED MY DEMON
MASTER, THEN
LAUGHED AT
HEAVEN WHEN
THEY INVITED
ME TO JUMP TO
THEIR SIDE.

THEY'RE THE
SAME. AT
LEAST THEIR
AGENDAS ARE.
DOMINATE.
WIN. AT
ANY COST.



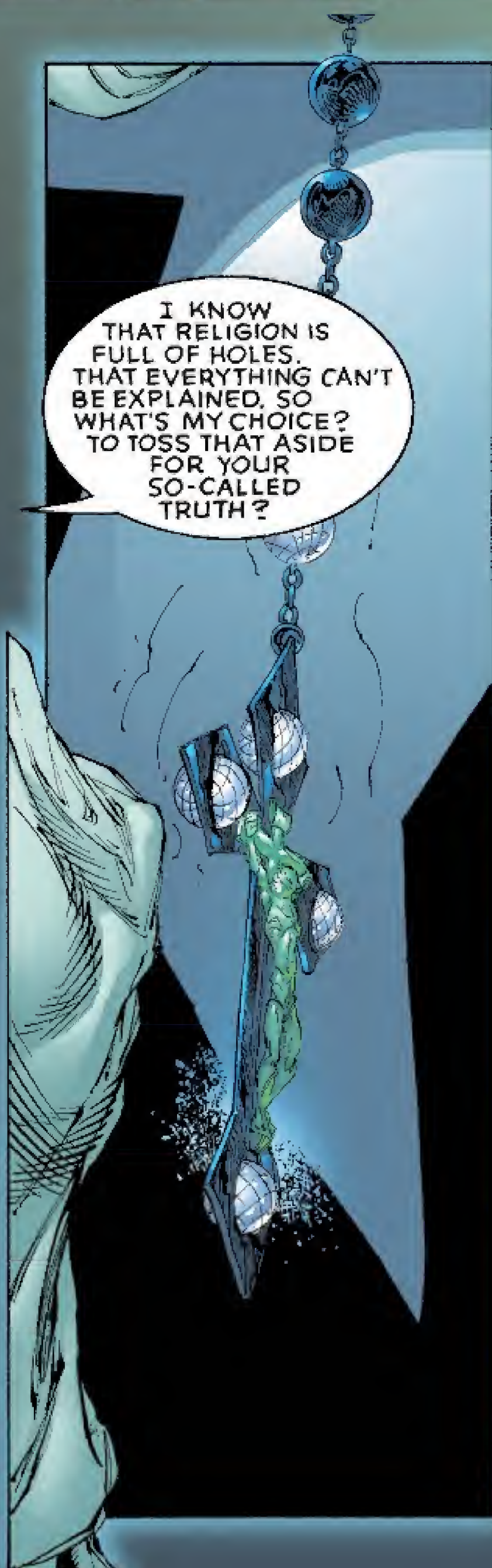


I'M...
I'M...

HOW
DARE
YOU.

**HOW
DARE
YOU!!**

YOU CAME
TO TELL ME THAT
FAITH DOESN'T
MATTER. THAT I'M A
FOOL FOR BELIEVING
IN SOMETHING GOOD.
FOR ALLOWING MY-
SELF THE CONCEPT
OF HOPE. WELL, LET
ME **TELL** YOU
SOMETHING.



I KNOW
THAT RELIGION IS
FULL OF HOLES.
THAT EVERYTHING CAN'T
BE EXPLAINED. SO
WHAT'S MY CHOICE?
TO TOSS THAT ASIDE
FOR YOUR
SO-CALLED
TRUTH?



No!

IF CYAN
WAS TO BE
HIT BY A CAR
TOMORROW,
GOD FORBID,
AND DIED...
I'D HAVE TWO
CHOICES.



EITHER
BELIEVE IN
NOTHING AND
ACCEPT THAT SHE'LL
BE NOTHING BUT
MAGGOT FOOD, ROTTING
AWAY IN SOME PINE BOX...
OR I CAN HOPE THAT
SHE IS BEING
COMFORTED BY SOME
SPIRIT WHO'S KEEPING
WATCH OVER HER UNTIL
SOMEONE SHE LOVES
CAN JOIN HER
FOR ALL
ETERNITY.



SO, EXCUSE ME FOR BEING WEAK. I CALL IT BEING HUMAN. WE ALL NEED SOMETHING TO CLING TO, AL. SO I CHOSE GOD. WITH ALL MY HEART. AND I WON'T LET YOU TAKE THAT FROM ME.

AFTER EIGHTY- EIGHT YEARS I'VE EARNED THE RIGHT TO BELIEVE I'LL BE REUNITED WITH MY HUSBAND. MY MOTHER. MY FATHER.

ALL THOSE I HAD TO WATCH DIE.



EVEN YOU, AL. I PRAY FOR YOU EVERY NIGHT.

HOW **DARE** YOU SAY IT'S ALL BEEN IN VAIN.

I'M SO SORRY, GRANNY. I KNOW WHAT I'VE SEEN.

I ALSO KNOW THAT THE ONLY WAY TO PROTECT YOU ALL FROM IT IS TO FINALLY SAY...

GOODBYE.




GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOU.



YOU
MUST BE
VERY VERY
PROUD OF
YOUR-
SELF.

YOU...!



BREAKING
THE HEART OF
A FRAGILE OLD
WOMAN. QUITE
IMPRESSIVE.

THAT'S
WHAT YOU DO?
NOW THAT YOU'VE
SLAIN YOUR MASTER,
TURN YOUR BACK ON
EVERYONE? YOU MEAN
TO PROTECT THEM BY
SHATTERING THEIR
DREAMS THEN
LEAVING THEM TO
FEND FOR THEM-
SELVES?!

YOU
THINK YOUR
VICTORY IN
HELL WOULD
BE THAT
EASY?!

YOU NAIVE
SONOVABITCH!
IT'S NOT THAT
SIMPLE!

MY
WAR'S
OVER, COG.
HEAVEN AND
HELL WILL
HAVE TO LEARN
TO LIVE
WITHOUT
ME!

SIMPLE?!

I JUST
GUTTED THE
LAST PERSON I
COULD TALK TO.
THE ONLY ONE
I COULD TRUST.
WHY? NOT
BECAUSE THINGS
ARE SIMPLE!!
BECAUSE
THEY GOT TOO
COMPLI-
CATED!



BUT
THINGS ARE
GOING TO
CHANGE.

WELL, LET
ME BURST
YOUR BUBBLE.
YOU CAN TRY
AND WALK AWAY
FROM ALL THIS.
THAT WILL
AVAIL YOU
NAUGHT.

YOU
KILLED
THEIR
DARK LORD!
ALL HELL
SAW IT.




NOW THERE
IS A VACUUM
THAT MUST BE
FILLED. THEIR
SEAT OF **POWER**
IS EMPTY, AND
IT **MUST** BE
OCCUPIED.

I DON'T
GIVE A
DAMN.



BUT
OTHERS DO.
DON'T YOU
GET IT?!
DON'T YOU
SEE?!


THEY
WON'T LEAVE
YOUR LOVED ONES
ALONE, EVEN IF
YOU DO. AND THEY
SURE AS HELL WON'T
LET YOU WALK
AWAY FROM
THIS.



YOUR ACTIONS
HAVE MADE YOU
THEIR NEW LEADER.

SLAYING
MALEBOLGIA
MAKES **YOU**
THEIR MASTER.

AND THEY WILL
DO EVERYTHING
IN THEIR POWER
TO MAKE SURE
YOU ASSUME
THAT ROLE.



THE THRONE IS
YOURS. SO,
ACCEPT IT OR
NOT...

'THE KING
IS DEAD.
LONG LIVE
THE KING!'



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THIS IS NOT
A TEST.

THIS IS IT.
THE REAL
THING.

YOUR SAD, TIRED
LITTLE EXCUSE OF
A LIFE, BEATING
ITSELF SENSELESS
AGAINST THE WALL.

CLOSING
IN ON YOU.


COLLAPSING
WITH
INCREASING
VELOCITY,
LIKE A
DYING STAR.

FUNNY HOW
QUICKLY IT
ALL GOES
NOW THAT
YOU'RE
NEARING THE
FINISH LINE.

BUT THE SHADOWS
MOVE EVEN QUICKER,
LEAPING FROM THE
DARKNESS LIKE
VILE LITTLE TONGUES.

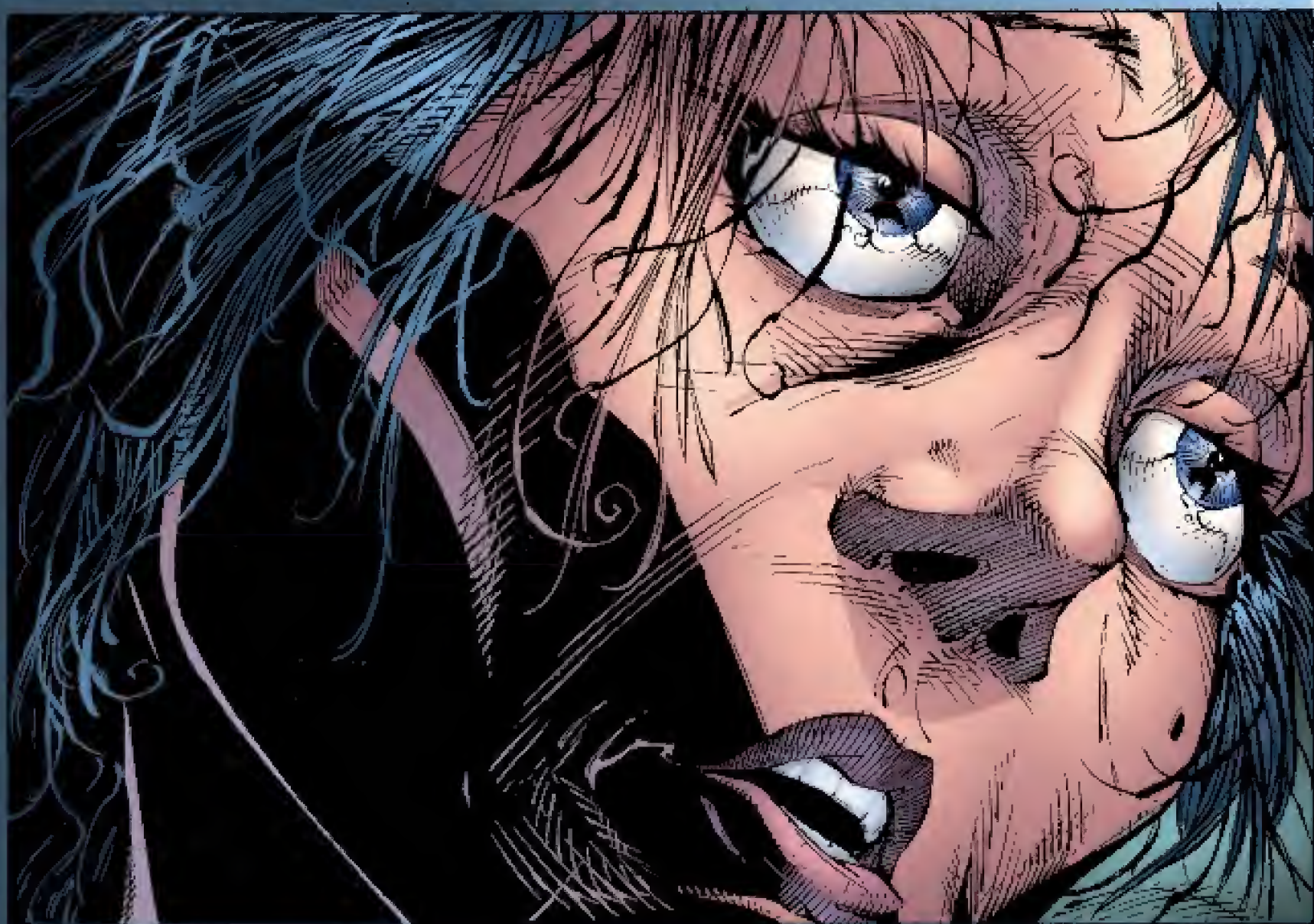
THERE'S NO WAY
TO OUTRUN THEM.
MAYBE AT ONE
TIME THERE WAS,
BUT NOT NOW.

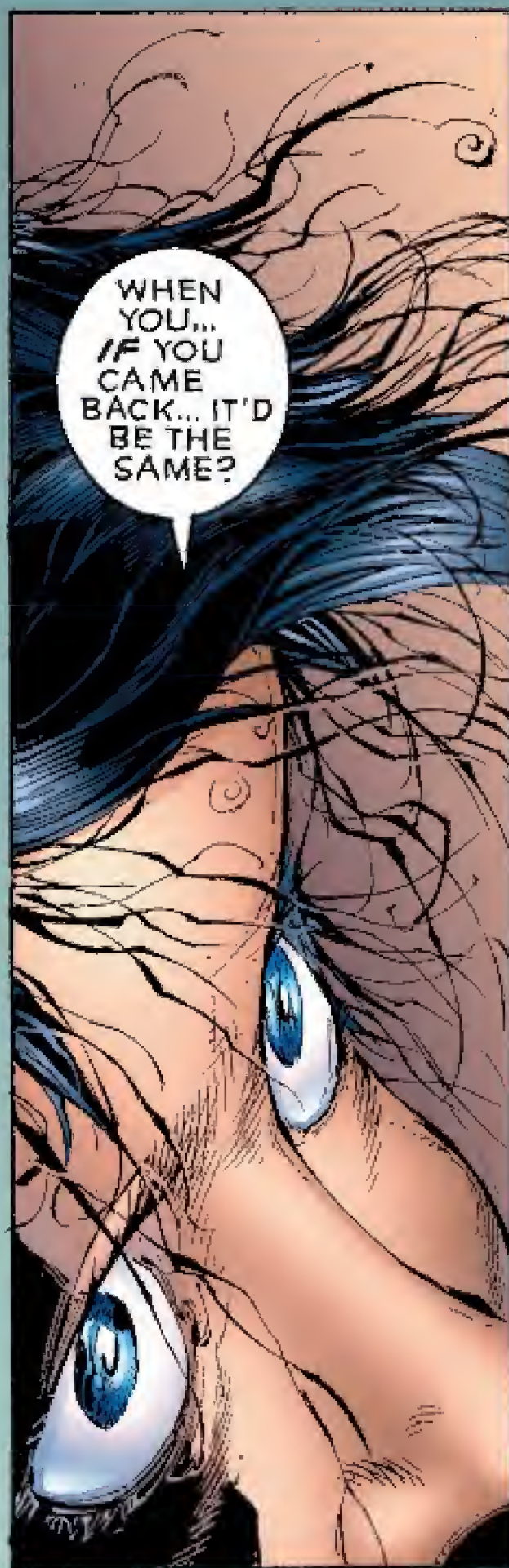
THIS IS
YOUR LIFE.
WAS IT
EVERYTHING
YOU HOPED IT
WOULD BE?

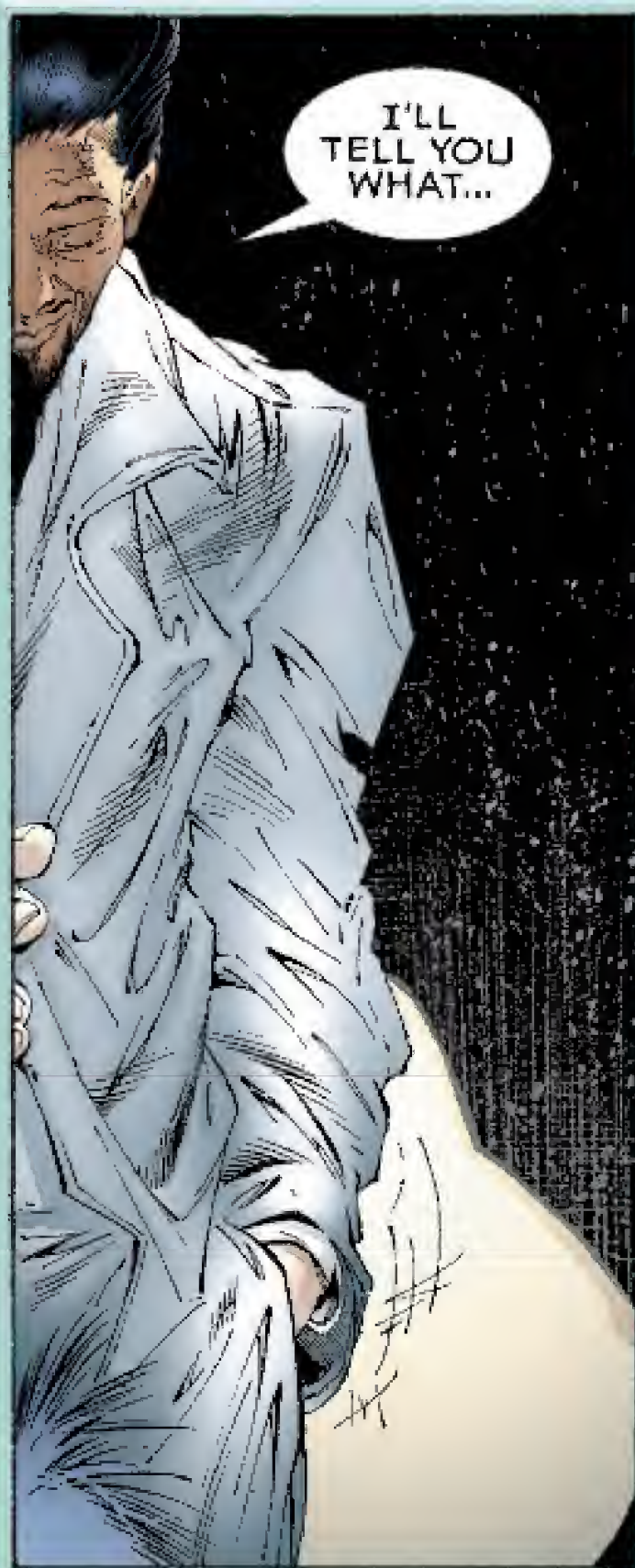


WAS IT EVERYTHING
YOU **BARGAINED** FOR?

WHAT WOULD
YOU GIVE FOR
ANOTHER
CHANCE TO
GET IT RIGHT?







I'LL
TELL YOU
WHAT...



I
HAVE BEEN
KNOWN TO
COURTESY
A **WAGER**
FROM TIME
TO TIME.



GAME?



I TRUST
WE'RE QUITE
AGREED ON
THE **TERMS**
OF THE BET,
AREN'T
WE?



GOOD.

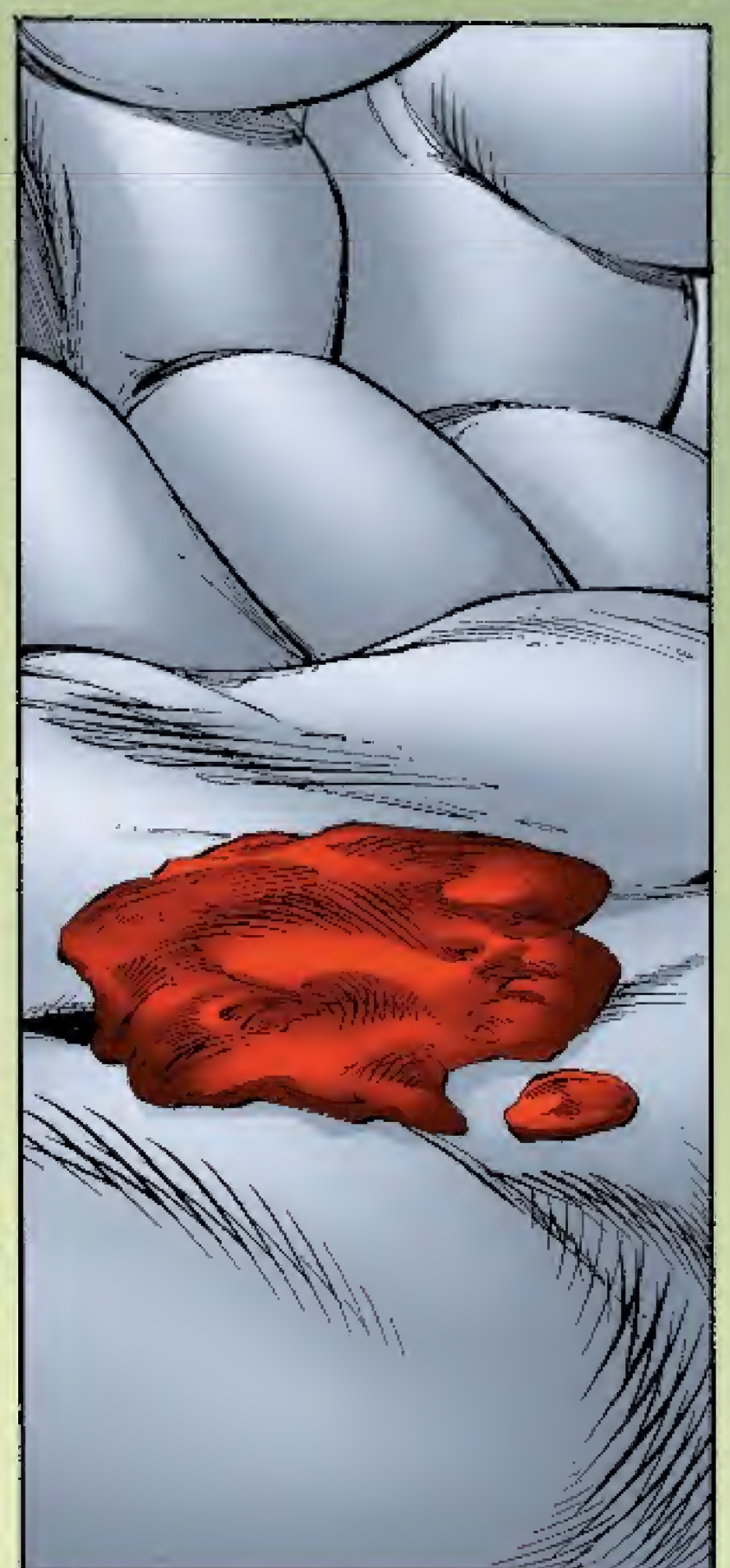
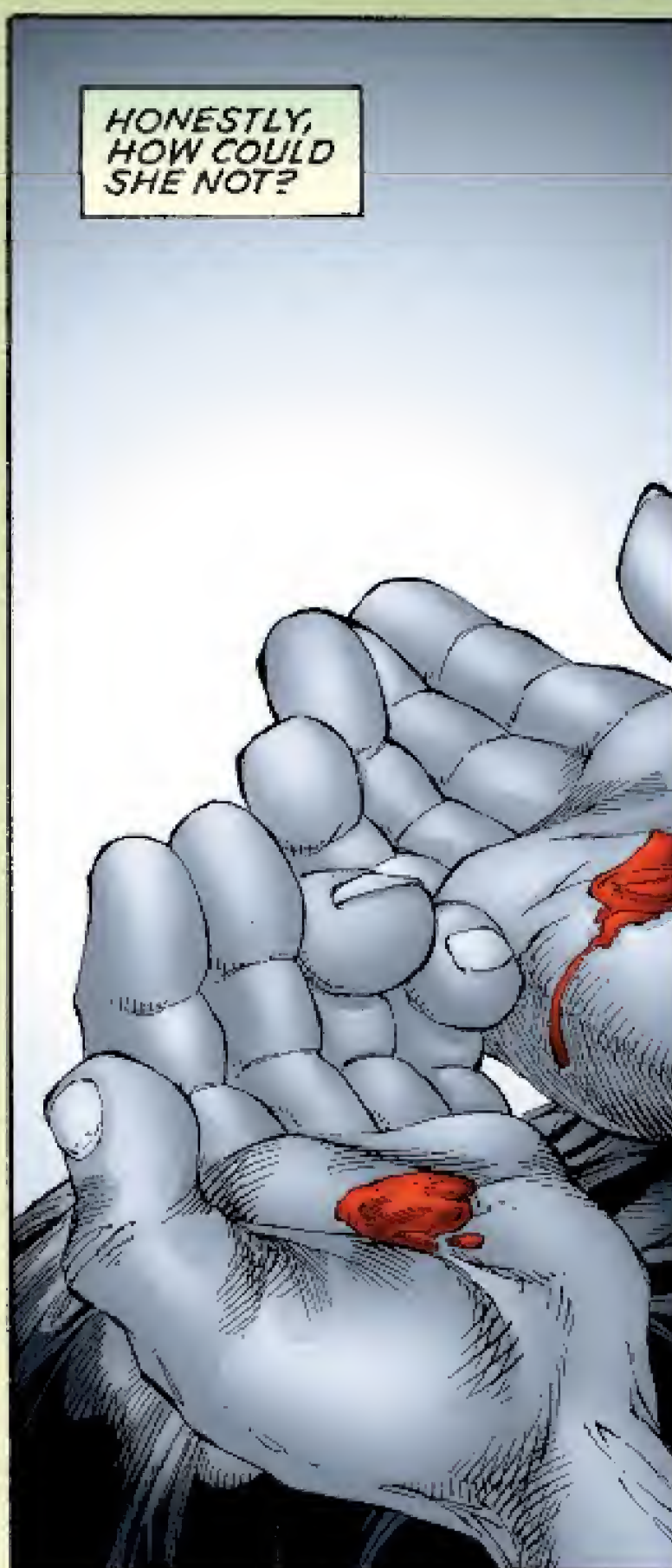
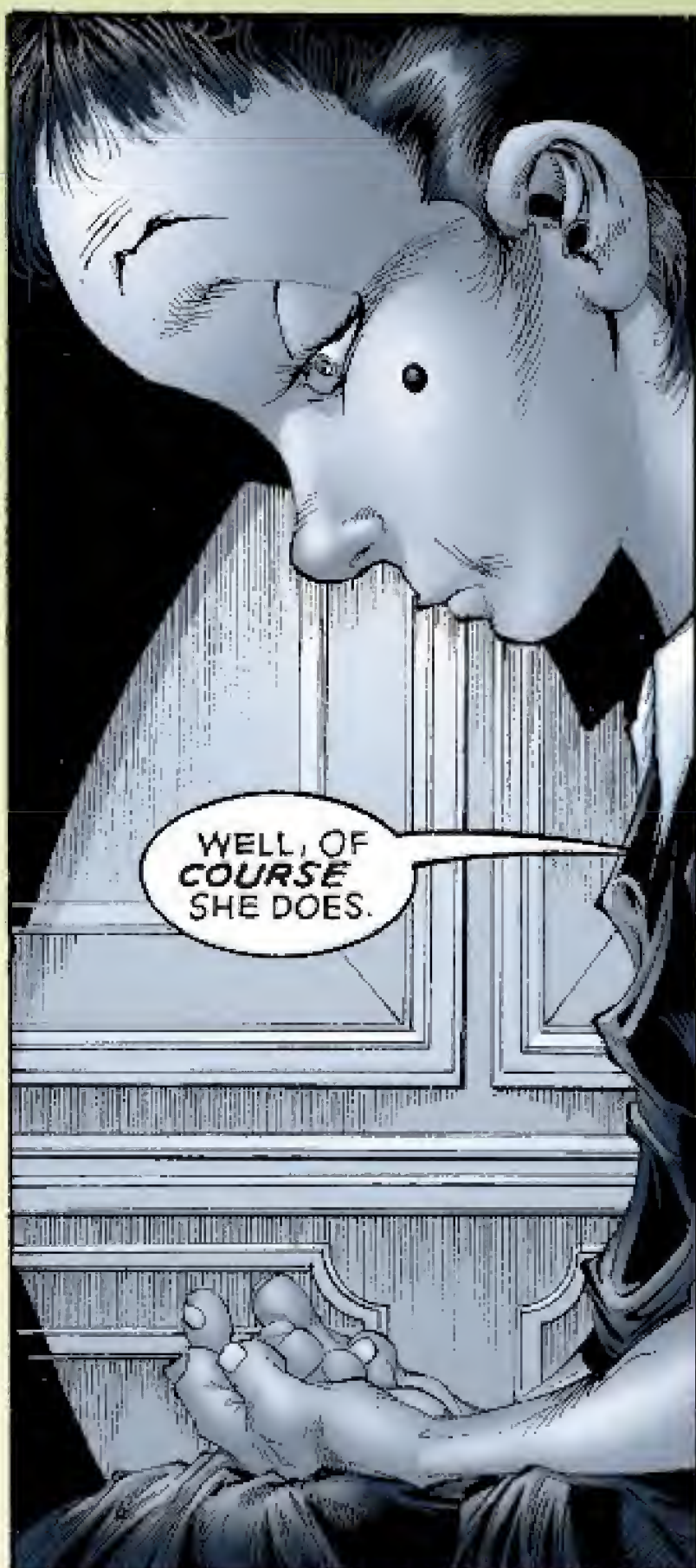
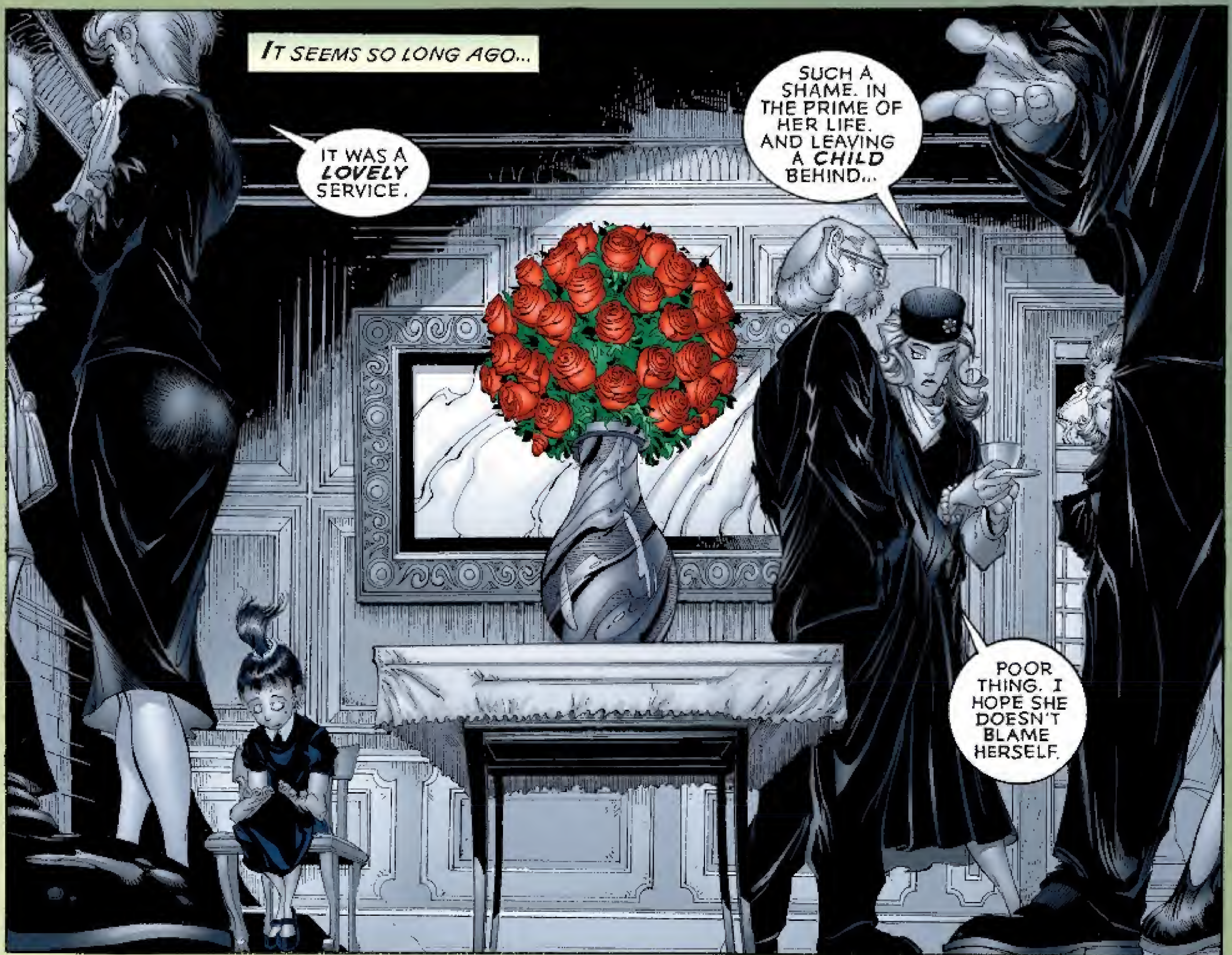
THERE
IS A
THING YOU
CAN'T HIDE
FROM.

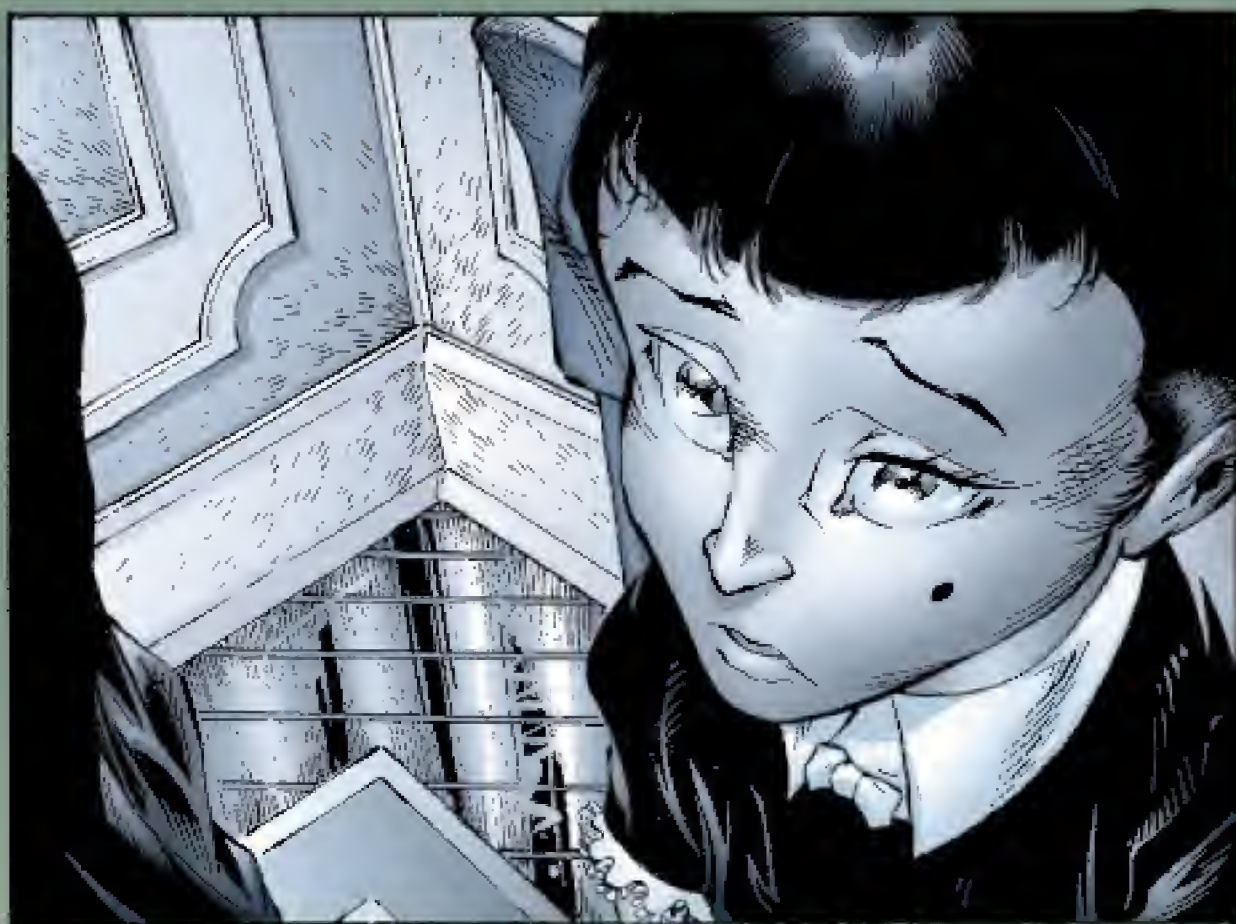
IT FOLLOWS YOU
EVERYWHERE,
ITS IMAGE
BURNED INTO
YOUR EYELIDS.

IT HAUNTS YOU
EVEN WHEN
YOU SLEEP.

SOME NAMELESS, TERRIBLE
THING THAT CHASES YOU BUT
NEVER QUITE CATCHES YOU.

HAS IT ALWAYS
BEEN LIKE THIS?
CAN YOU EVEN
REMEMBER HOW
IT STARTED?





THAT WAS ONLY
THE BEGINNING.

TIME FLIES LIKE ONE
LONG NIGHT. ONE
ENDLESS GRAY
TWILIGHT SPENT
DROWING IN THE
GAP BETWEEN
DEATH AND WAKING.

I AM SO
GODDAMN
HUNGRY...
I NEED MY
SHOT.

DOESN'T
FEEL LIKE A
LIFE AT ALL.

CUPBOARD'S BARE.
WE GOT NOTHING. NOT
EVEN A WAKE-UP.

WHOSE
TURN
IS IT?

THEA'S.
I WENT
YESTERDAY.

MY
TURN?
YOU
SURE?

YEAH.
I WENT
YESTER-
DAY.



THEY MOVE
AROUND YOU LIKE
BUZZING INSECTS.
THEY MEAN
NOTHING.

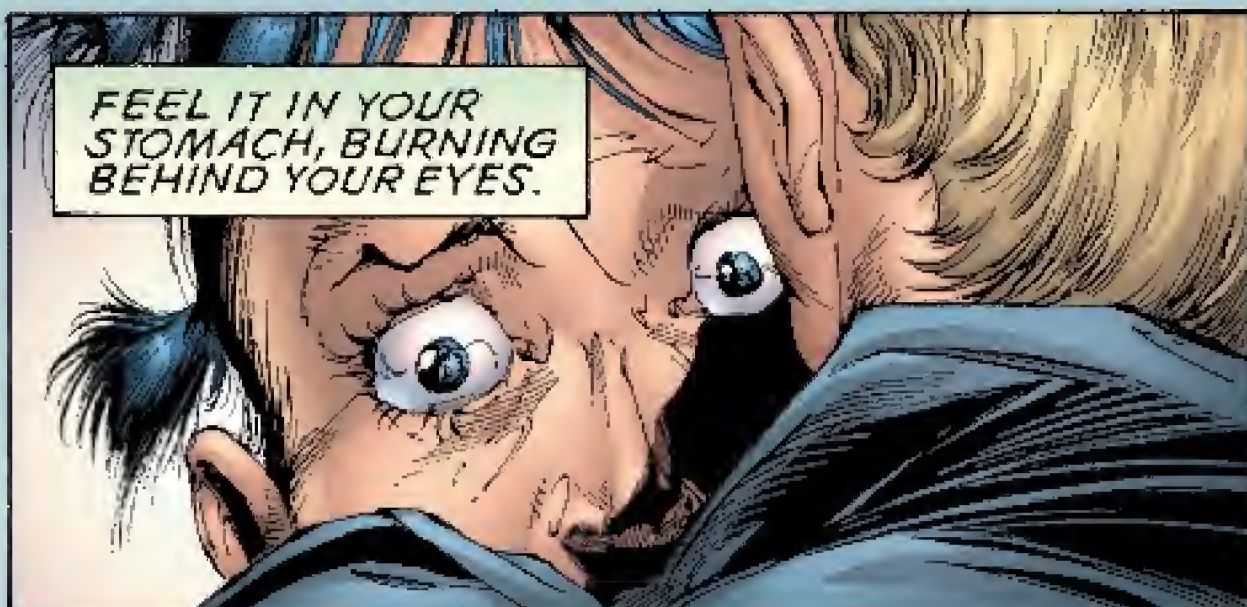
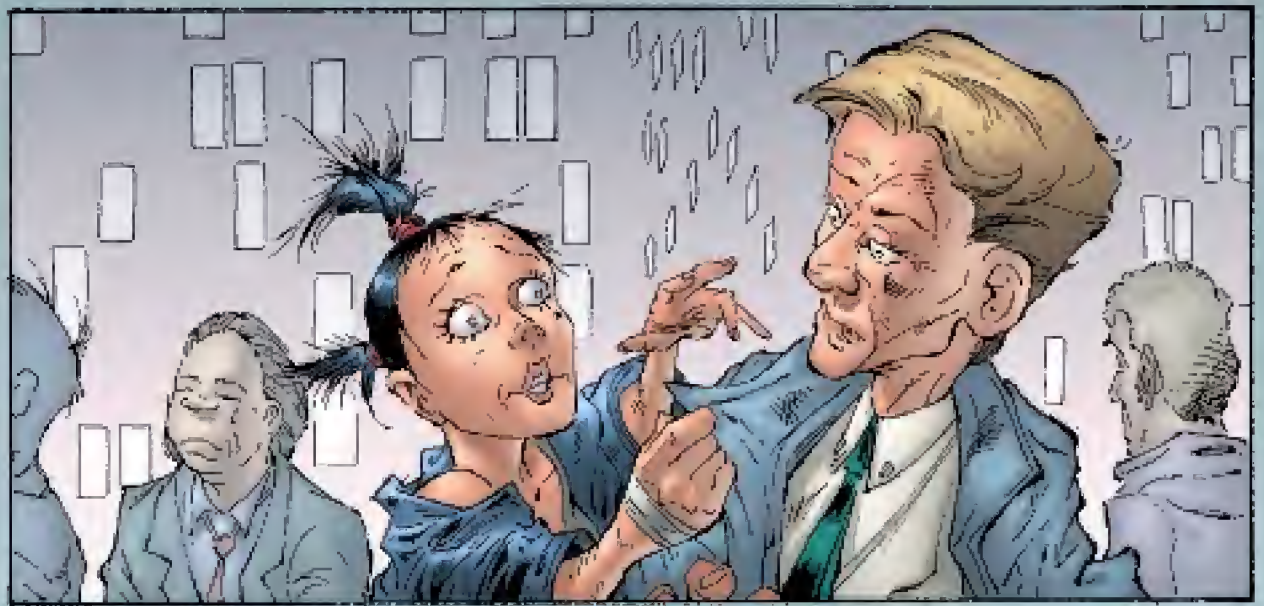
JUST RANDOM
COLLECTIONS OF
FLESH. THEY CAN
EITHER GIVE YOU
WHAT YOU WANT...



...OR THEY
CAN GO
TO HELL.



BUT YOU CAN STILL
SPOT THEM. THE
SUCKERS IN THE JAR.



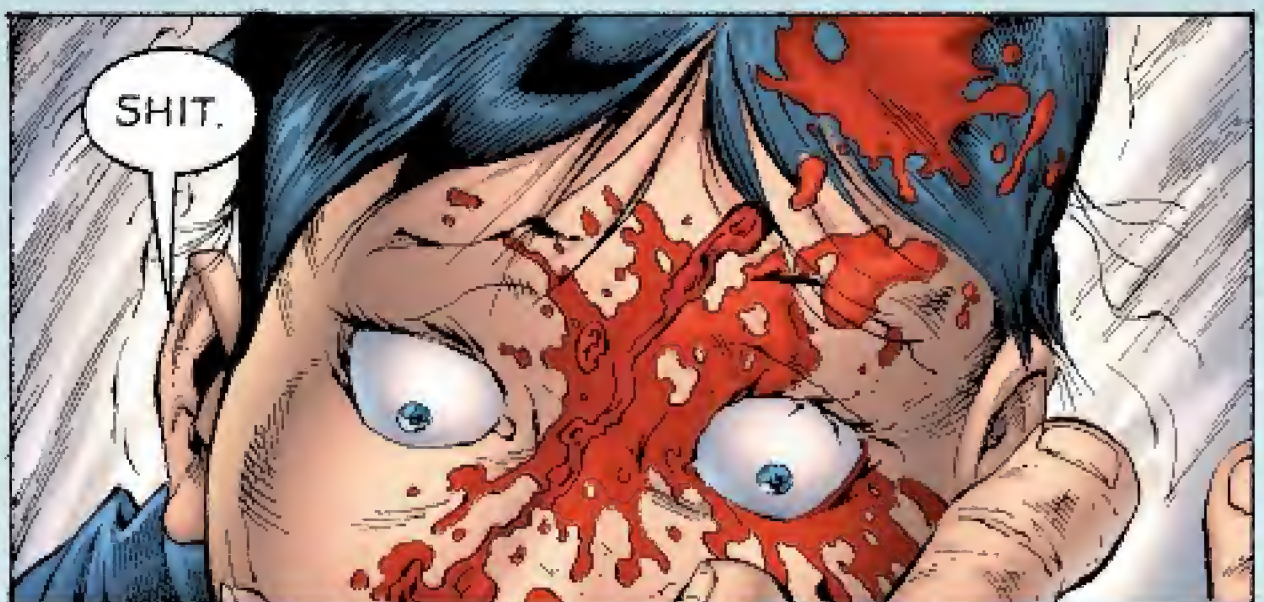
FEEL IT IN YOUR
STOMACH, BURNING
BEHIND YOUR EYES.



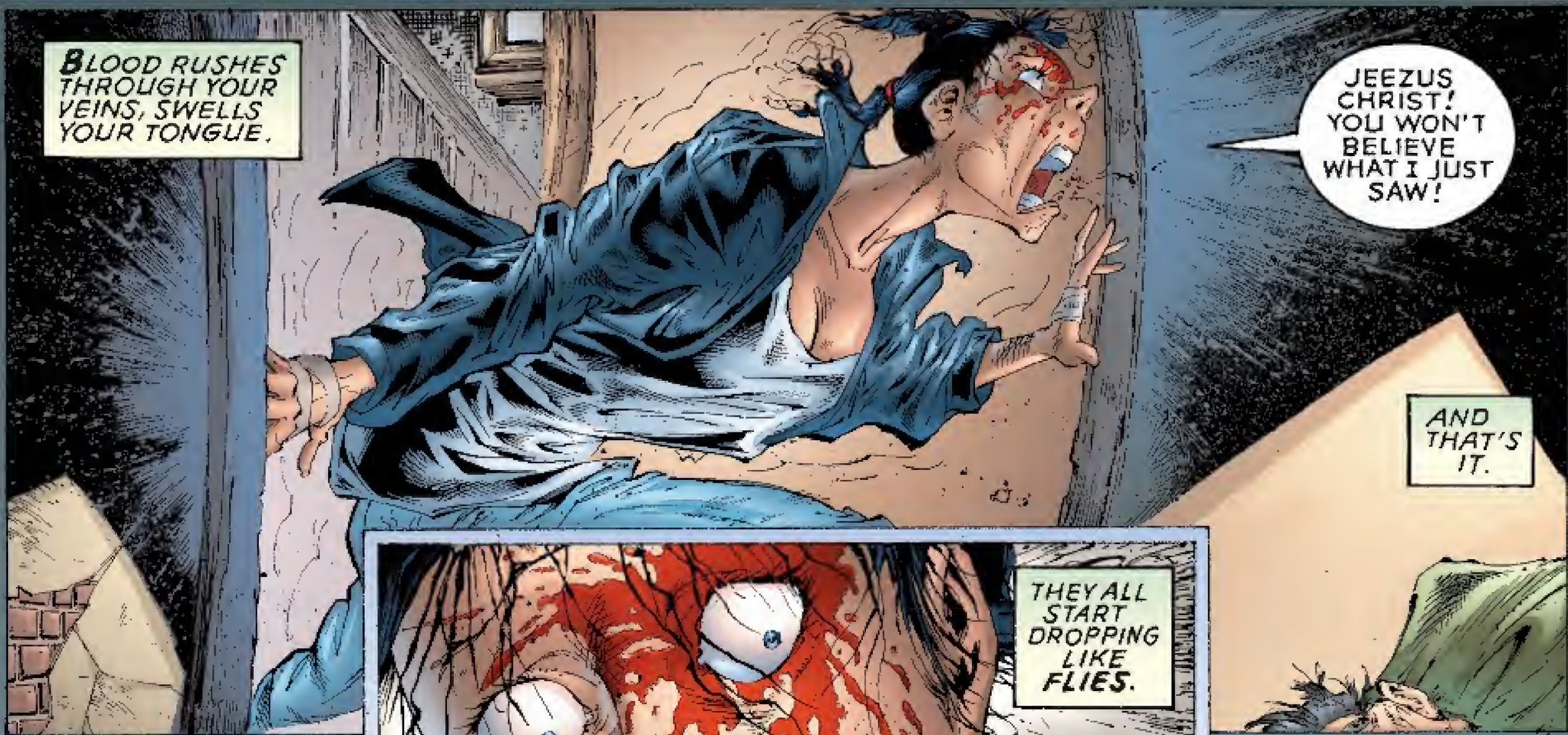
YOU KNOW WHEN IT'S
ABOUT TO HAPPEN.



IT DOESN'T HELP
TO LOOK AWAY.



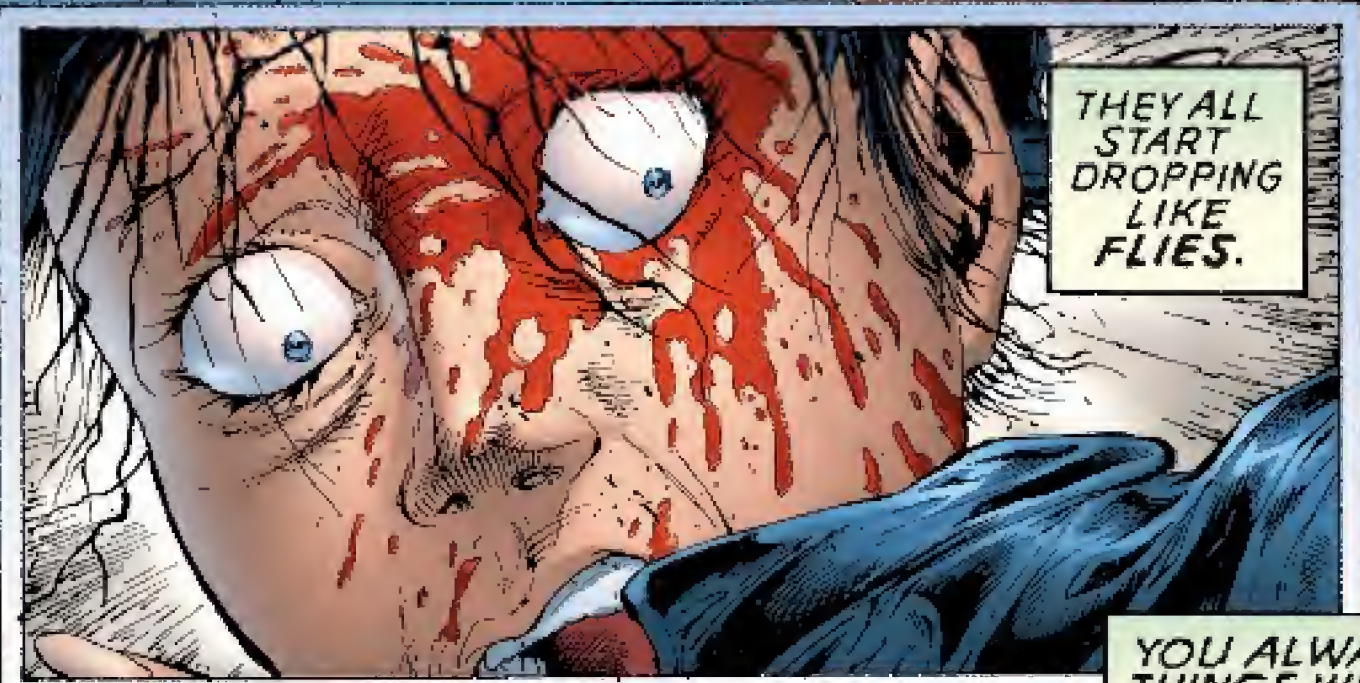
SHIT.



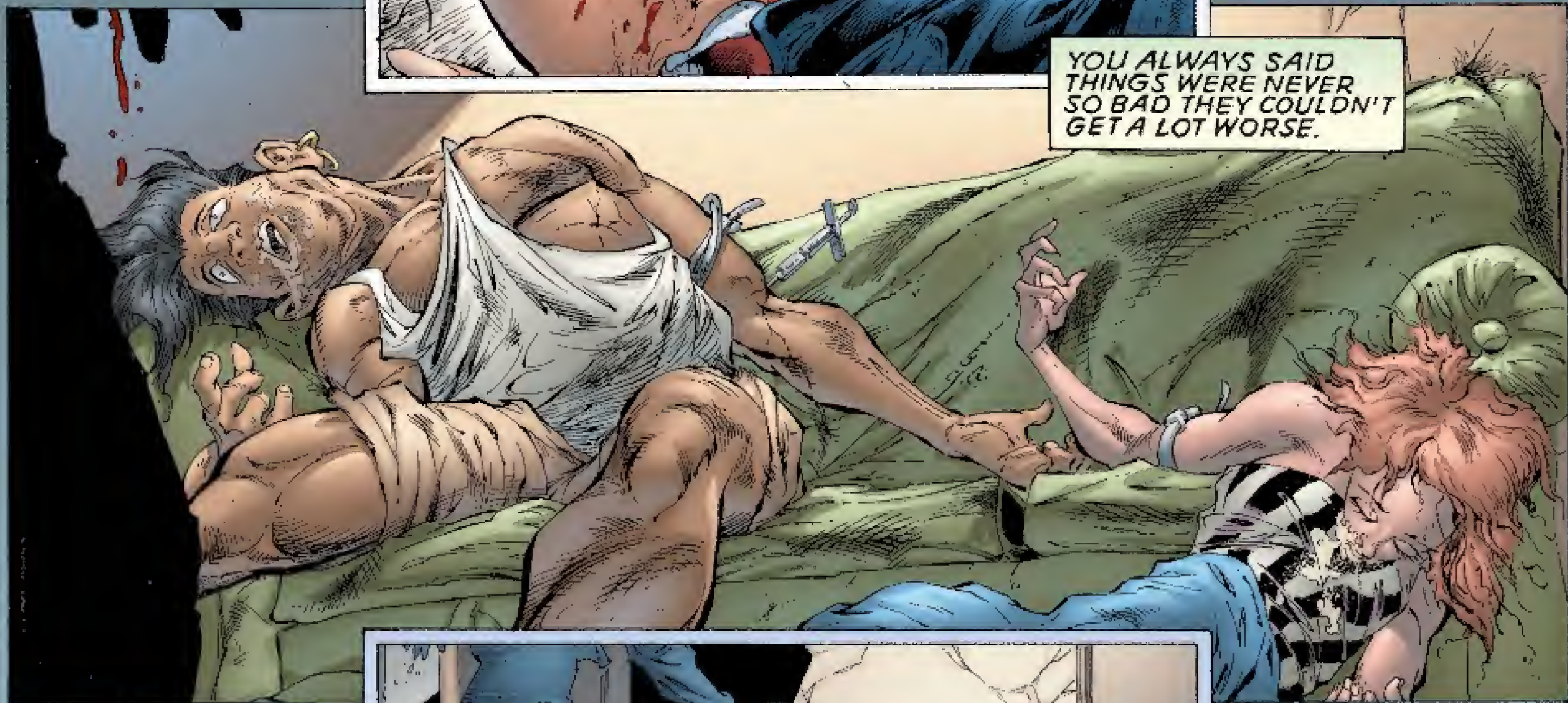
BLOOD RUSHES
THROUGH YOUR
VEINS, SWELLS
YOUR TONGUE.

JEEZUS
CHRIST!
YOU WON'T
BELIEVE
WHAT I JUST
SAW!

AND
THAT'S
IT.



THEY ALL
START
DROPPING
LIKE
FLIES.



YOU ALWAYS SAID
THINGS WERE NEVER
SO BAD THEY COULDN'T
GET A LOT WORSE.



BUT YOU
NEVER
GUESSED
HOW TRUE
IT COULD
BE...

DO YOU REMEMBER
THE FIRST TIME YOU
BLED, AS A GIRL?
THE EMBARRASS-
MENT, THE SHAME.
THEY TOLD YOU IT
MEANT YOU WERE
BECOMING A
WOMAN.


BUT YOU
THOUGHT
IT MADE
YOU A
FREAK.

DEAD
INSIDE.

A DARK
SECRET
YOU
HAD TO
HIDE
AWAY.

IT WOULDN'T
BE THE LAST.

...



PLEASE,
HELP
ME...


YOU COULD
HEAR THE NIGHT
CALLING TO
YOU, SPEAKING
WITH THE
VOICE OF FIRE.

WHAT
DID IT
SAY?

"PURGE THE
DARKNESS
WITHIN YOU..."

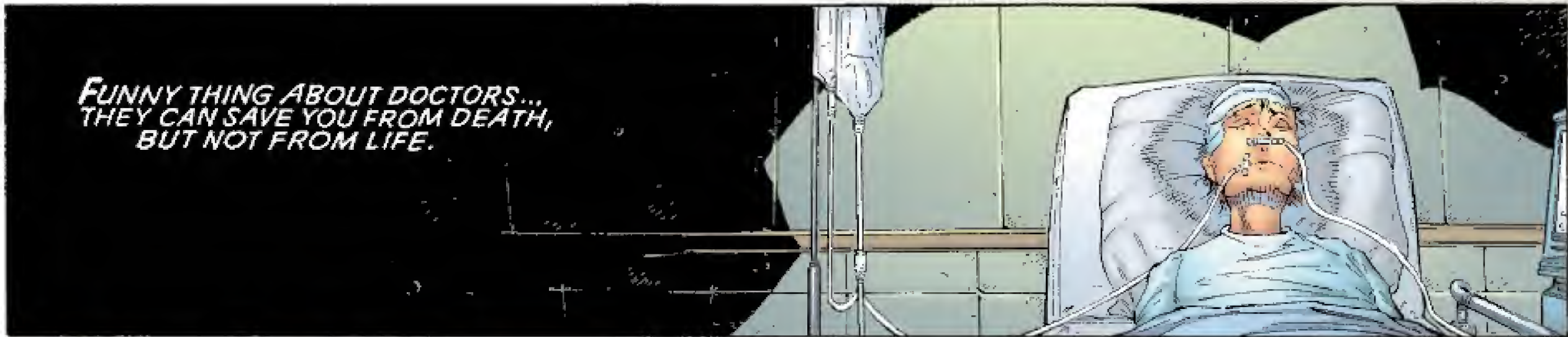
"CAST
OUT THE
BLACKNESS
IN YOUR
HEART."





UNLEASH
YOUR FEARS.
THEY WILL
PROTECT YOU.

FOR A WHILE,
ANYWAY.



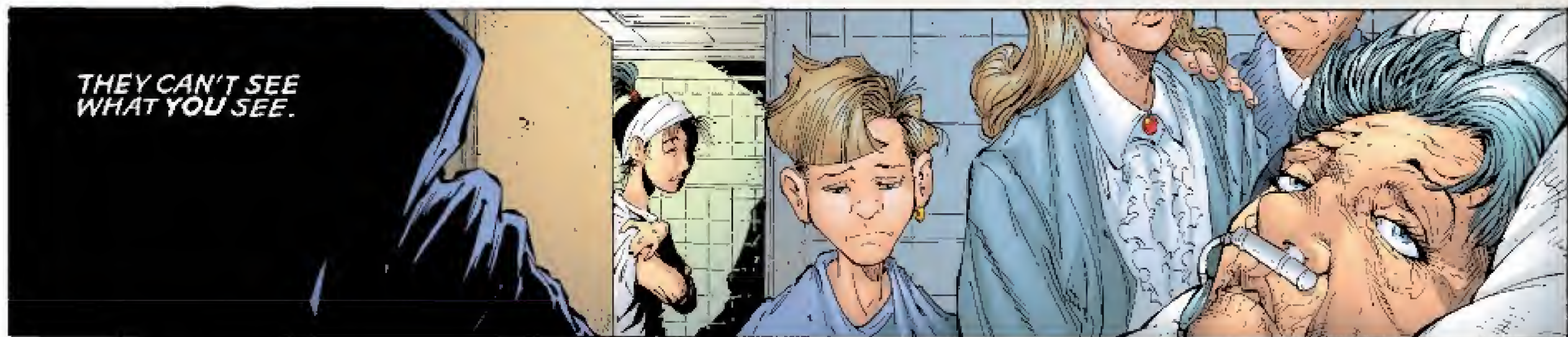
FUNNY THING ABOUT DOCTORS...
THEY CAN SAVE YOU FROM DEATH,
BUT NOT FROM LIFE.



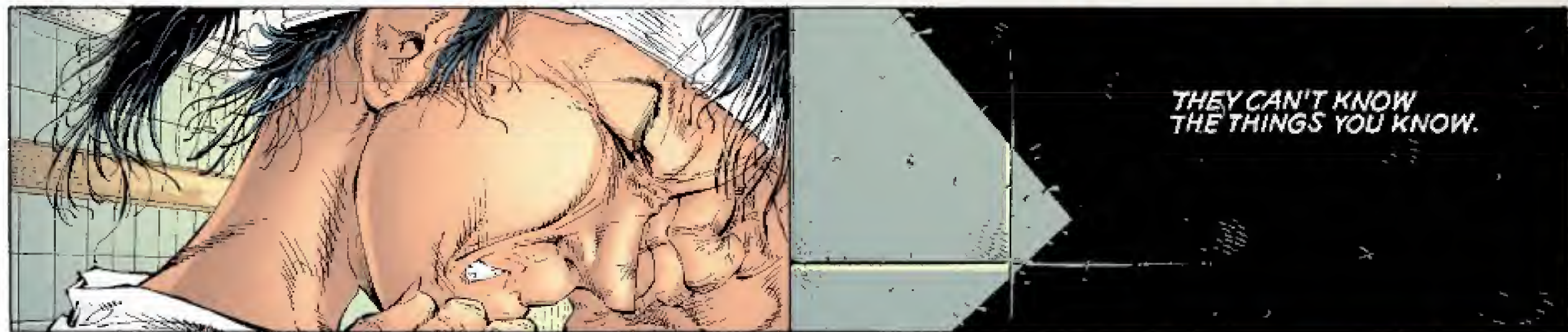
THEY WOULD NEVER
UNDERSTAND IF YOU
TOLD THEM THE TRUTH.



THEY TRY THEIR
BEST. THEY
REALLY DO. BUT
THEY CAN'T SEE.



THEY CAN'T SEE
WHAT YOU SEE.



THEY CAN'T KNOW
THE THINGS YOU KNOW.





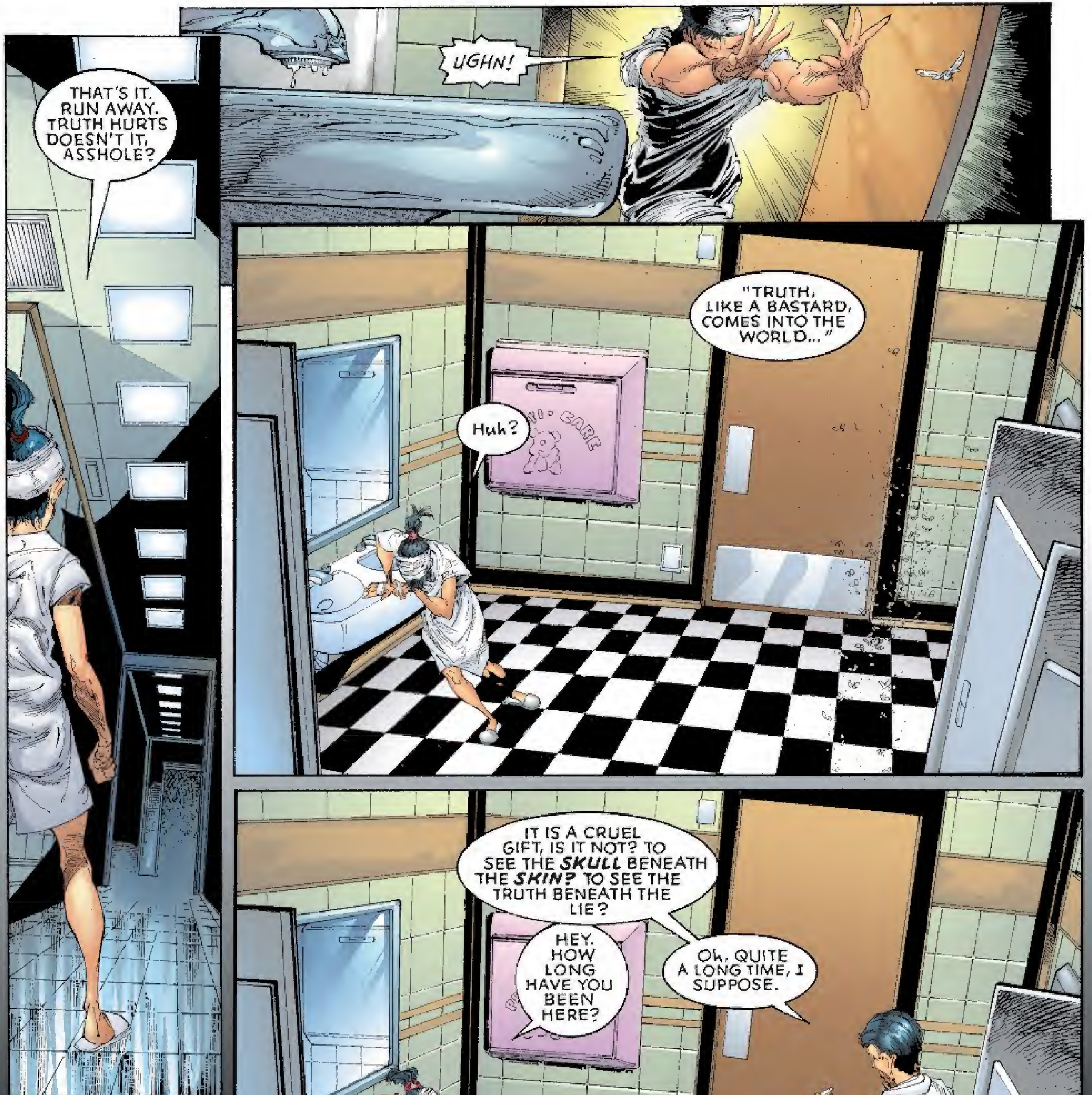
THEY CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT IT IS THAT HAUNTS YOU.

I CAN
SEE
YOU.



I CAN SEE
WHAT YOU ARE.
DO YOU HEAR ME?
I KNOW WHAT
YOU ARE!





I WAS JUST A KID. I WOKE UP ONE DAY AND I KNEW MY MOM WAS GOING TO DIE. JUST KNEW. SHE WAS LEAVING FOR WORK. I BEGGED HER NOT TO GO.

BUT SHE SMILED AT ME THE WAY GROWN-UPS ALWAYS SMILE AT A CHILD AND TOLD ME EVERYTHING WAS OKAY.

I REMEMBER CHASING HER OUT IN THE STREET, SCREAMING. I GUESS I REALLY FREAKED HER OUT.

SHE WAS HALF WAY TO THE BUS STOP WHEN SHE TURNED AROUND...



AND THEN--
BAM!-- IT HAPPENED. SHE WAS THE FIRST.

WHY ME? WHY DID THIS HAPPEN TO ME?

"WHY?"
AYE, THERE'S THE RUB, ISN'T IT?



"BECAUSE YOU WERE GIVEN A GIFT. OR A CURSE."

"YOU SEE PAST THE GREAT LIE. YOU ARE TOO CLEVER FOR THEM."

I DON'T FEEL CLEVER.

BUT YOU **ARE**. SO VERY CLEVER. BECAUSE YOU SEE THE TRUTH. OTHERS MAY SUSPECT IT, BUT YOU **KNOW** THE DARK, AWFUL TRUTH OF THIS LIFE.

THAT THERE IS NO GREAT PLAN, NO COSMIC DESIGN. THAT LIFE IS MISERY AND LONELINESS AND PAIN FROM CRADLE TO GRAVE.

THAT THE GOOD SUFFER JUST AS MUCH AS THE WICKED, IF NOT MORE. THAT THERE'S NO FINAL REWARD FOR THE RIGHTEOUS.



"AND THAT NO ONE IS COMING TO SAVE YOU."

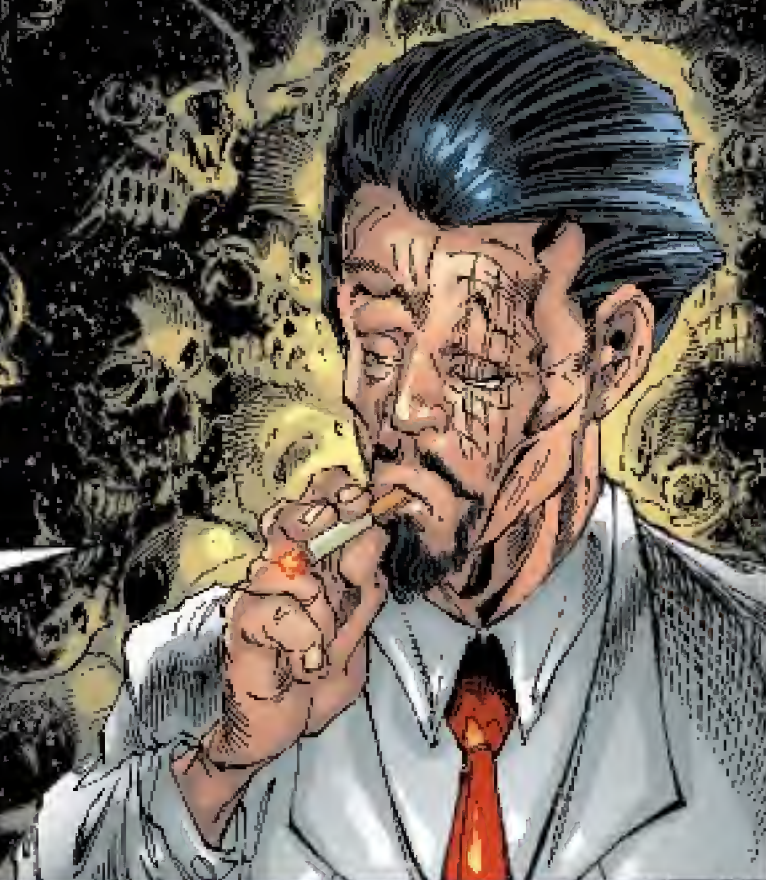


"YOU SEE, THAT'S THE **REAL** REASON HE'S AFTER YOU."

IT'S NOTHING
PERSONAL OF COURSE.
THAT'S REALLY THE WORST
BIT, ISN'T IT?

ALL THE
BABIES BORN
WITHOUT LIMBS,
THE LEGIONS OF SWEET
MOTHERS WHEELED INTO
CANCER WARDS, THE
CLUELESS BYSTANDERS
SHOT DOWN IN
THE STREET.

AND NONE
OF IT'S THE LEAST
BIT PERSONAL.
WHAT A HORRIBLE
THOUGHT.



PEOPLE
DIE BECAUSE
THEY'RE PEOPLE.
BECAUSE THEY'RE
MORTAL. NOT
FOR ANY GLORIOUS
CAUSE OR
GRAND
SCHEME.

YOU TORE
OPEN YOUR HEART
AND GAVE HIM A
GLIMPSE OF THE TRUTH
AND **THAT'S** WHY HE
HATES YOU. BECAUSE
OF WHAT YOU KNOW:
THAT **NO MAN** EVER
DIED FOR A
REASON.



"LEAST OF ALL
FOR **LOVE**."

"AND IF THAT'S TRUE,
THEN **HE** HAS NO
REASON TO EXIST."



"ON BLOODSTAINED
WINGS, VENGEANCE FLIES...
FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF
NIGHT." THERE IT IS.

WHAT
CAN I DO?

KEEP RUNNING.
HIDE WHERE YOU CAN.
NUMB YOUR MIND AND
BODY TILL HE CAN NO LONGER
SENSE YOUR PRESENCE.
AND HOPE IT ENDS PAIN-
LESSLY AS POSSIBLE.



"BUT DON'T LET
HIM **NEAR** YOU,
WHATEVER YOU DO."

"DON'T
WORRY. I
IMAGINE
IT'LL ALL BE
OVER SOON
ENOUGH."

"BE SEEING YOU."



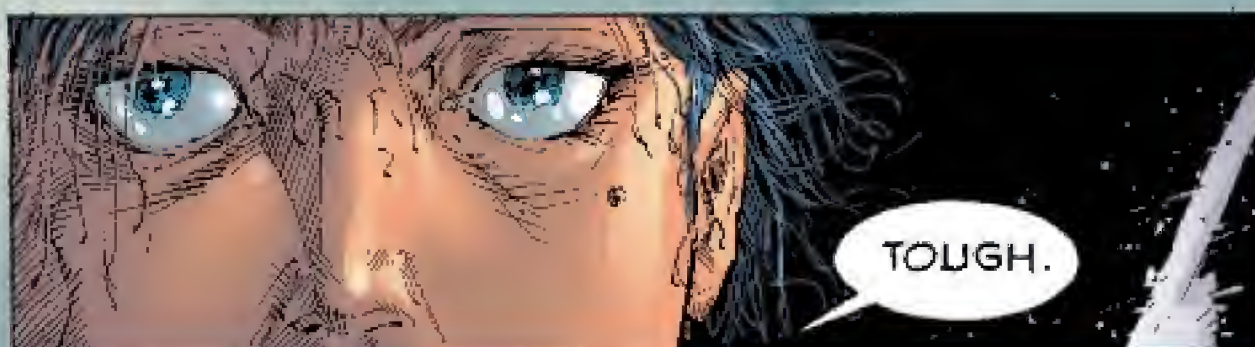
ARE YOU FRIGHTENED?

NO. I DON'T FEEL ANYTHING.



HE'LL BE DISAPPOINTED, OF COURSE.

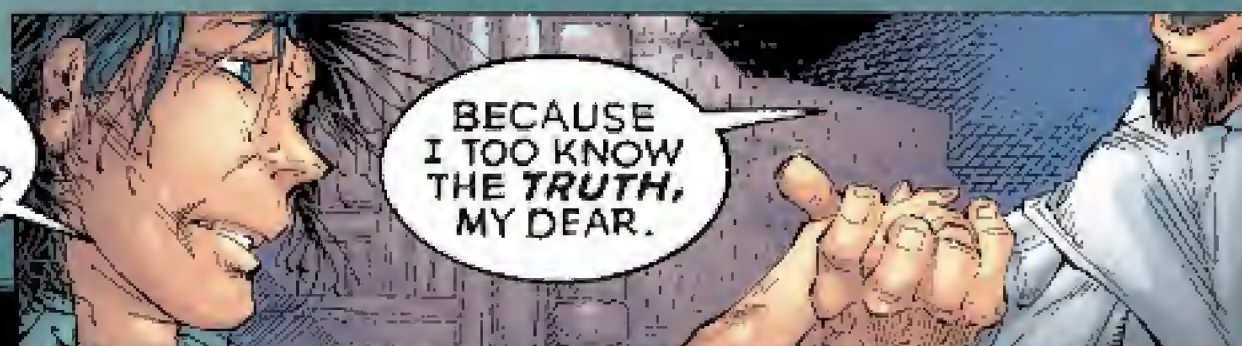
VERY DISAPPOINTED.



TOUGH.



INDEED.



WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?

BECAUSE I TOO KNOW THE TRUTH, MY DEAR.



HE WAS COMING TO HELP YOU...



I DON'T THINK WE REALLY NEED TO LOOK AT THE RESULT, DO WE?

I THOUGHT NOT.





SPAWN



Capullo
G.D.
PAGNY
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SAN FRANCISCO.

WHAT--? WAIT. WAIT. WHAT ARE YOU TELLING ME? NO. THAT'S **NOT** WHAT I SAID.



BECAUSE IT'S NOT THE **SAME**, THAT'S WHY.

WELL, THEN YOU CALL HIM BACK.

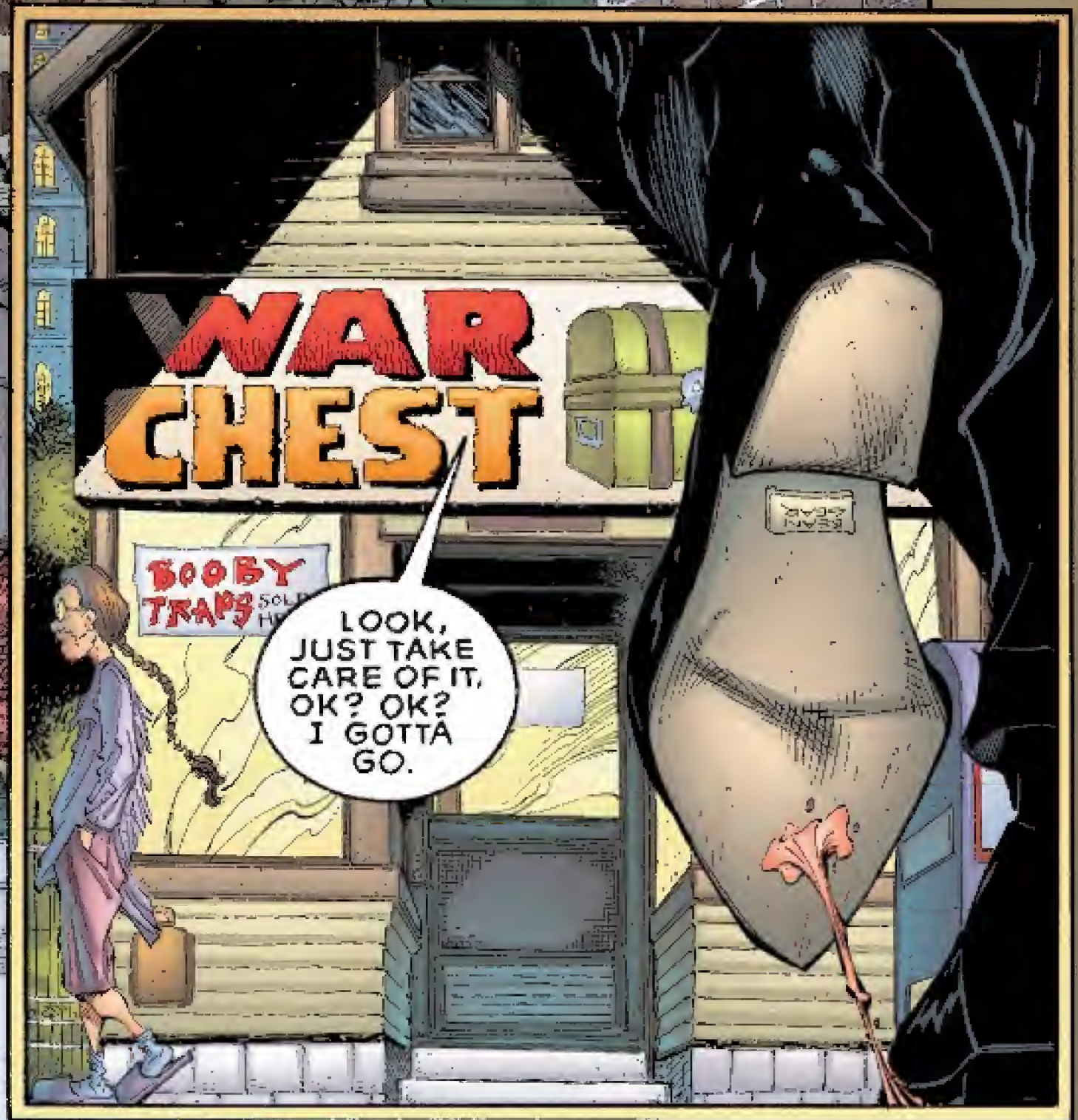


NO. I WANTED **RED**. **RED**. JUST LIKE MY OLD ONE. GOT THAT? I'M NOT SPENDING ALL THIS MONEY ON--

NO, NOT THE SUNROOM, THE **CONVERTIBLE**.



WHAT? A PROBLEM? WELL, IT'S NOT **MY** PROBLEM. IF THEY CAN'T DELIVER, TELL THEM I'LL GO SOMEWHERE ELSE.



WAR CHEST

BOOBY TRAPS SOLD HERE

LOOK, JUST TAKE CARE OF IT, OK? OK? I GOTTA GO.



HEY HEY! THERE'S MY BIG SPENDER. MAN OF WEALTH AND TASTE. HOW'S THE WIDE WORLD TREATING YOU?

OUGHT TO BE A DEATH PENALTY FOR INCOMPETENTS.

OUGHT TO BE A LOT OF THINGS, MY FRIEND. SO WHAT ARE YOU IN THE MARKET FOR TODAY?



NOT SURE. SOMETHING.

THOSE ARE NICE. DUELING PISTOLS. NAPOLEONIC. PROVENANCE SAYS THEY BELONGED TO LORD BYRON.

Hmph.



SO HOW'S THE BULLS AND THE BEARS? HEARD THE MARKET TOOK ANOTHER BIG DIVE.

YEP. A LOT OF PEOPLE LOST A LOT OF MONEY. THAT'S HOW IT GOES.

AND YOU?

ME? I MADE A LOT OF MONEY. THAT'S ALSO HOW IT GOES.



THAT'S KIND OF WHY I'M HERE. I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING... YOU KNOW... LIKE THE LAST ONE. SPECIAL.

AK, SOMETHING FROM THE PRIVATE COLLECTION.

EXACTLY.



NOT A PROBLEM. IN FACT, I JUST GOT SOME NEW STUFF IN. CHOICE. REAL CHOICE.



COME ON BACK.

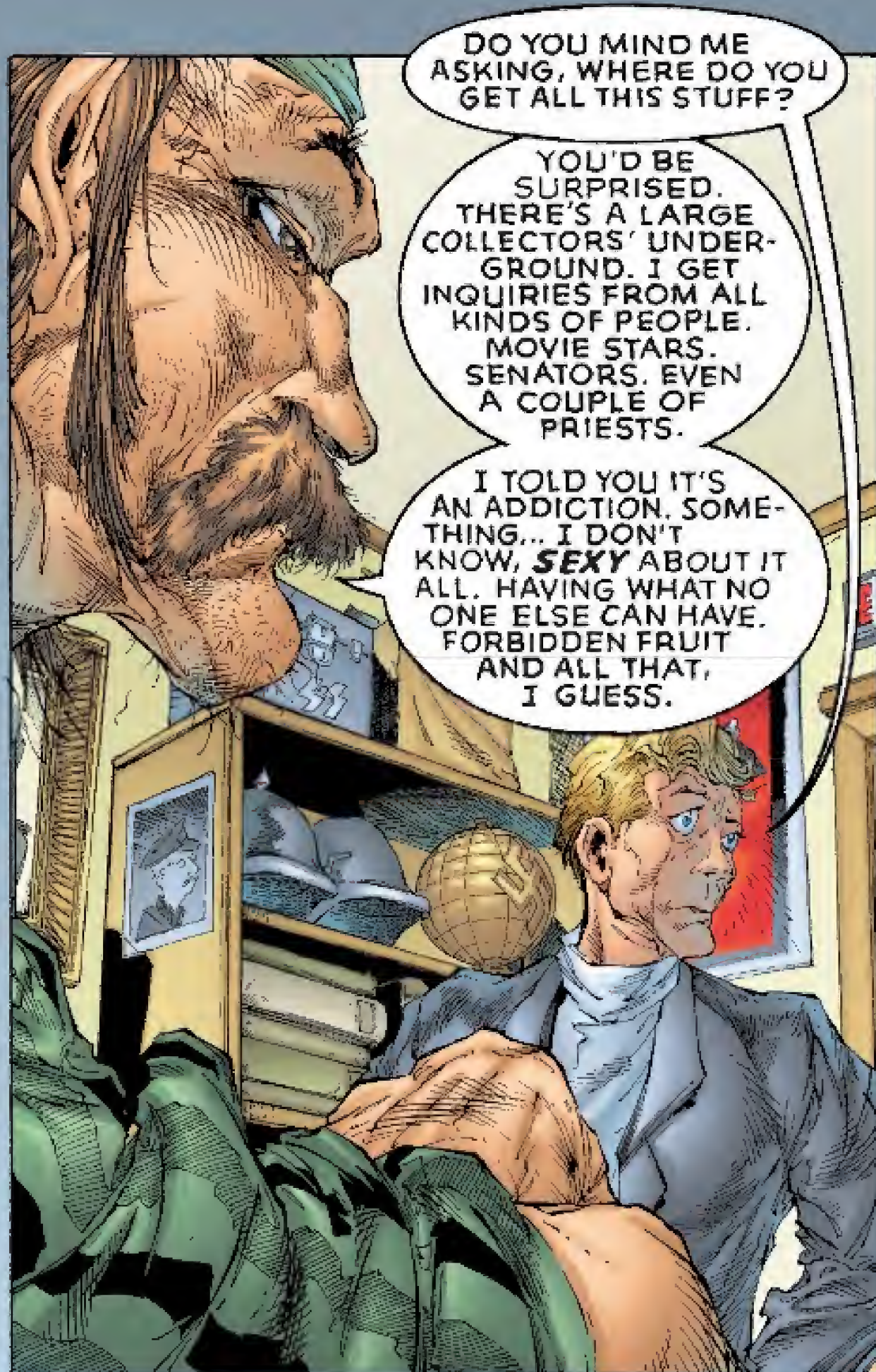


I WARNED YOU. DIDN'T I WARN YOU? IT'S LIKE A FEVER. ONCE YOU START YOU CAN'T QUIT.

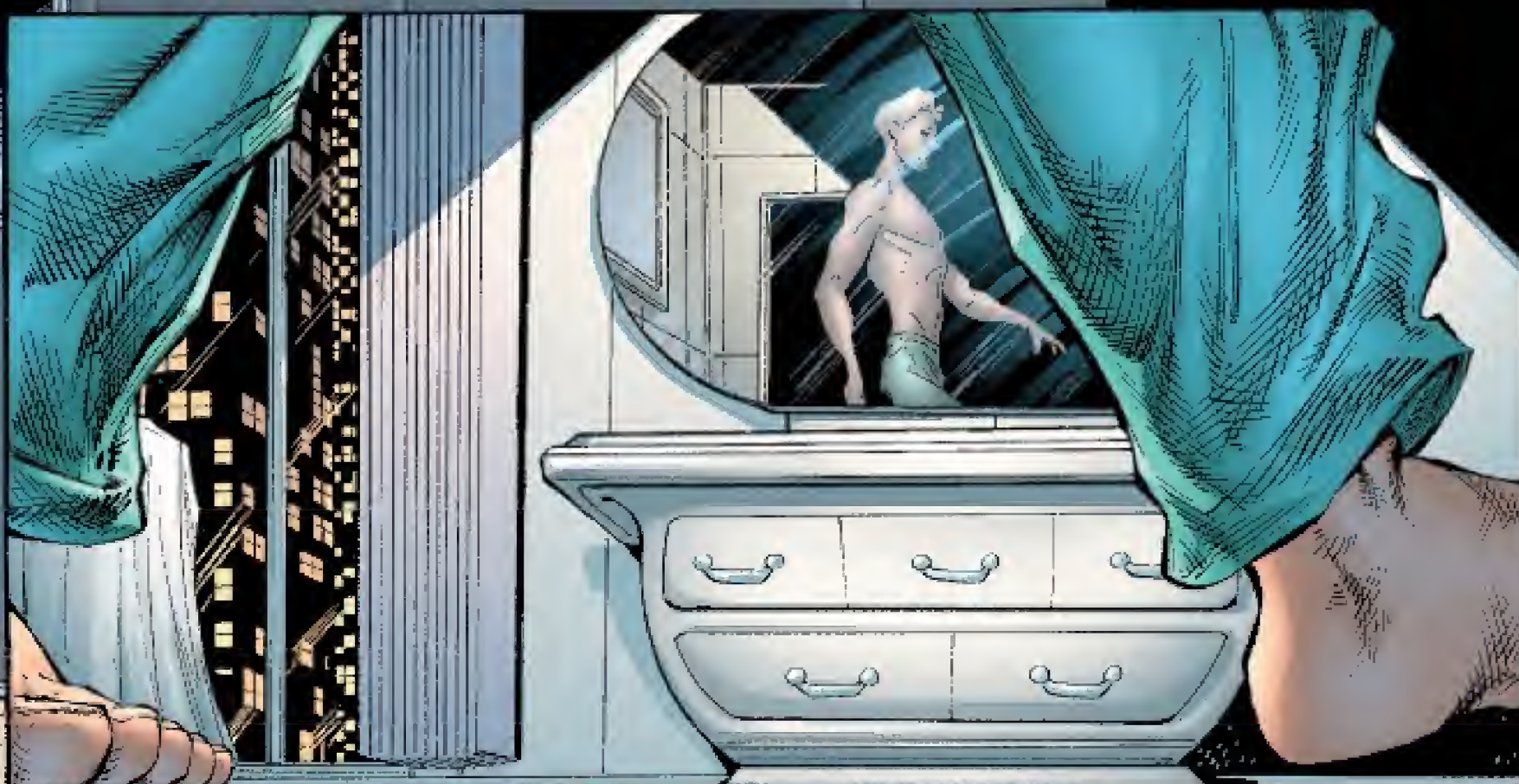
HANG ON A SEC. LET ME GET THE LIGHT.



SO WHAT DID YOU HAVE IN MIND?







MY GOD,
YOU'RE
BEAUTIFUL...



KNOW...

LAST NIGHT, I DREAMED OF DEATH.

IT CAME TO ME, LIKE A TERRIBLE GHOST IN A GOETHE PLAY. I ASKED IT WHY IT FOLLOWED ME AND IT GAVE NO ANSWER.

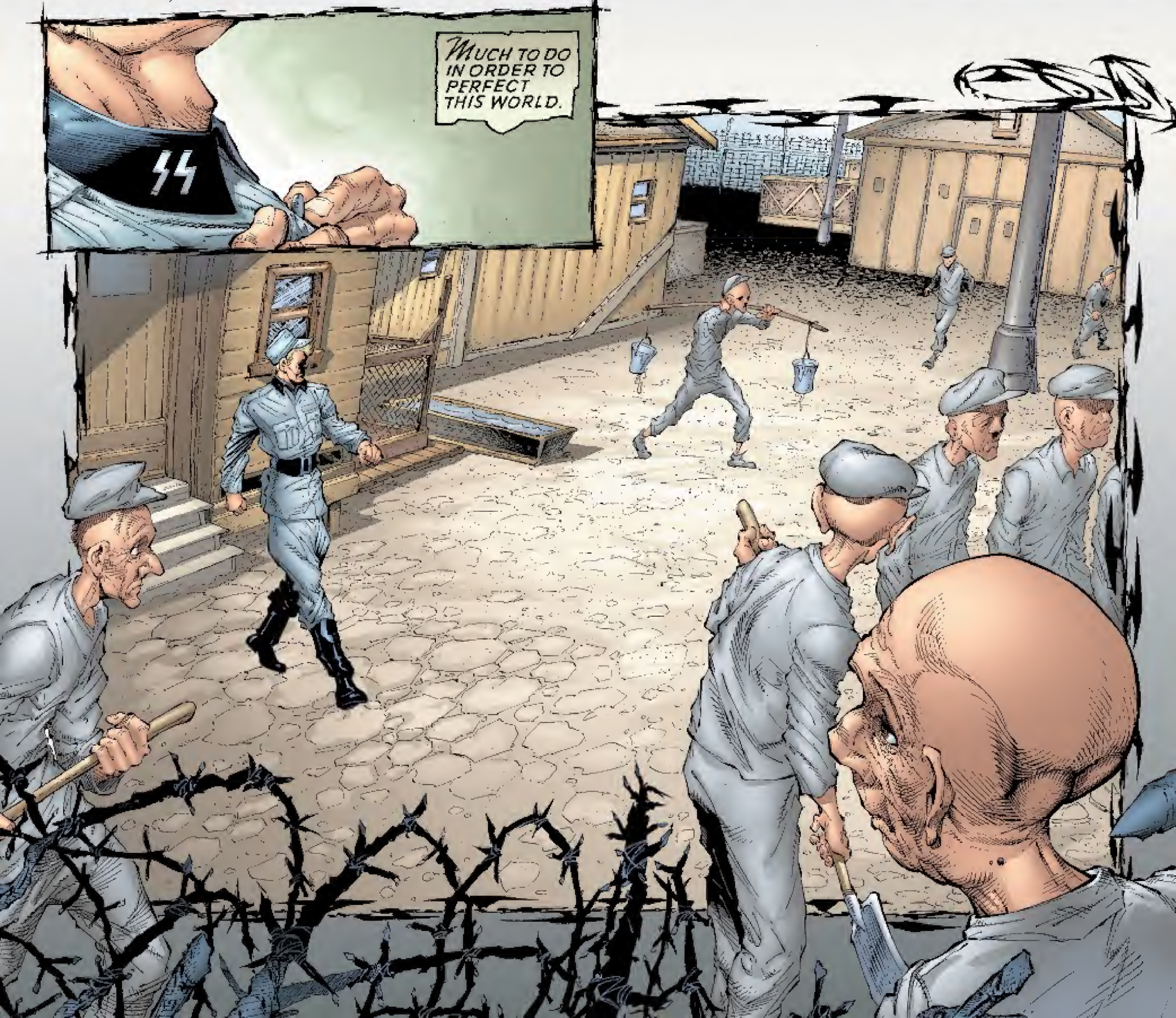
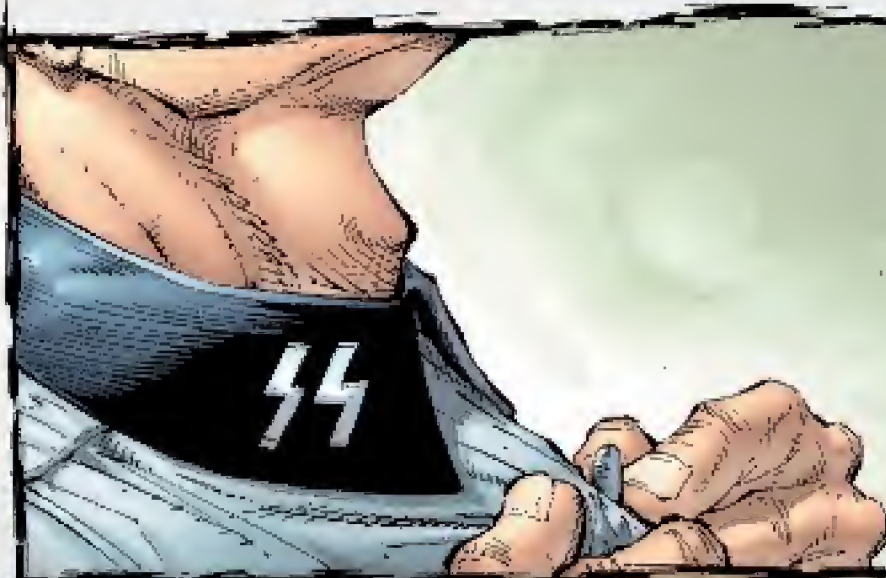


AGAIN, I HAVE TROUBLE SLEEPING. I CURSE MYSELF FOR BEING WEAK. I MUST BE VIGILANT. Col. K. HAS ORDERED THAT WE ARE TO STEP UP OPERATIONS.

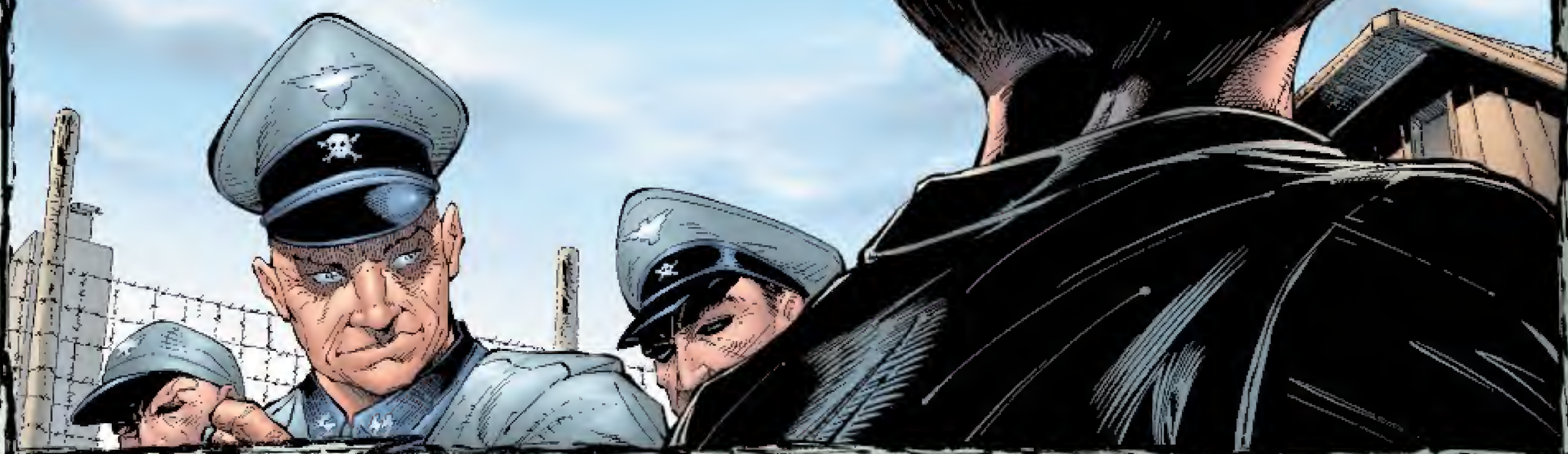
THERE IS SO MUCH TO DO.



MUCH TO DO IN ORDER TO PERFECT THIS WORLD.



I CAN TELL COL. K. DOES NOT LIKE ME. HE AND THE OTHERS LAUGH BEHIND MY BACK.



I DO NOT CLAIM TO BE A HERO. I AM NOT THE SOLDIER HE IS. I AM A MAN, THAT IS ALL. BUT I HAVE A JOB AND I DO IT WELL.

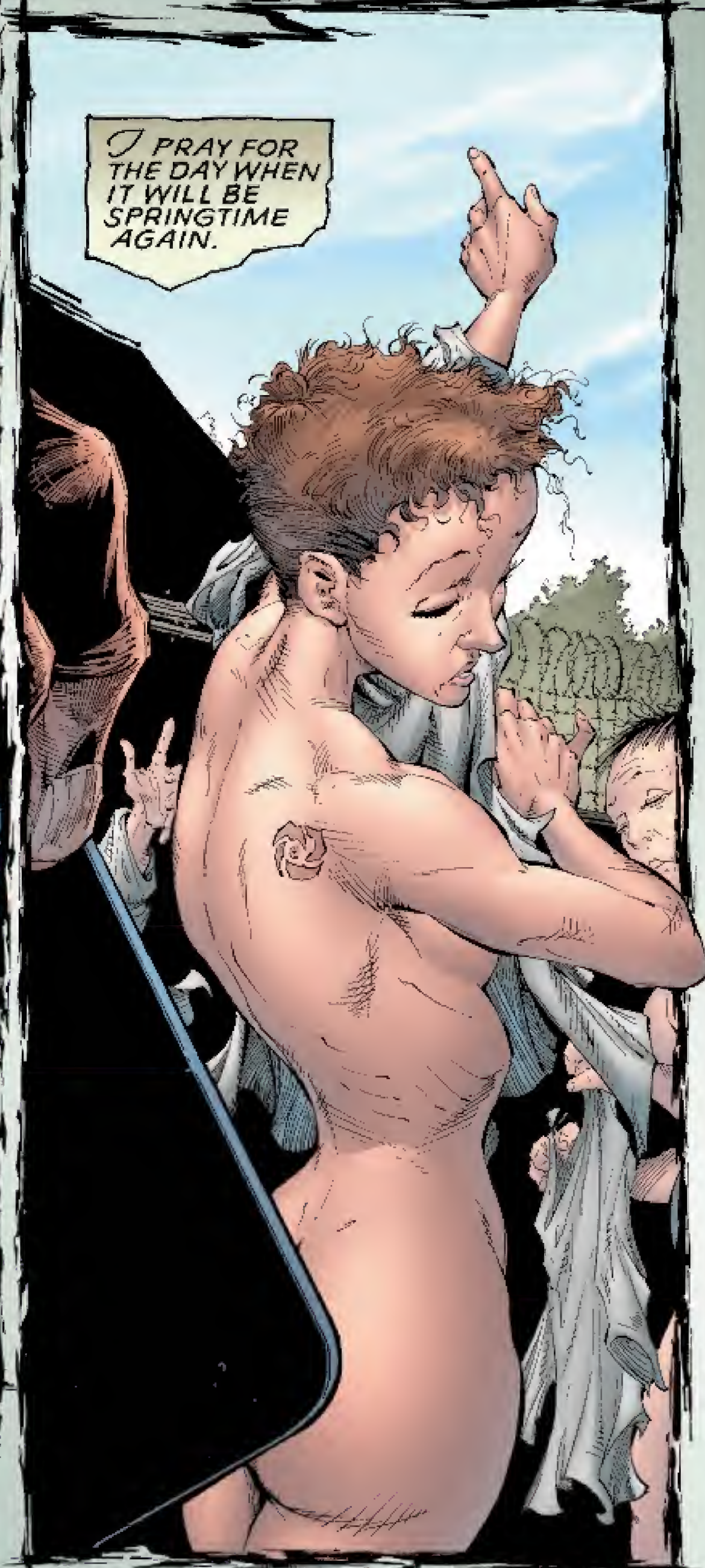


THE LATEST LOT IS EVEN MORE PATHETIC THAN THE LAST. (GYPSIES! I AM BEGINNING TO LOATHE THEM MORE THAN THE JEWS.)

I LONG FOR THE DAYS WHEN THE WAR WILL BE BEHIND US. WHEN A LIFE OF JOY AND BEAUTY MAY BEGIN AGAIN.



I PRAY FOR THE DAY WHEN IT WILL BE SPRINGTIME AGAIN.



Col. K.'S FAMILY
ARRIVED YESTER-
DAY. HE HAD A
SMALL PLAY
GARDEN BUILT
FOR HIS GRAND-
CHILDREN IN THE
FIELD BEHIND
THE GALLOWS.

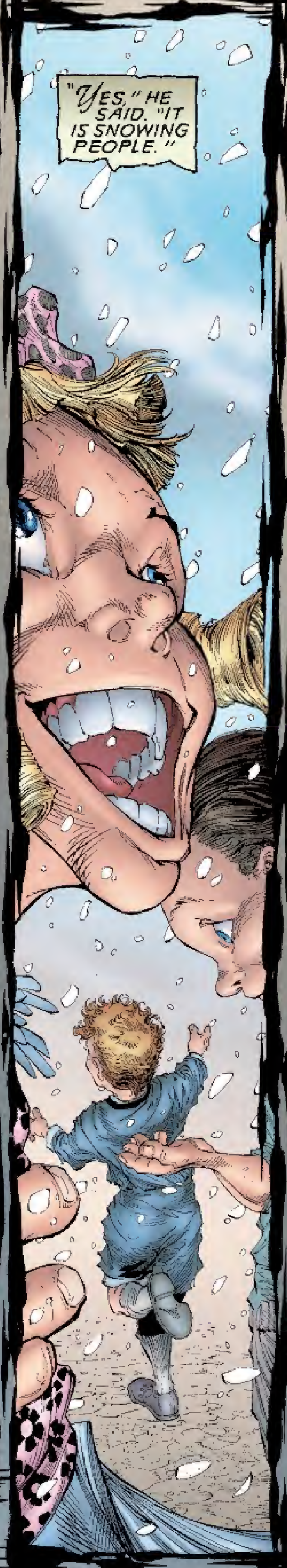
SO NICE TO
HEAR CHILDREN
LAUGHING AGAIN.

THIS AFTERNOON
THEY CALLED OUT
TO Col. K., "GRAND-
PA, GRANDPA
COME QUICK! IT
IS A MIRACLE.

"LOOK! IT
IS SNOWING!
SNOWING IN
SEPTEMBER!
ISN'T IT
WONDERFUL?"

Col. K.
STOOD
ON THE
PORCH
AND
LAUGHED.

"YES," HE
SAID. "IT
IS SNOWING
PEOPLE."



I ARRANGED
FOR THE
ROMANY GIRL
TO WORK FOR
ME. SHE DOES
NOT APPEAR
GRATEFUL.

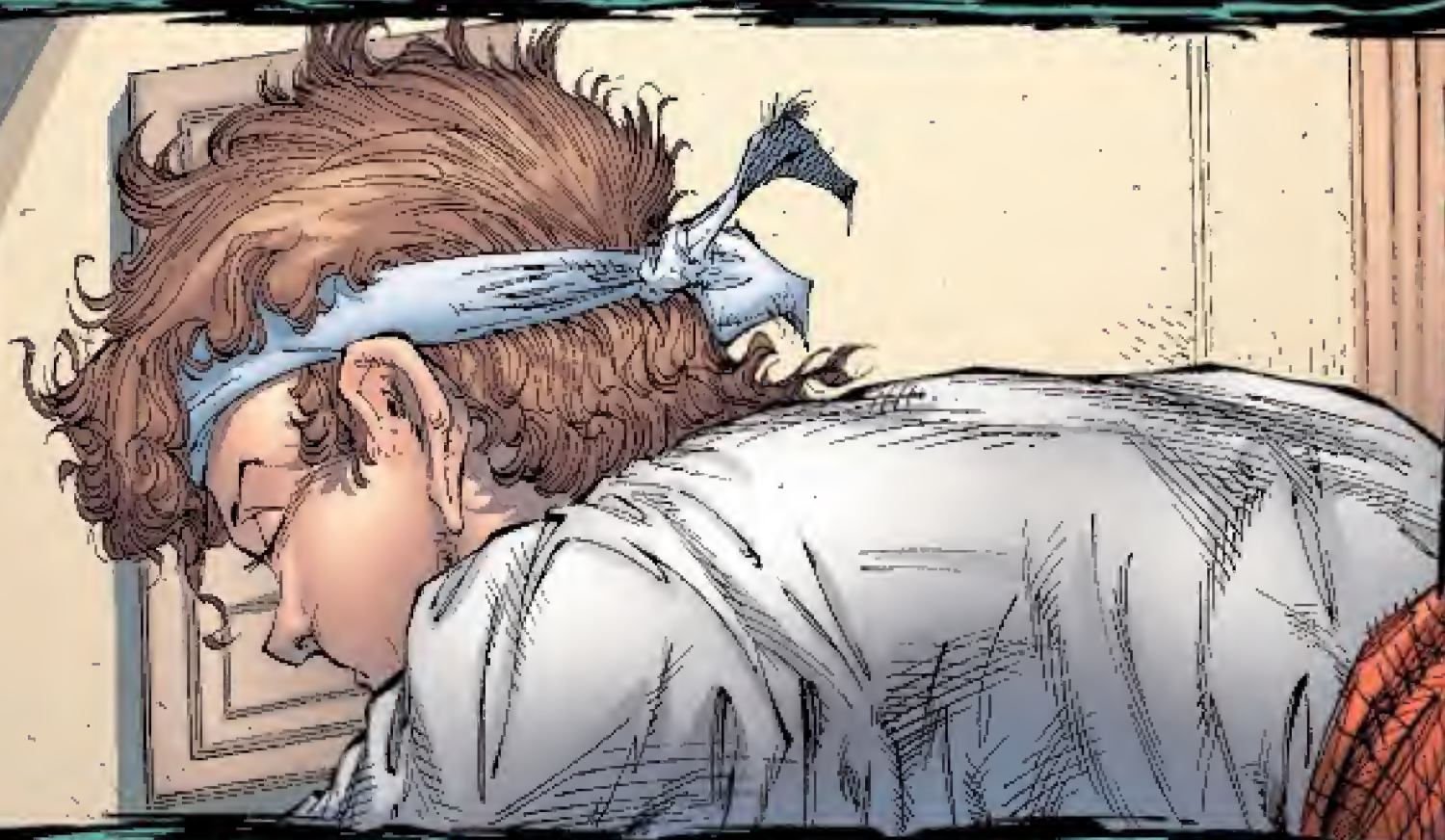


THE STRONG ONES
WILL LAST THREE
MONTHS. EACH
ONE, ALMOST TO
THE DAY. HERE, SHE
COULD LAST TWICE
THAT. THREE
TIMES EVEN.

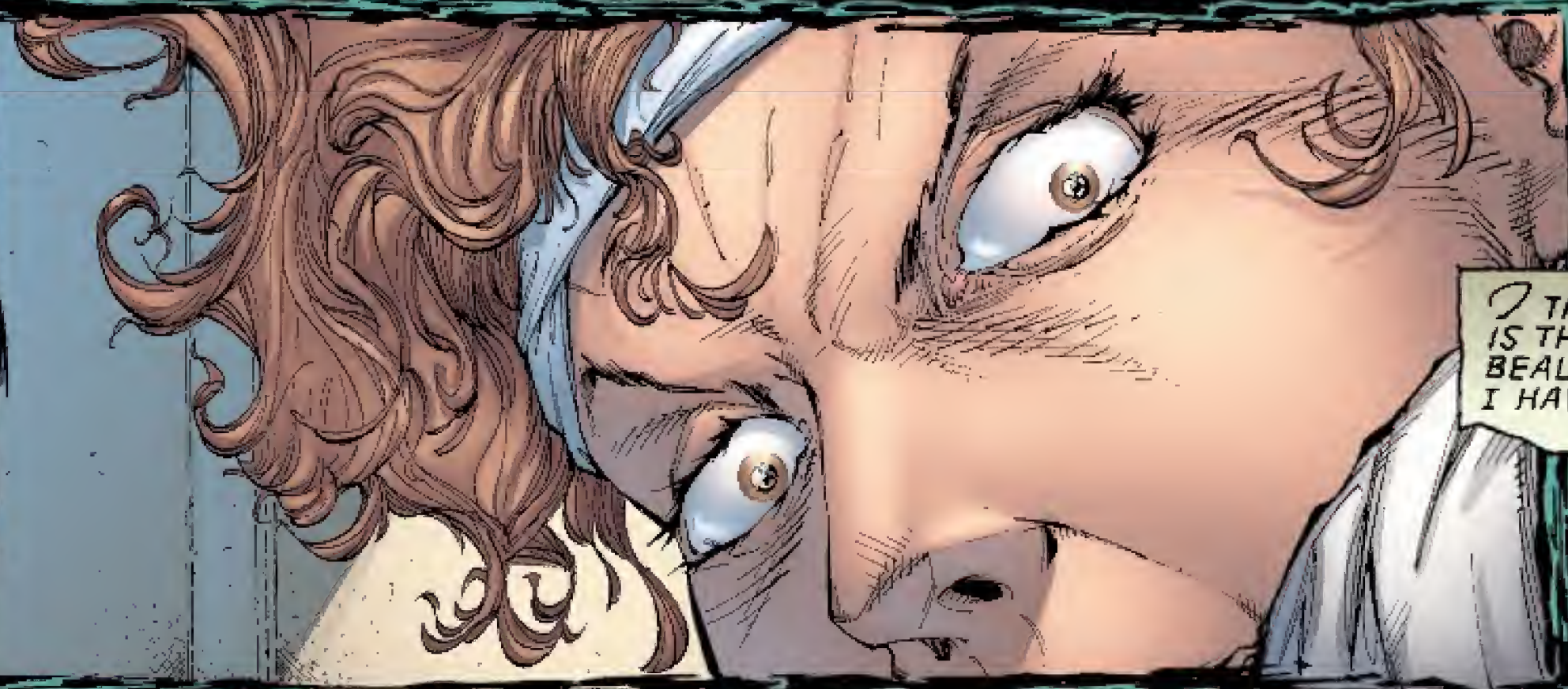
I DO
NOT TELL
HER THIS.



I FIND THAT
IT IS THESE
PRIVATE ACTS
OF GENEROSITY
THAT HELP KEEP
MY SPIRITS UP.
WE ARE HERE TO
MAKE THE WORLD
BETTER. I MUST
NOT FORGET
THAT.



I THINK SHE
IS THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL THING
I HAVE EVER SEEN.



I CAUGHT TWO MEN
EMBRACING OUT BEHIND THE
COAL SHED TODAY. CZECHS OR
POLES, I CANNOT TELL ANY-
MORE.

THEY
PLEADED WITH
ME, CRYING
FOR MERCY,
SAYING THAT I
WAS MISTAKEN.
THEY TOLD ME
THEY WERE
COUSINS AND
EACH HAD
THOUGHT THE
OTHER ONE
DEAD.

SUCH DISPLAYS
OF EMOTION
ARE UNMANLY,
THE MARK OF
AN ABERRANT
PERSONALITY.

THEY WEPT
LIKE BABIES
WHEN I
TOLD THEM
THAT THIS
INCIDENT
WOULD BE
RECORDED.

ONE DOES
WELL TO
REMEMBER
THAT, EVEN
HERE, THERE
IS ALWAYS
SOME PLACE
LOWER TO GO.

MEANWHILE,
THE PERSIST-
ENT GHOST OF
DEATH STILL
PERSECUTES
MY DREAMS.

IT HAS BEEN
FOUR MONTHS.
I CAN BEAR IT
NO LONGER.
THIS MORNING,
AFTER BREAKFAST,
I CONFESSED
MY FEELINGS.

AT FIRST, I THOUGHT SHE DID NOT HEAR ME.
OR MAYBE SHE WAS OVERWHELMED. WHAT I
OFFER HER MUST BE MORE THAN SHE DARE
DREAM.

BUT THEN SHE LOOKED
AT ME AS NO WOMAN
HAS EVER LOOKED AT
ME-- AS IF I WERE A
RODENT, AN INSECT--
AND SPOKE BUT ONE
WORD.

MONSTER.

HOW COULD SHE ABUSE ME
THUS? AFTER ALL THE
KINDNESSES I HAVE
VISITED UPON HER?

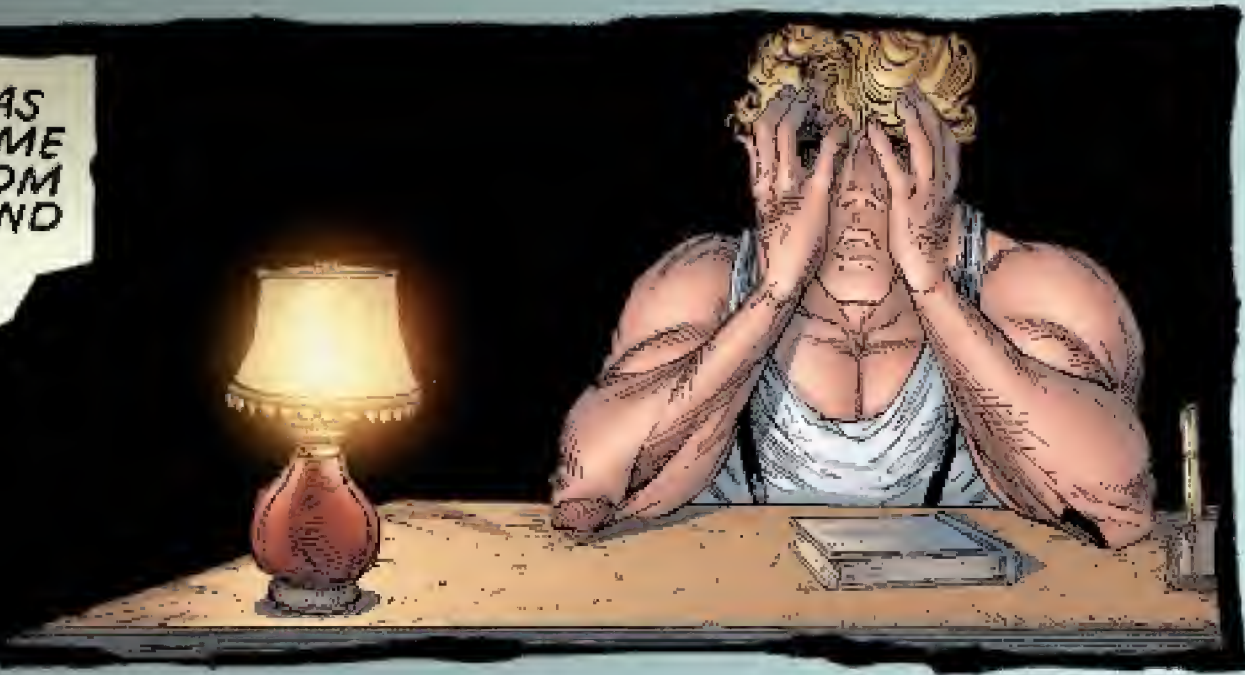
MONSTER? I, WHO HAVE
NEVER KILLED A MAN,
WHOSE HANDS NEVER
TOUCHED ANOTHER IN ANGER?

I AM A GOOD MAN.
I AM A MAN OF
COURAGE MAKING
A BETTER WORLD.

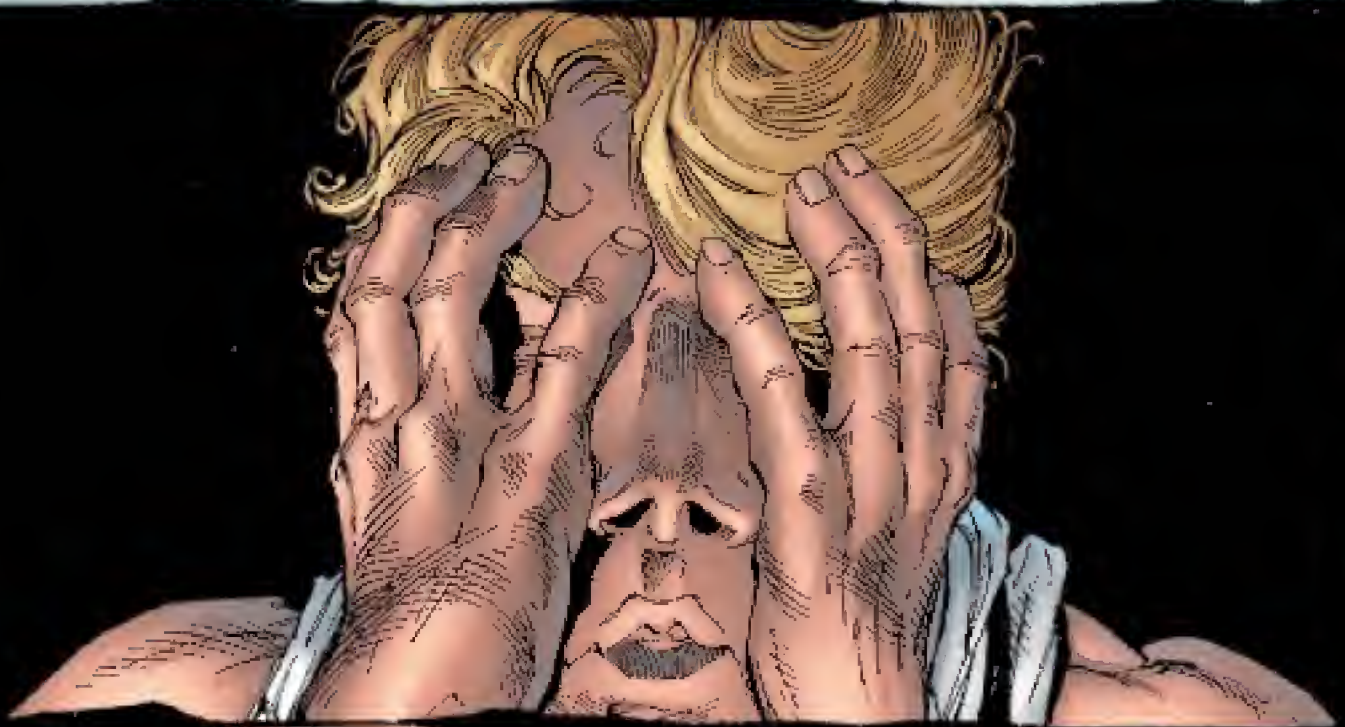
OFTENTIMES
MY WORK IS
NOT PRETTY,
BUT IT IS
NECESSARY.
SHE CANNOT
FAULT ME
FOR THAT.

IF I DID
NOT DO IT,
SOMEONE
ELSE
WOULD.

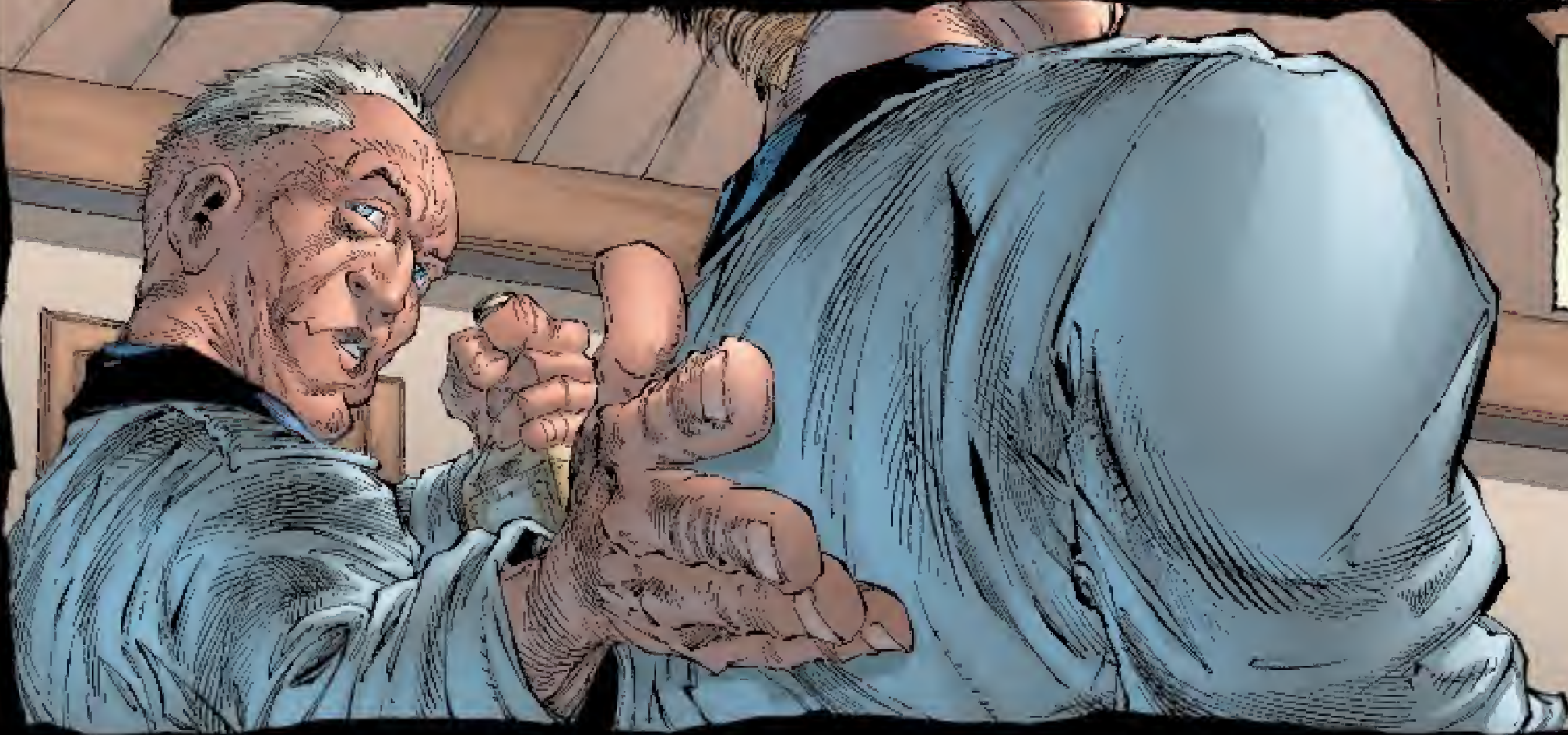
CHRISTMAS
EVE. I CAME
BACK FROM
DINNER AND
SHE WAS
GONE.



Col. K. HAD SENT FOR
HER. SOMETHING
ABOUT MAKING HER
A PRESENT FOR A
BROTHER-IN-LAW IN
BERLIN.



HE CAME AN
HOUR AGO TO
APOLOGIZE FOR
MY TROUBLE,
AND SAID HE
WAS HAPPY TO
COMPENSATE ME
FOR MY LOSS.



I NEVER
EVEN GOT TO
SAY GOOD-BYE.



WHAT HAVE
I DONE TO
DESERVE
SUCH MISERY?

LET MY
GHOST TAKE
ME. I NO
LONGER HAVE
THE WILL TO
LIVE.


HE LOOKS
AT ME THE
SAME WAY
SHE DID.
HATEFUL,
ACCUSING...





LOOK...

I HAVE NO
WORDS TO
DEFEND
MYSELF.



I AM NO
MARTYR.

I HAVE
COME TO THIS
NOT BECAUSE
I AM BRAVE
AND BELIEVE
IN THE
RIGHTNESS
OF MY CAUSE,
BUT BECAUSE
I AM A
COWARD AND
CHOSE TO
LIVE BEHIND
THE LIES
OF OTHERS.

MY GHOST
HAS CAUGHT UP
WITH ME AND
SHOWN ME WHAT
I WOULD NOT
ALLOW MYSELF
TO SEE.

PERHAPS,
IN THE END,
IT WILL
MAKE LITTLE
DIFFERENCE.

SOMEONE
ELSE WILL BE
SENT TO TAKE
MY PLACE,
SOMEONE ELSE
WILL DO THE
THINGS THAT
I HAVE DONE.

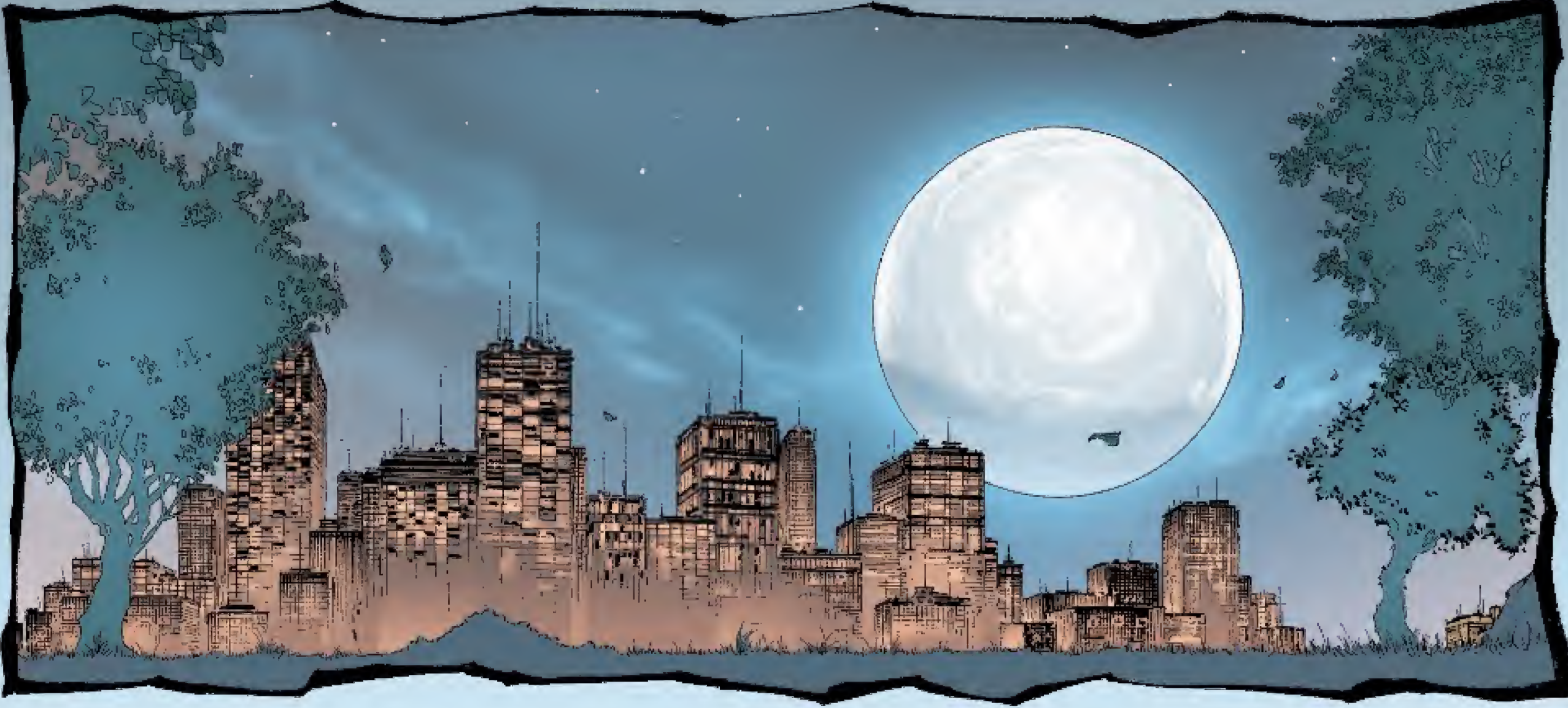
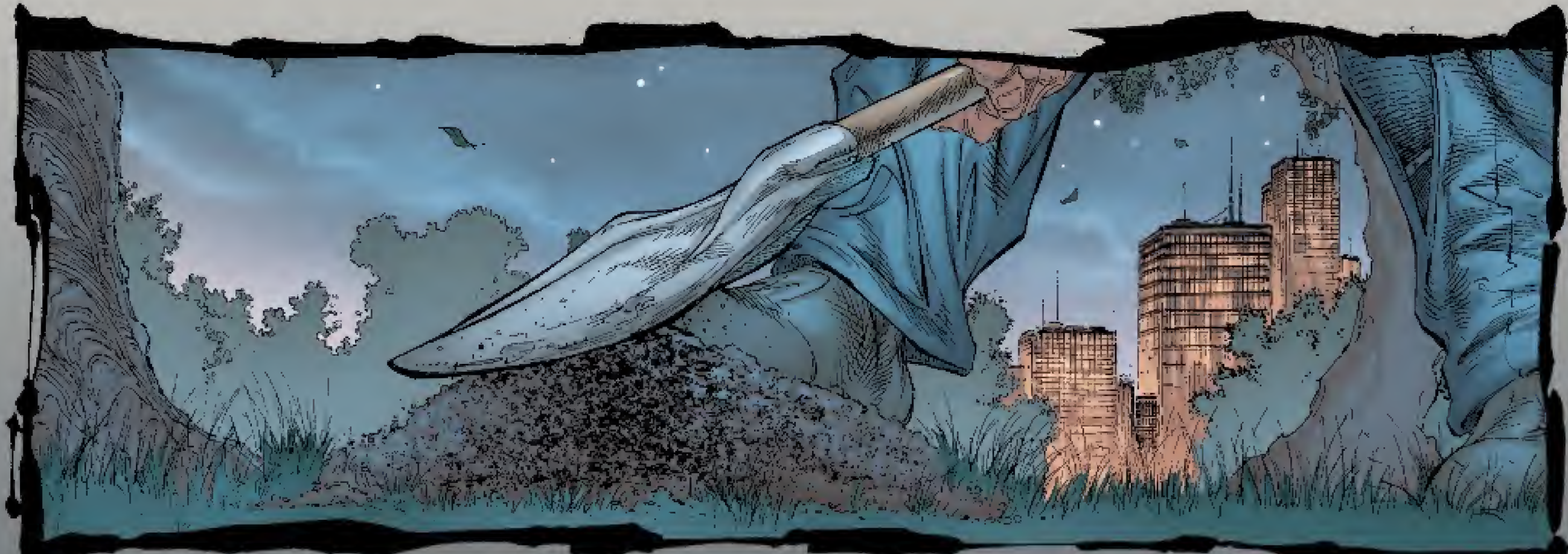
BUT IT WILL
BE SOMEONE
ELSE. IT WILL
NOT BE ME.

AND THAT
WILL BE
DIFFERENCE
ENOUGH...

HAAAAH!

Oh,
GOD...
FORGIVE
ME.









REST.



SPAWN



Capullo
00

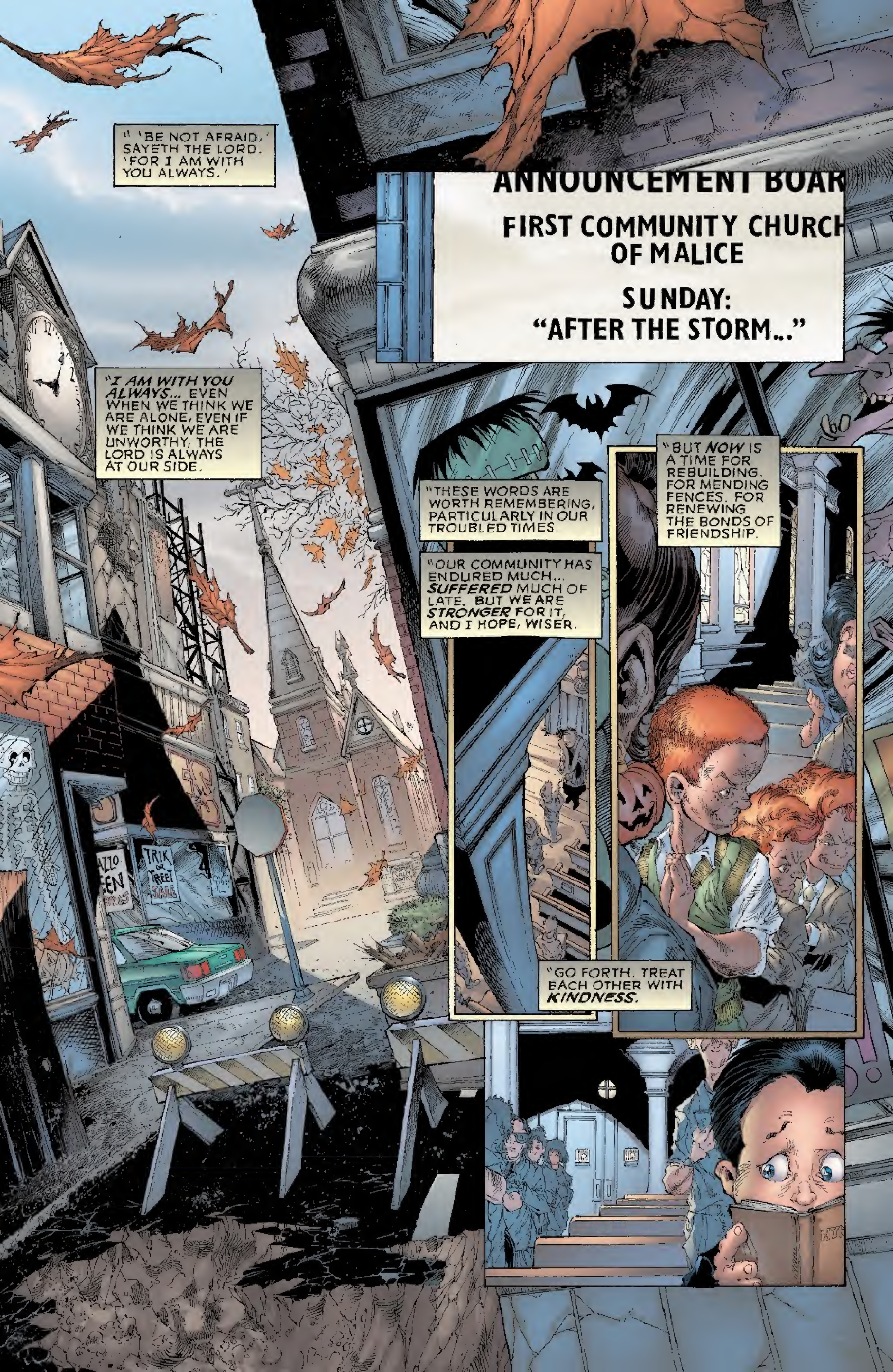
D. McFARLANE



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SPAWN.COM

DIGITAL
EDITION



"'BE NOT AFRAID,'
SAYETH THE LORD.
'FOR I AM WITH
YOU ALWAYS.'"

"I AM WITH YOU
ALWAYS... EVEN
WHEN WE THINK WE
ARE ALONE, EVEN IF
WE THINK WE ARE
UNWORTHY, THE
LORD IS ALWAYS
AT OUR SIDE."

"THESE WORDS ARE
WORTH REMEMBERING,
PARTICULARLY IN OUR
TROUBLED TIMES."

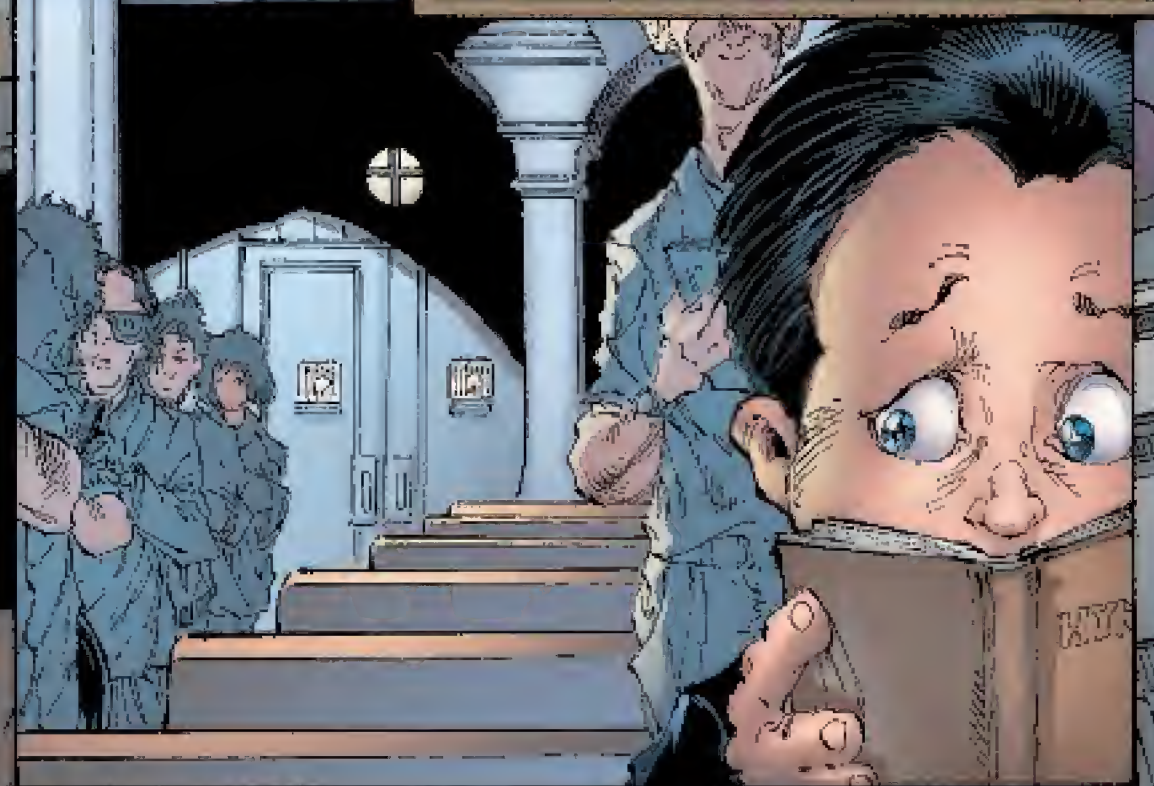
"OUR COMMUNITY HAS
ENDURED MUCH...
SUFFERED MUCH OF
LATE. BUT WE ARE
STRONGER FOR IT,
AND I HOPE, WISER."

ANNOUNCEMENT BOARD FIRST COMMUNITY CHURCH OF MALICE

SUNDAY:
"AFTER THE STORM..."

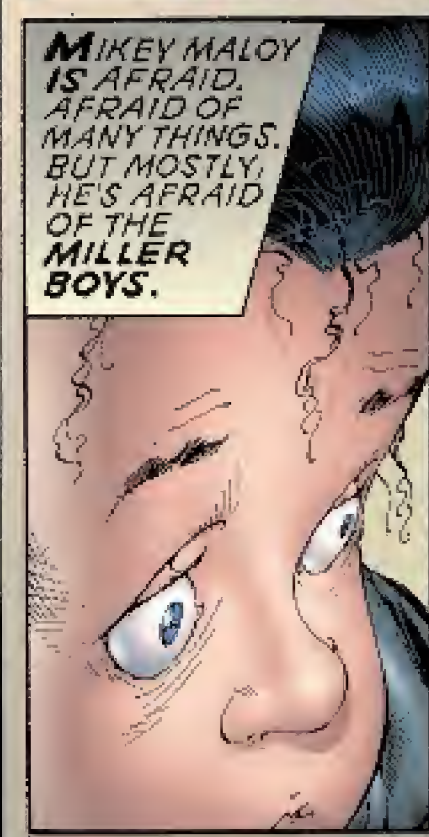
"BUT NOW IS
A TIME FOR
REBUILDING.
FOR MENDING
FENCES. FOR
RENEWING
THE BONDS OF
FRIENDSHIP."

"GO FORTH. TREAT
EACH OTHER WITH
KINDNESS."

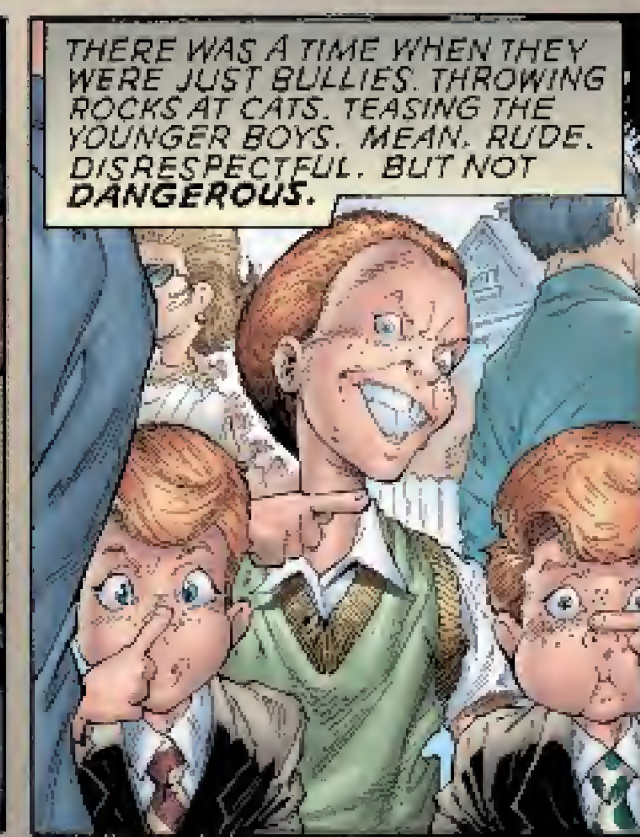




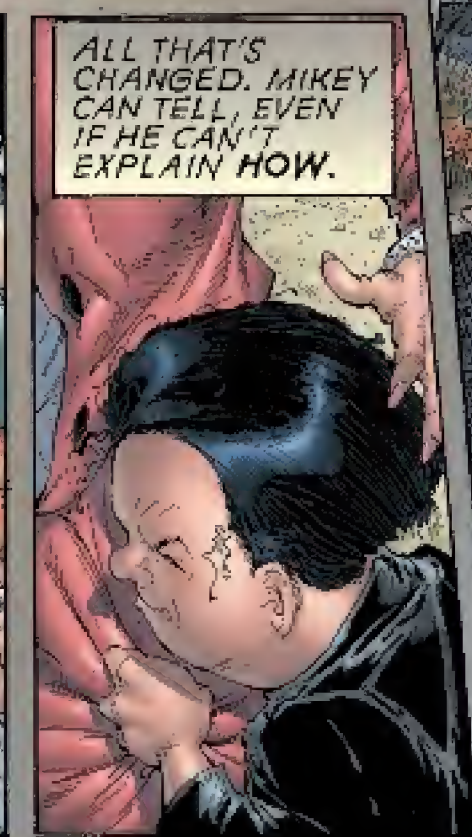
"...GO,
AND BE
NOT
AFRAID."



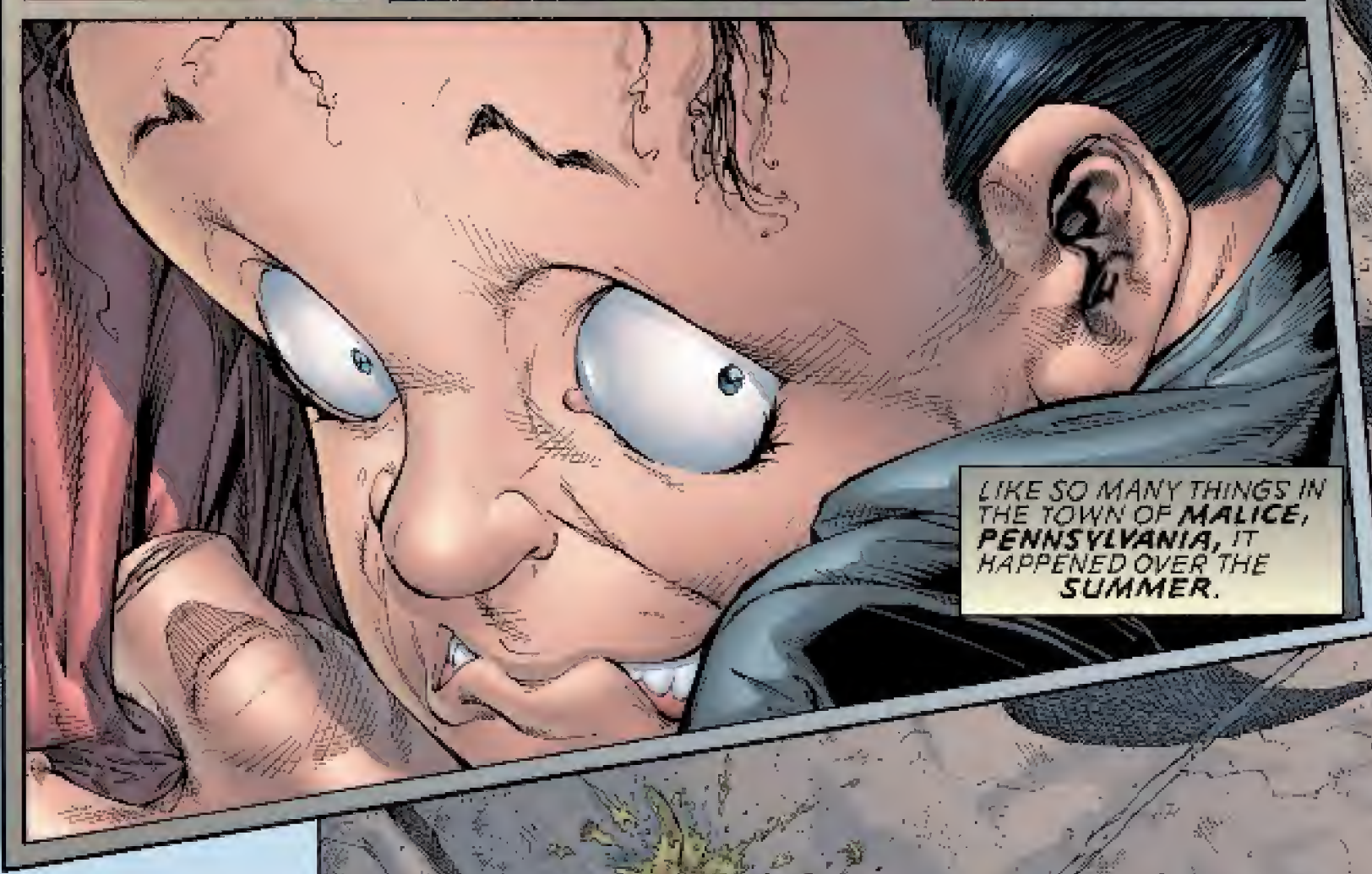
**MIKEY MALOY
IS AFRAID.
AFRAID OF
MANY THINGS.
BUT MOSTLY,
HE'S AFRAID
OF THE
MILLER
BOYS.**



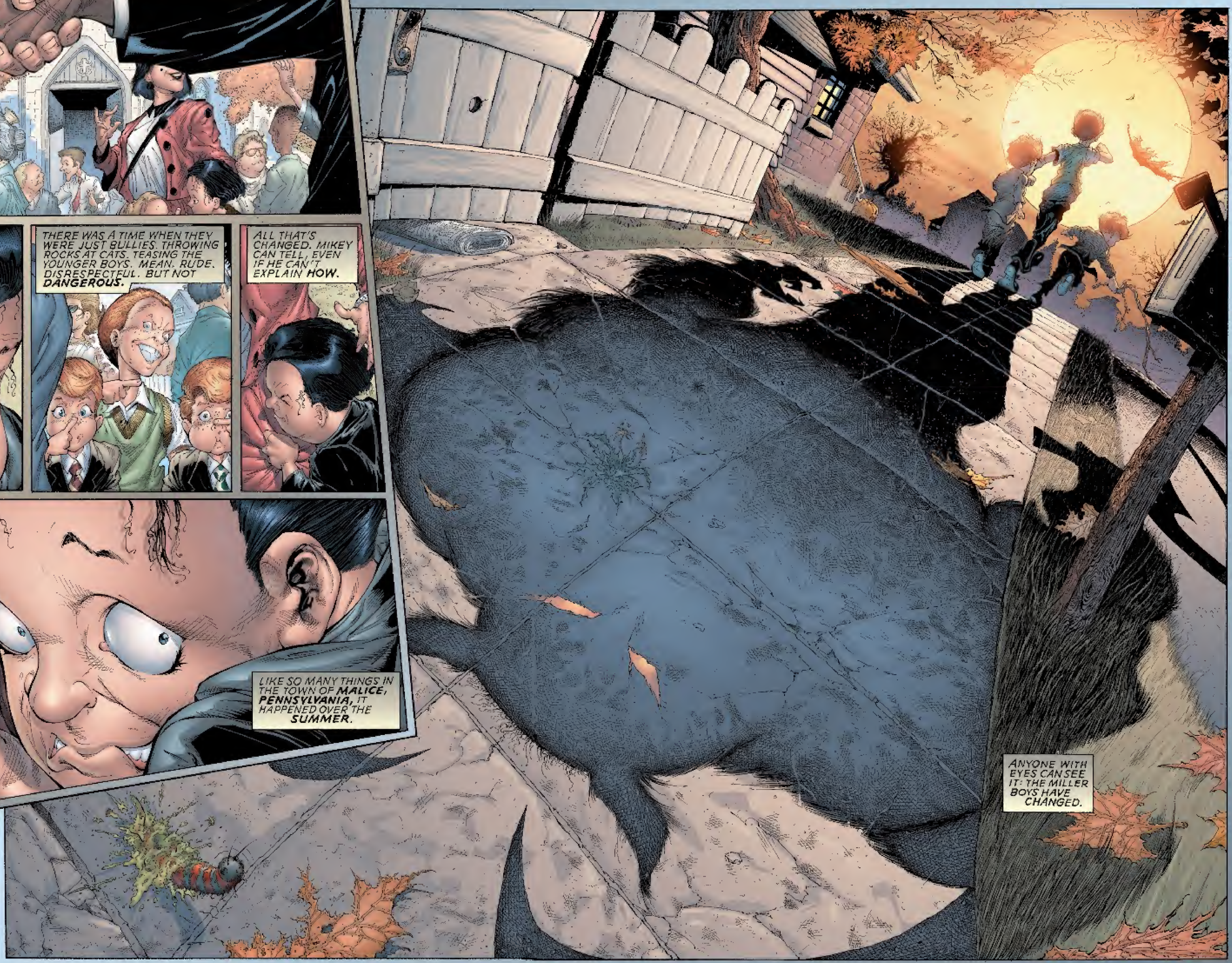
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THEY
WERE JUST BULLIES. THROWING
ROCKS AT CATS. TEASING THE
YOUNGER BOYS. MEAN. RUDE.
DISRESPECTFUL. BUT NOT
DANGEROUS.



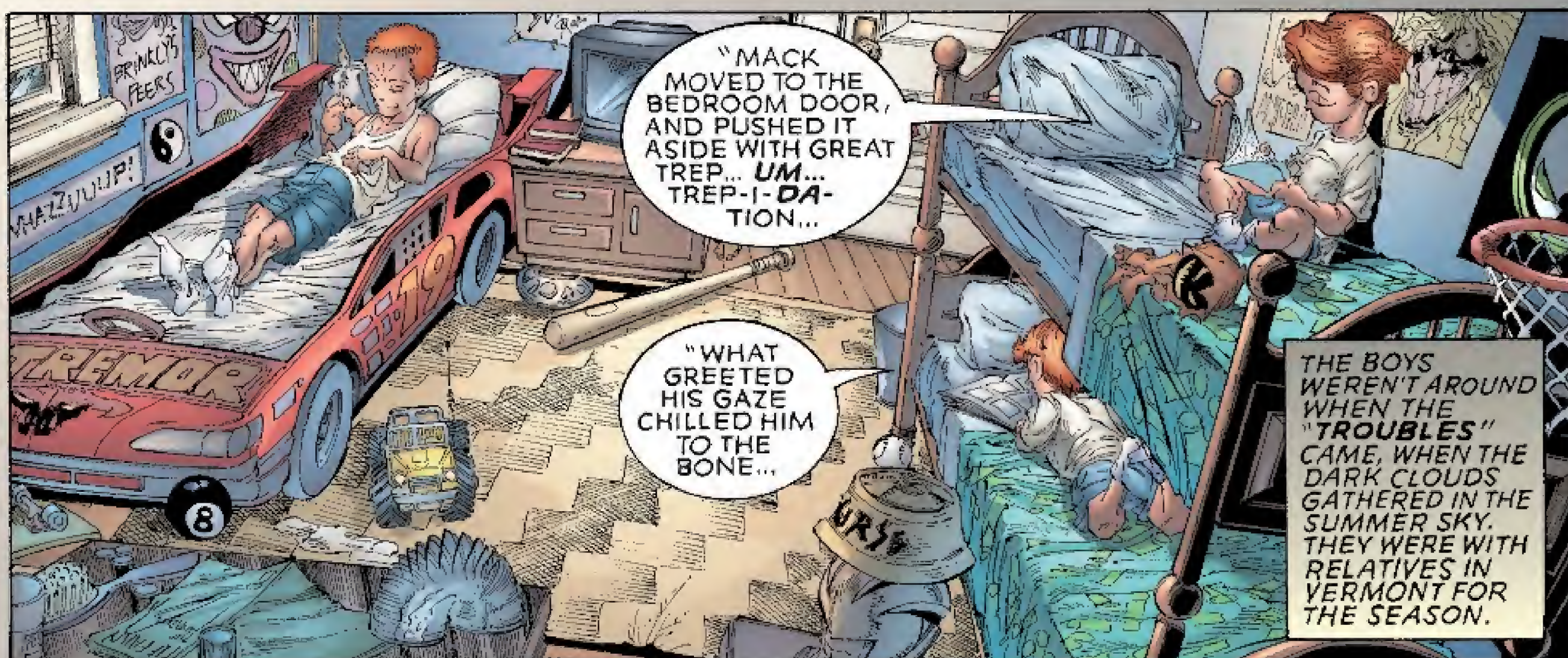
ALL THAT'S
CHANGED. MIKEY
CAN TELL, EVEN
IF HE CAN'T
EXPLAIN HOW.



LIKE SO MANY THINGS IN
THE TOWN OF MALICE,
PENNSYLVANIA, IT
HAPPENED OVER THE
SUMMER.



ANYONE WITH
EYES CAN SEE
IT: THE MILLER
BOYS HAVE
CHANGED.



"MACK
MOVED TO THE
BEDROOM DOOR,
AND PUSHED IT
ASIDE WITH GREAT
TREP... UM...
TREP-I-DA-
TION..."

"WHAT
GREETED
HIS GAZE
CHILLED HIM
TO THE
BONE..."

THE BOYS
WEREN'T AROUND
WHEN THE
"TROUBLES"
CAME, WHEN THE
DARK CLOUDS
GATHERED IN THE
SUMMER SKY.
THEY WERE WITH
RELATIVES IN
VERMONT FOR
THE SEASON.

NO ONE IN TOWN
IS SURE WHAT
HAPPENED. NO ONE
CAN REMEMBER.
FIRE, SOME SAY. OR
AN EARTHQUAKE.
MAYBE BOTH.

"THERE
WAS
BLOOD..."

"GREAT
CHURNING
OCEANS OF
BLOOD."

MANY DIED. OTHERS
VANISHED WITHOUT A
WORD. FOR THE
PEOPLE OF MALICE,
LAST SUMMER IS A
VOID. SOMETHING THEY
TALK AROUND, BUT NEVER
DISCUSS DIRECTLY.

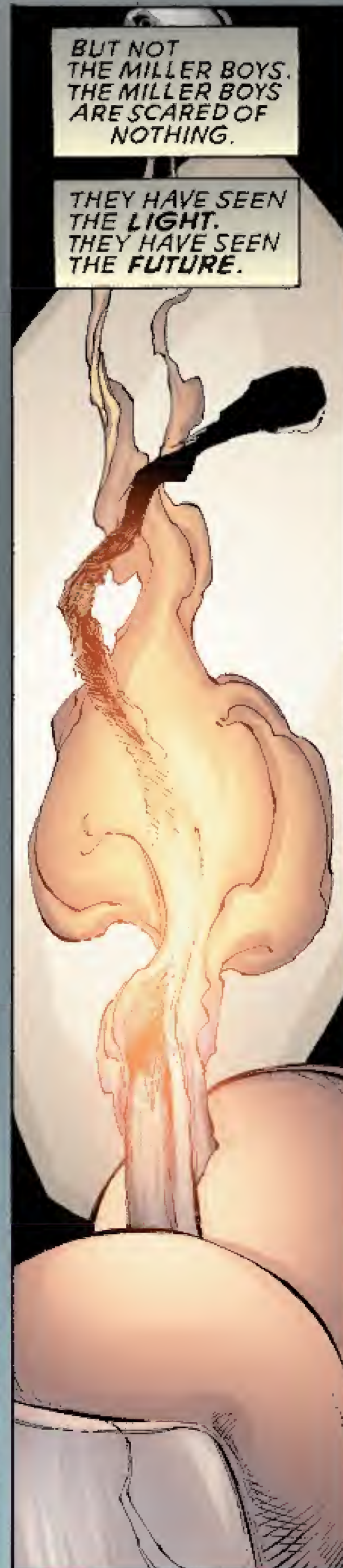
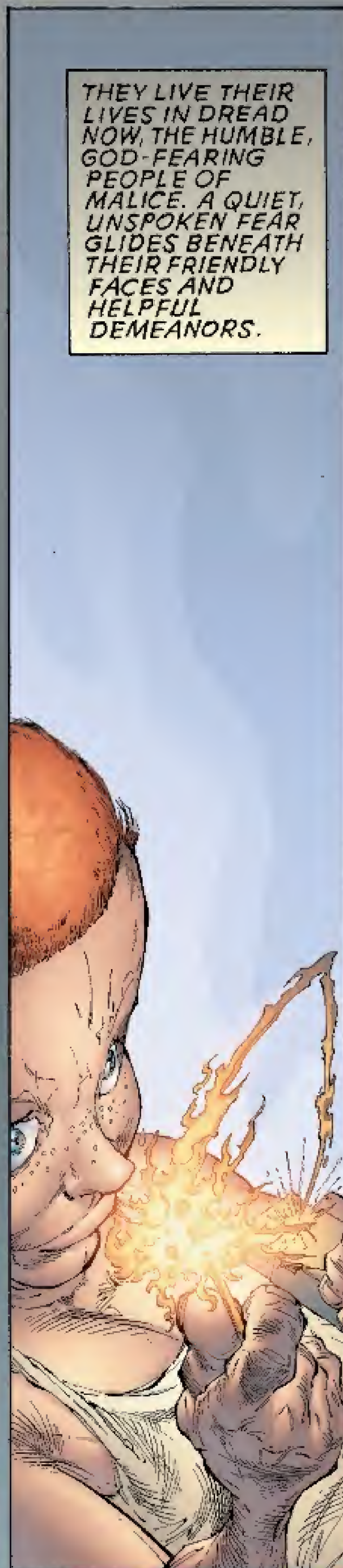
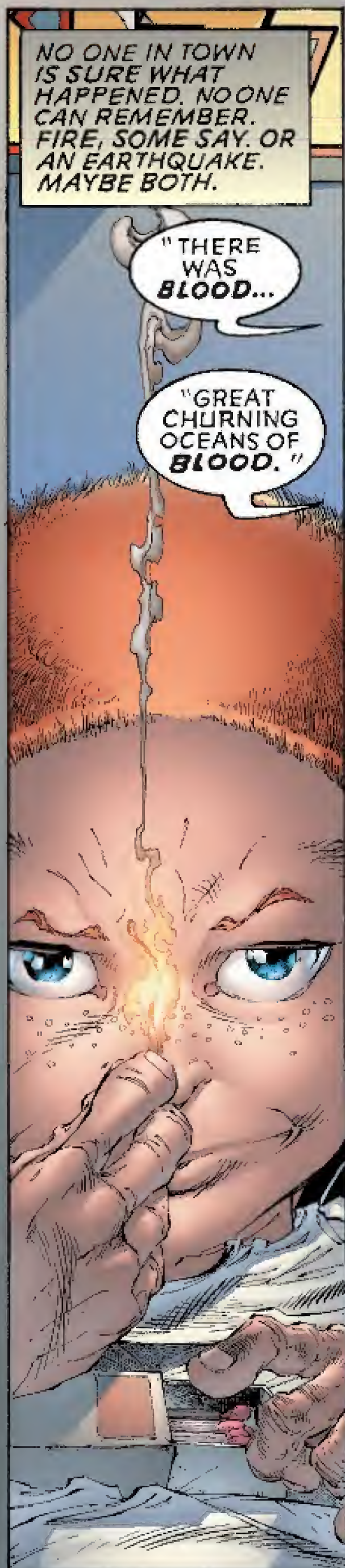
"NEXT: 'THE
HANGMAN'S
CURSE...'"

"OR, 'A
CORPSE OF
A DIFFERENT
COLOR.'"
COOL!"

THEY LIVE THEIR
LIVES IN DREAD
NOW, THE HUMBLE,
GOD-FEARING
PEOPLE OF
MALICE. A QUIET,
UNSPOKEN FEAR
GLIDES BENEATH
THEIR FRIENDLY
FACES AND
HELPFUL
DEMEANORS.

BUT NOT
THE MILLER BOYS.
THE MILLER BOYS
ARE SCARED OF
NOTHING.

THEY HAVE SEEN
THE **LIGHT**.
THEY HAVE SEEN
THE **FUTURE**.



THE OTHER KIDS WERE TOO SCARED TO PLAY IN WICK'S FIELD. THEY SAID THE STONES WERE HAUNTED. THE DEVIL'S RIGHAND THEY CALLED THEM.

ALL OF WHICH MADE PRESTON MILLER EAGER TO GO. TO SHOW THE OTHER KIDS THAT NOTHING SCARED HIM.

FIVE JET BLACK SENTRIES JUTTING UP FROM THE WEED-CHOKED FIELD, THE STONES DREW PRESTON LIKE A MAGNET.



AND WHEREVER PRESTON WENT, THE TWINS FOLLOWED.

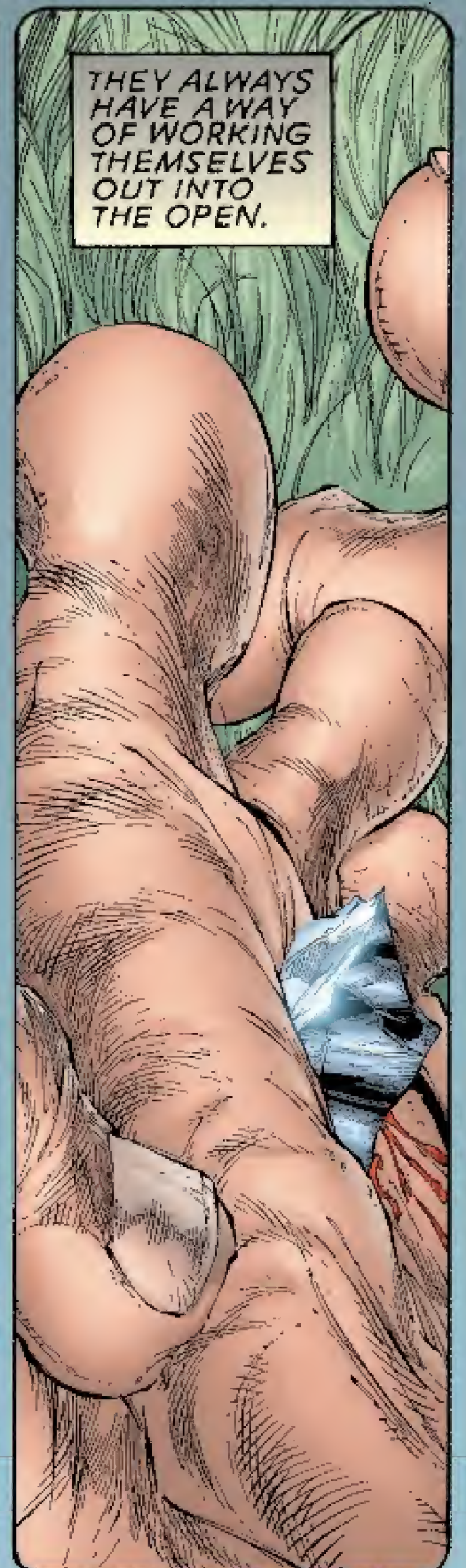
THEY SHINED IN THE AFTERNOON SUN, THE GREAT BLACK SLABS. OPAQUE AND IMPENETRABLE, COOL TO THE TOUCH, FULL OF SECRETS AND MYSTERIES.



FEW SECRETS STAY HIDDEN FOREVER.



THEY ALWAYS HAVE A WAY OF WORKING THEMSELVES OUT INTO THE OPEN.





THIS IS HOW THE
INFORMATION
CAME TO
PRESTON MILLER.

FLOATING THROUGH HIS
BLOOD STREAM, BURNING IN
HIS VEINS LIKE A VIRUS.

THEN CAME THE
VISIONS. LIKE A SLOW-
MOTION MOVIE,
VIEWED UNDERWATER.
DARK AND TERRIBLE
AND UNMISTAKABLY
TRUE.

WHEN PRESTON AWOKE,
THE WHOLE WORLD
LOOKED DIFFERENT
TO HIM SOMEHOW. HE
KNEW THINGS NO ONE
ELSE IN TOWN KNEW.

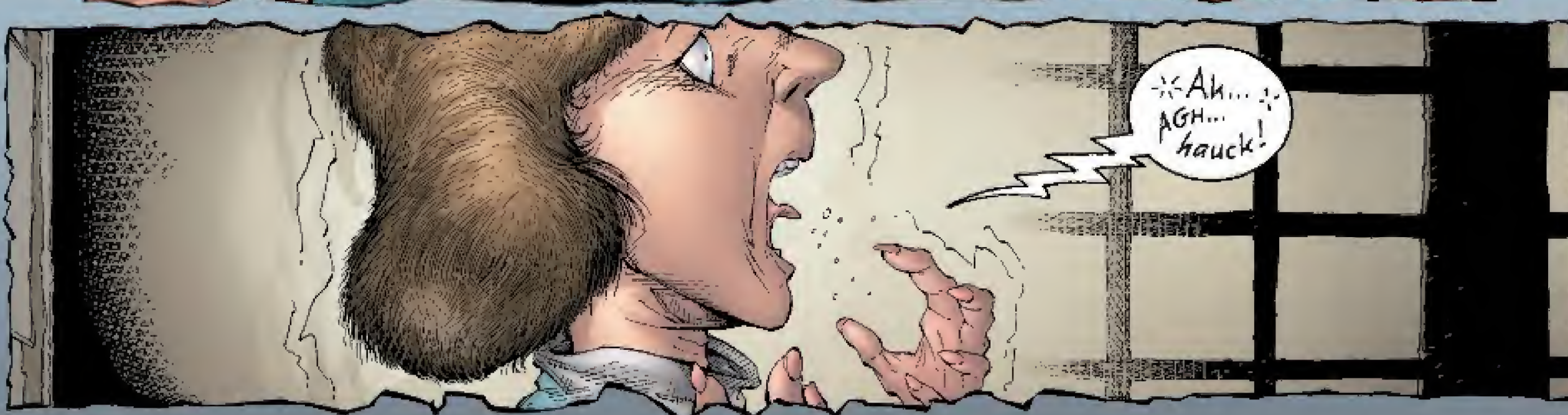
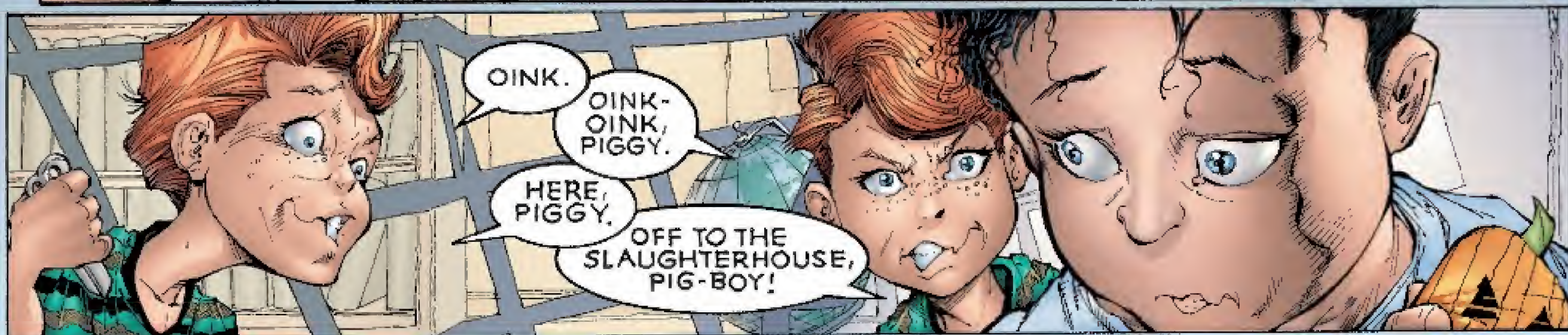
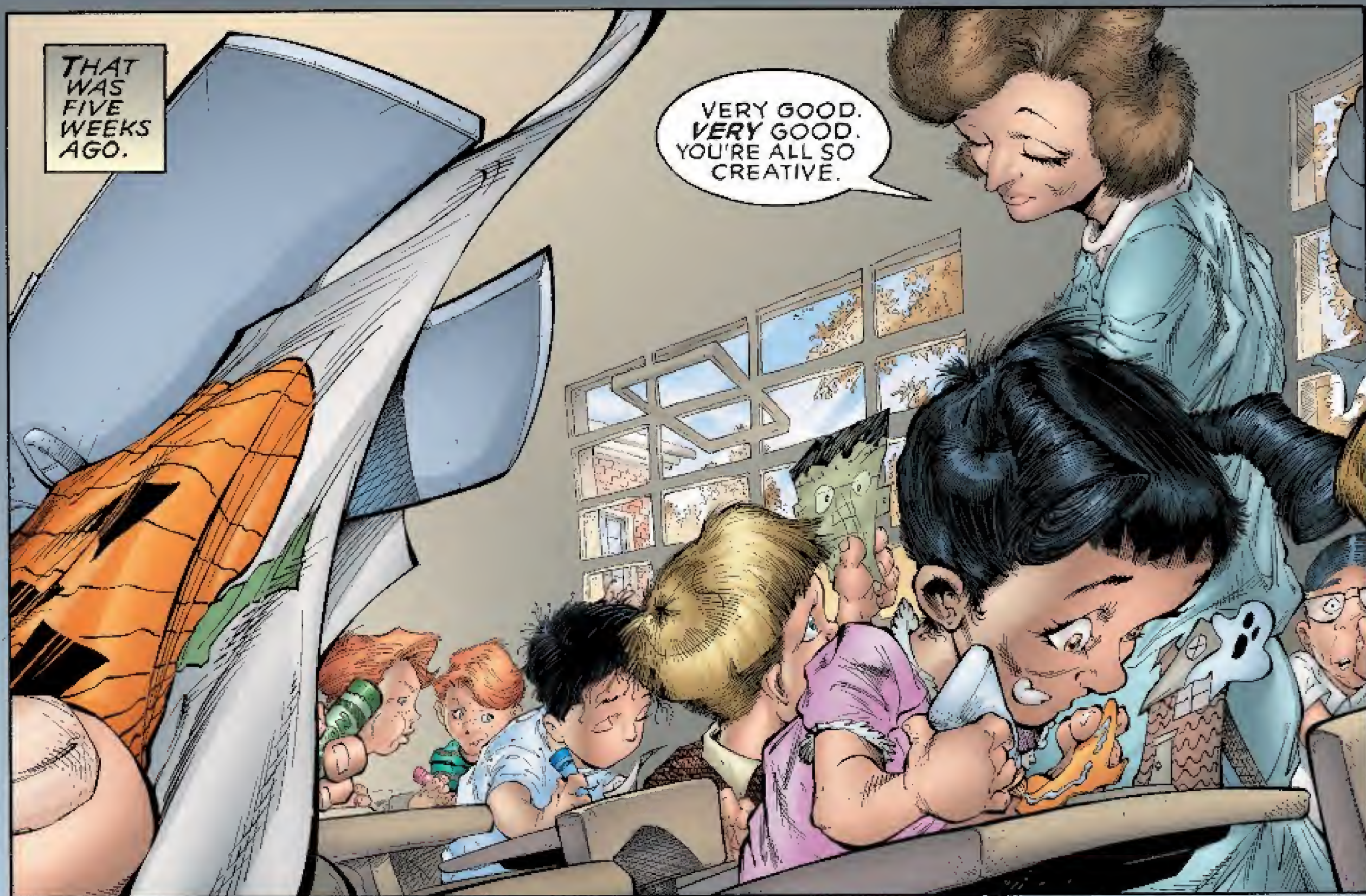
SECRET THINGS.

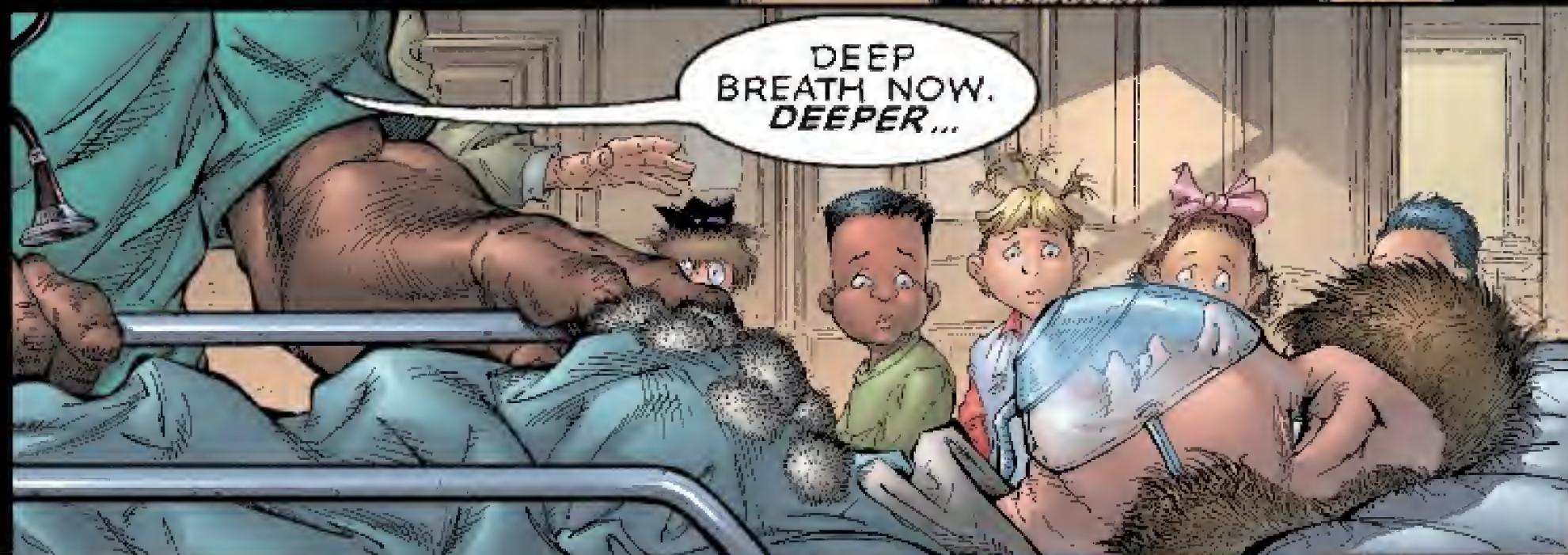
AND THEN A VOICE, LIKE
ROLLING THUNDER: "KNOW
WHAT I AM," IT SAID.
"KNOW WHAT I CAN DO.

"AND MOST OF ALL,
KNOW THY ENEMY."

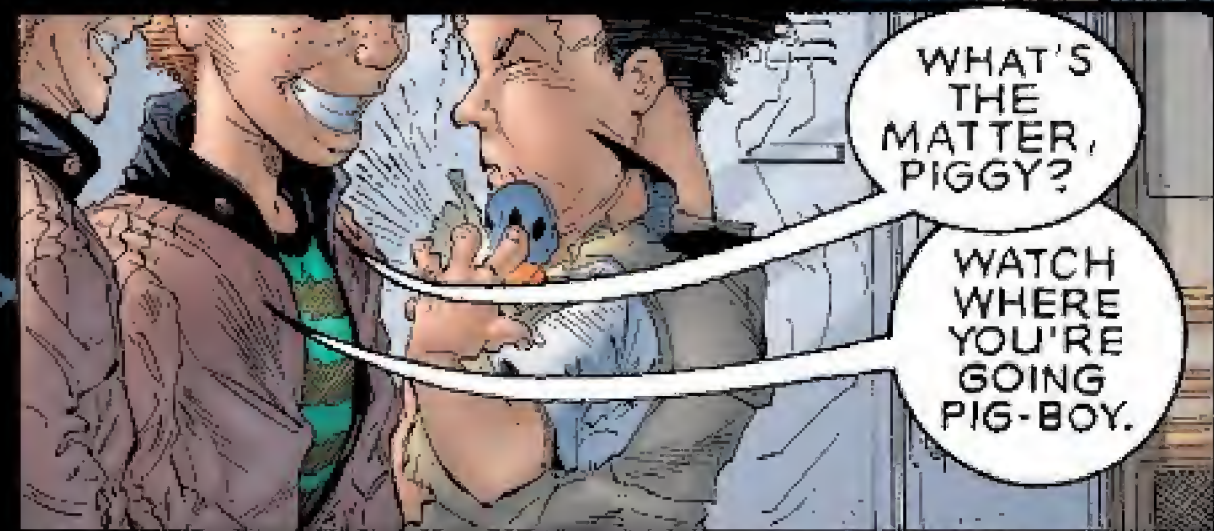
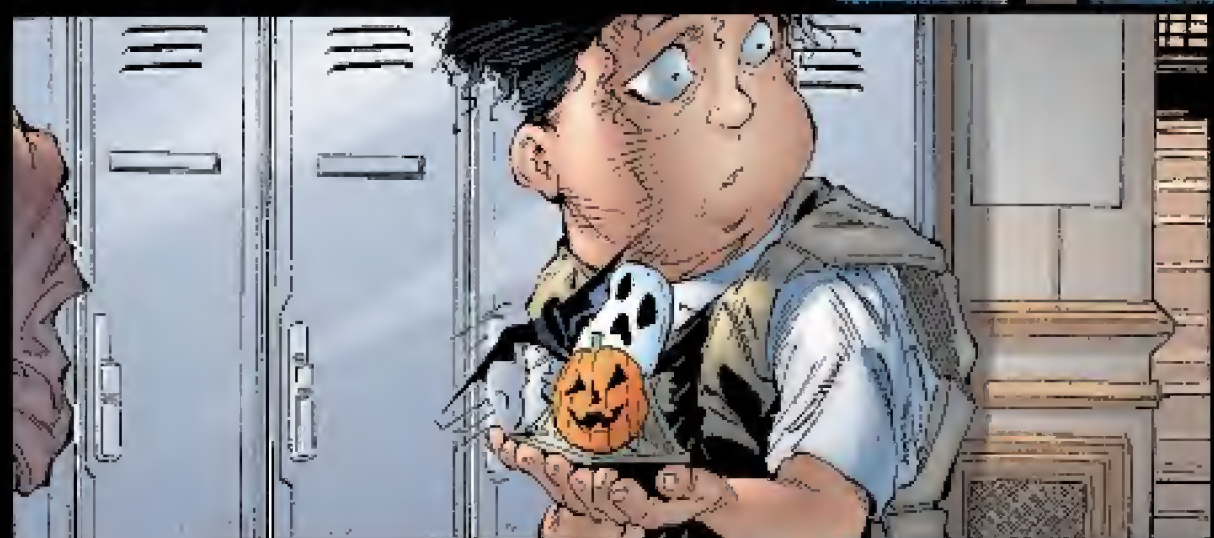
UGHN...

HE COULDN'T
WAIT TO TELL
HIS BROTHERS.





DEEP
BREATH NOW.
DEEPER...



WHAT'S
THE
MATTER,
PIGGY?

WATCH
WHERE
YOU'RE
GOING
PIG-BOY.



PIGGY'S
GOING
TO GET
STUCK.

SQUEAL
PIGGY.
SQUEAL.

THE TIME'S
COMING, PIG-BOY.
SOONER THAN
YOU THINK.

GOT
EVERYTHING?



YEP.
EVERYTHING.

EVERY-
THING.



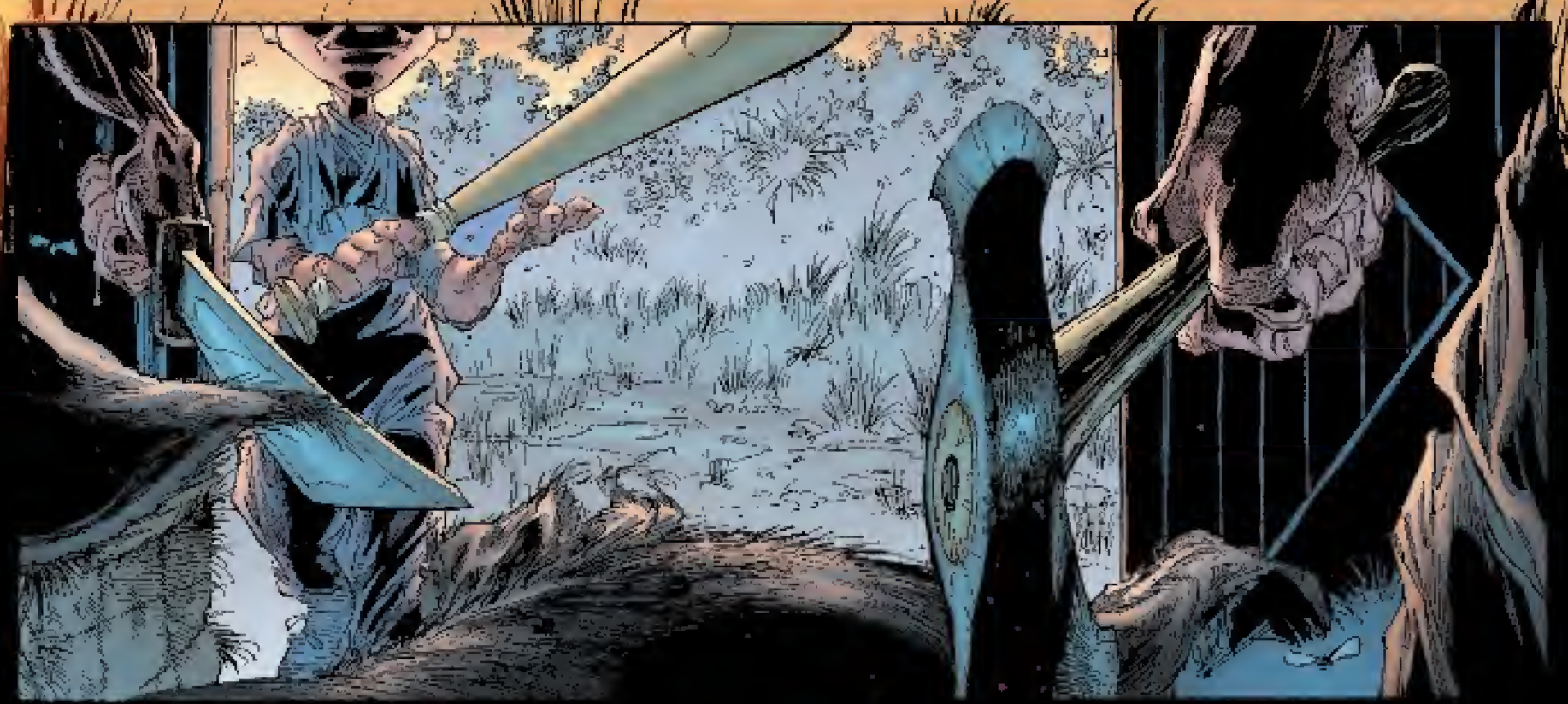
BOYS?
WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

WE'RE
GOING TO
WORK ON OUR
COSTUMES.
HALLOWE'EN'S
NEXT WEEK.

ALL RIGHT,
THEN. BACK
BY SUPPER,
OKAY?

AND BOYS...
YOU BE GOOD,
NOW.

ALWAYS,
MAMA.



HALLOWE'EN.

IT'S HOT, MOIST BENEATH THE MASK. WARM TO THE TOUCH, LIKE A SECOND SKIN. IT SMELLS OF DEAD THINGS.

THE VOICES TELL PRESTON TO BE PATIENT, BUT HE IS ANXIOUS. HUNGRY.

TRICK OR TREAT!!

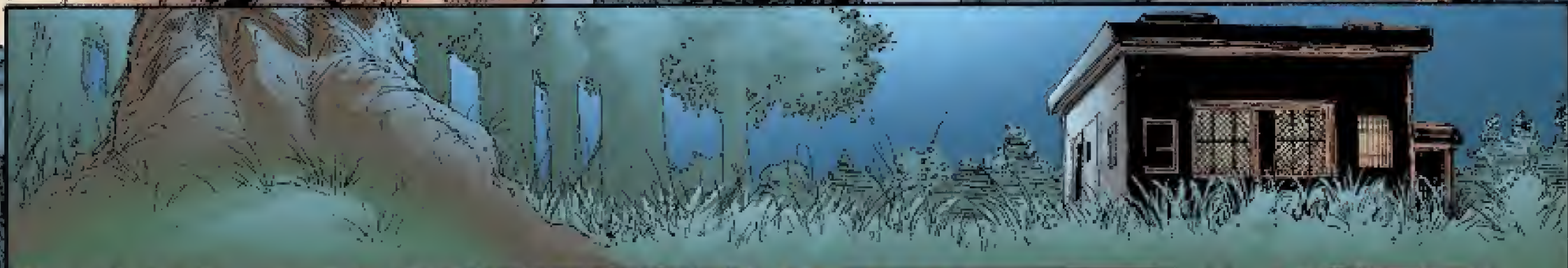
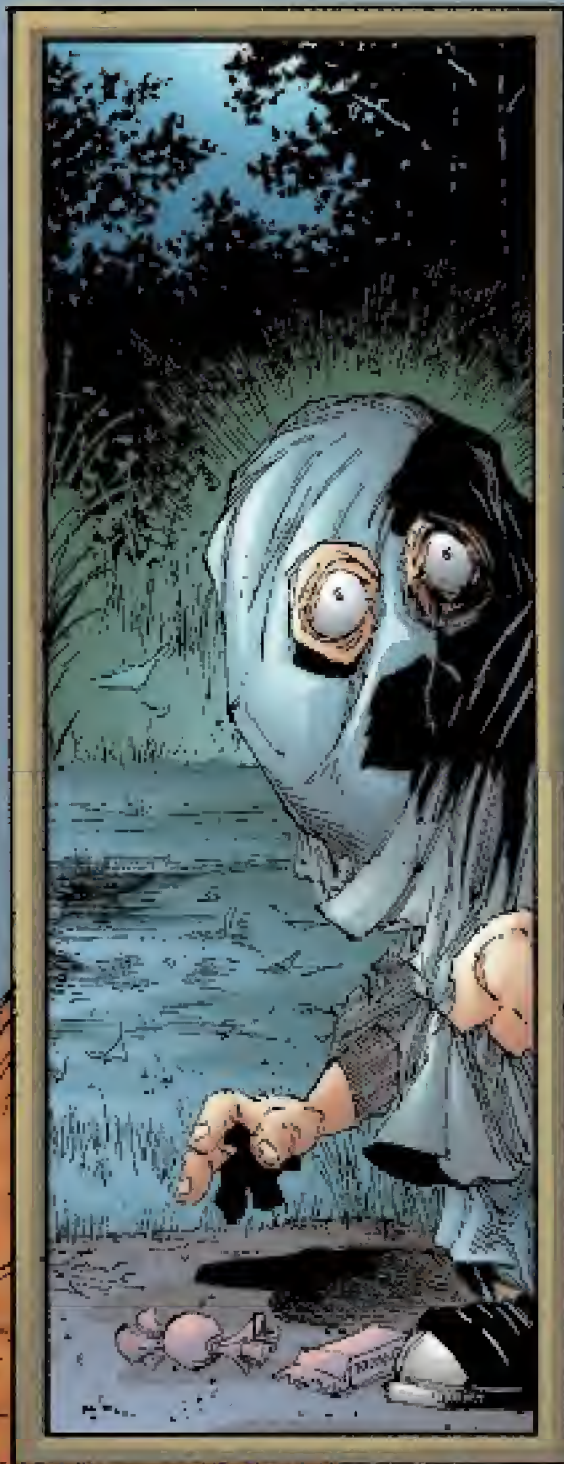
TRICK OR TREAT!!

TRACY, YOU LOOK GREAT. TOM, SAM... YOU TOO. AND IS THAT MIKEY UNDER THERE?

YES MA'AM. THANK YOU.

HAVE FUN!
BE SAFE.

SHOOT!



I AM
THE VOID.
I AM THE
NIGHT.

I AM THE
WOLF THAT HUNTS
THE CHILD IN ITS
CRIB. I AM THE
DARKNESS THAT
KNOWS NO DAWN.

Ahhh...
NO!!!
STOP!


YOU ARE
THE DOOR...
YOU ARE THE
GATE THROUGH
WHICH MY
THUNDERS
SHALL PASS.

NO!
STOP!

I AM
THE COLD
BREATH
OF THE
GRAVE.

I
AM--





PRESTON MILLER LOOKS OUT AT THE WORLD WITH EYES THAT ARE NOT HIS.

HIS BODY (NOT HIS BODY) IS ALIVE WITH AT LEAST A DOZEN NEW SENSES.

HE IS FEARLESS. UNSTOPPABLE.

THIS IS EVERYTHING HE EVER WANTED.

THE INFORMATION MOVES THROUGH HIS BLOOD, SEARING ANCIENT SECRETS ONTO THE WALLS OF HIS VEINS, REMAKING HIM CELL BY CELL.


HE SPEAKS WORDS HE DOESN'T FULLY UNDERSTAND.

I AM THE EATER OF WORLDS! I AM THE DESTROYER!

THIS THING THAT STANDS BEFORE HIM, THIS SAD LITTLE SPECK WRAPPED IN A CRIMSON CLOAK, IS SOMEHOW FAMILIAR.

A MOMENT'S DISTRACTION, NOTHING MORE. A NUISANCE. A THORN IN HIS SKIN.

HRRR!
I SHALL BURY YOU!



THE TWINS
WATCH IN AWE.
IT MOVES SO
FAST THEY
CAN'T BE SURE
WHAT THEY
ARE SEEING.

MIKEY SHUTS HIS
EYES AND WISHES IT
WERE ALL A DREAM.

PRESTON LAUGHS
TO HIMSELF. HE
CAN FEEL HIS
POWER GROWING
BEYOND MEASURE.

THIS IS WHAT
HE WAS BORN
FOR. THIS IS
HIS DESTINY.

HE IS THE
LUCKIEST
BOY TO
EVER LIVE.

AND IT IS ONLY
A TASTE OF
WHAT IS TO
COME. SOON
HIS STRENGTH
WILL BE
GREATER
THAN WORLDS.




GAAUGH!

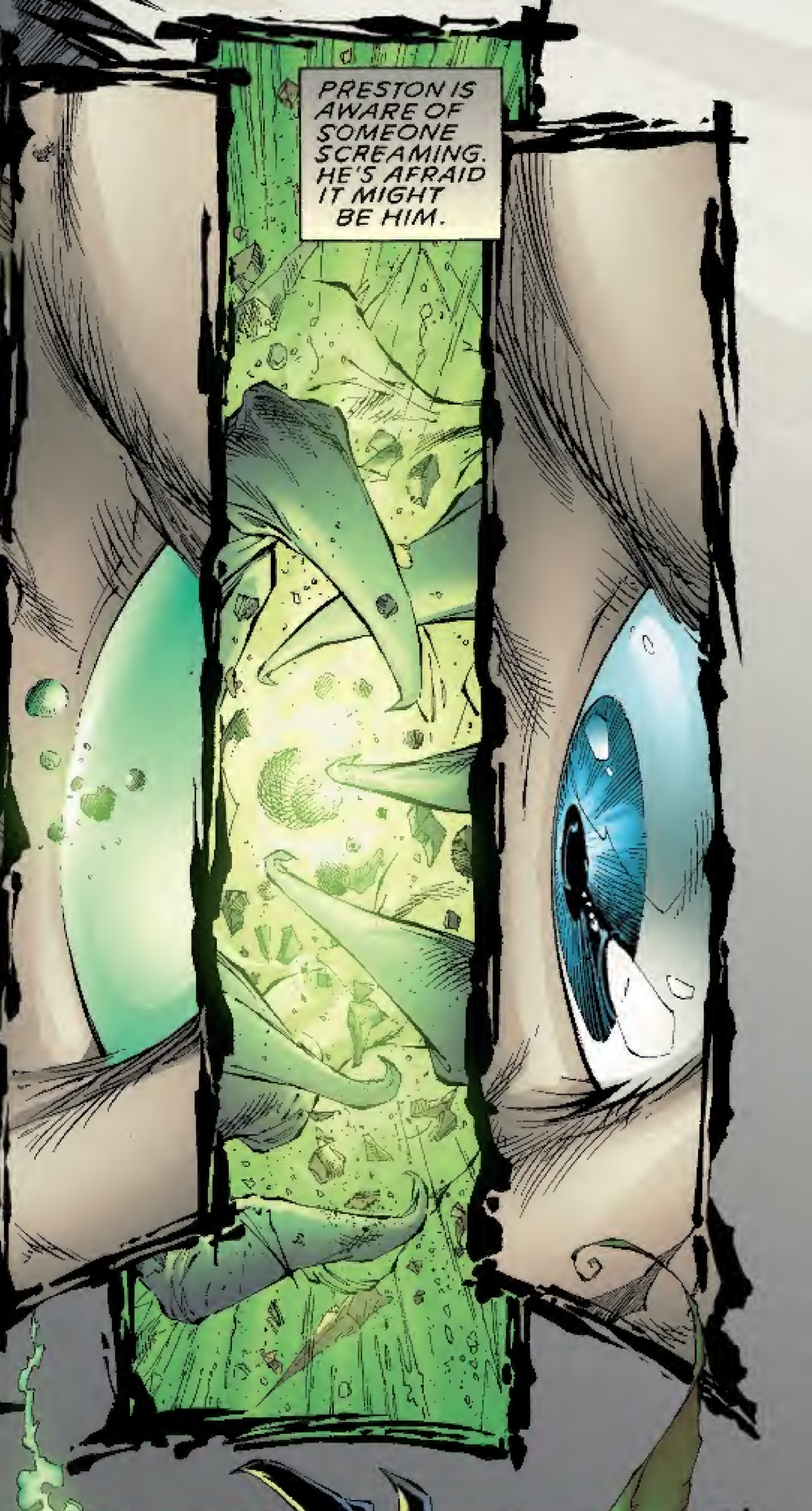
ENOUGH!

UGHN!

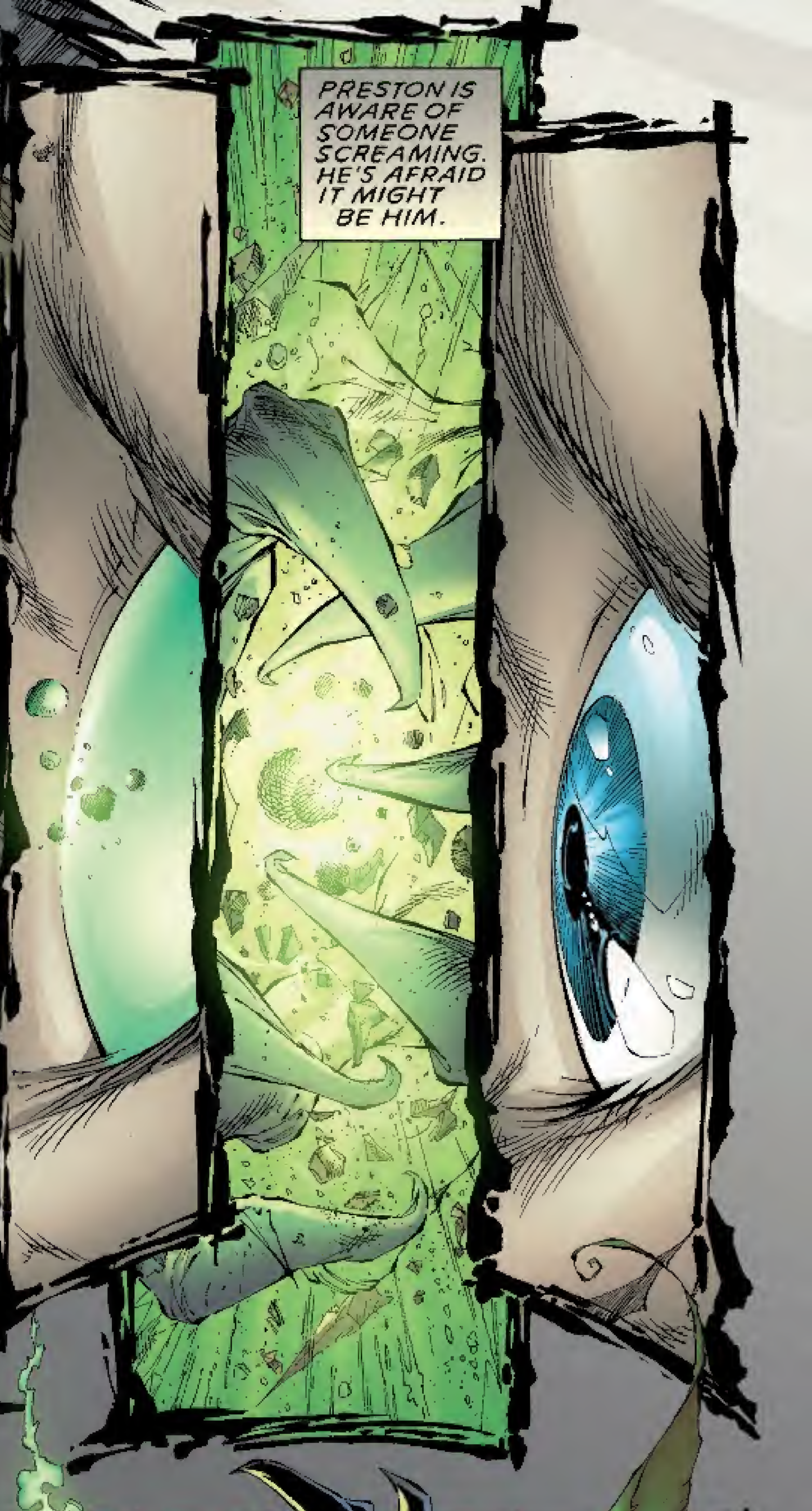

PLAYTIME IS OVER.



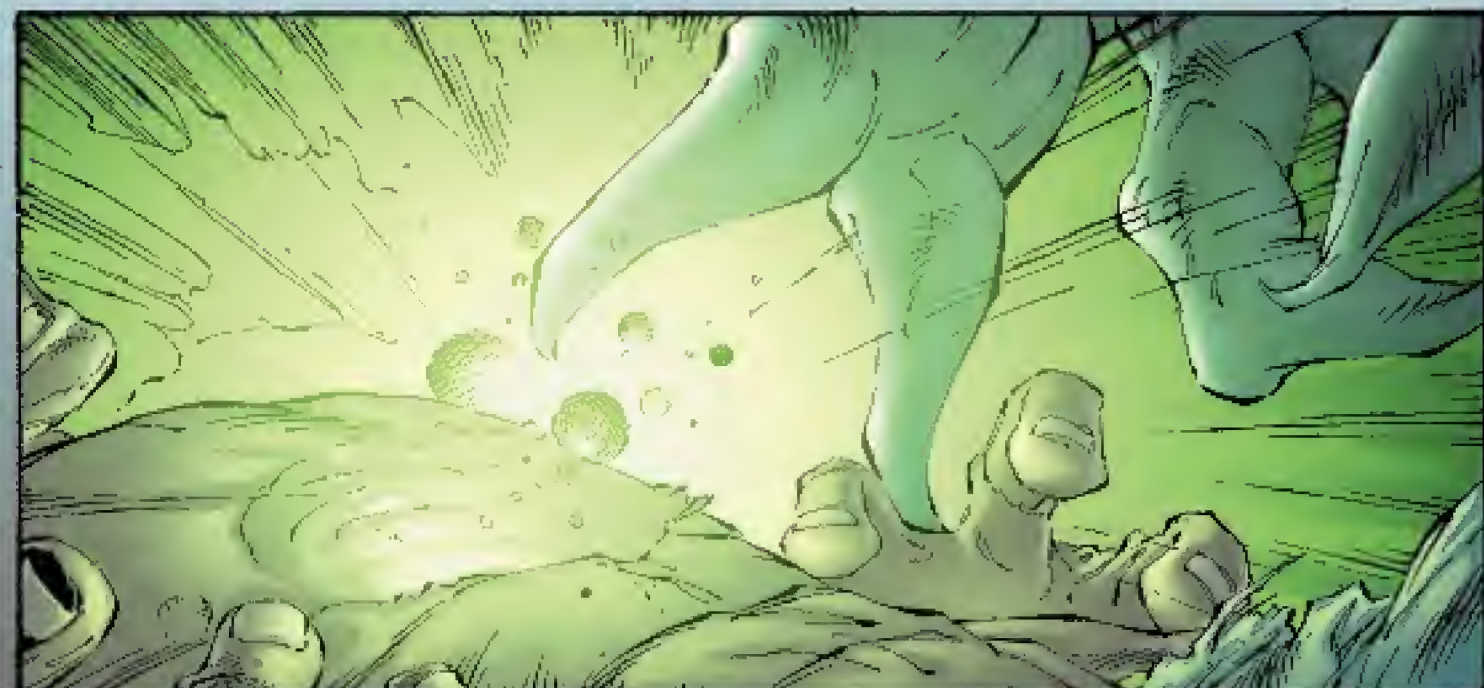
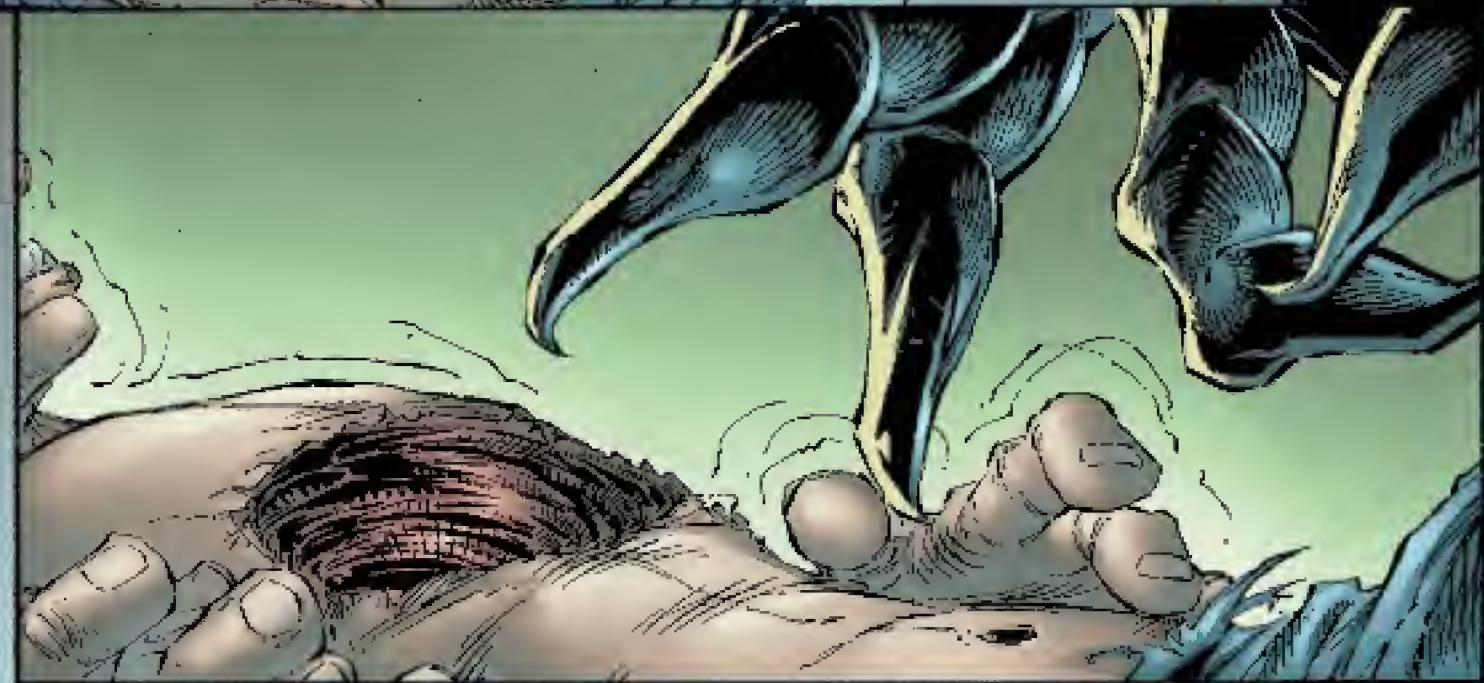
THE WORLD SPINS OFF
ITS AXIS AND THE NIGHT
SPLITS INTO JAGGED
SHARDS AROUND HIM.



PRESTON IS
AWARE OF
SOMEONE
SCREAMING.
HE'S AFRAID
IT MIGHT
BE HIM.



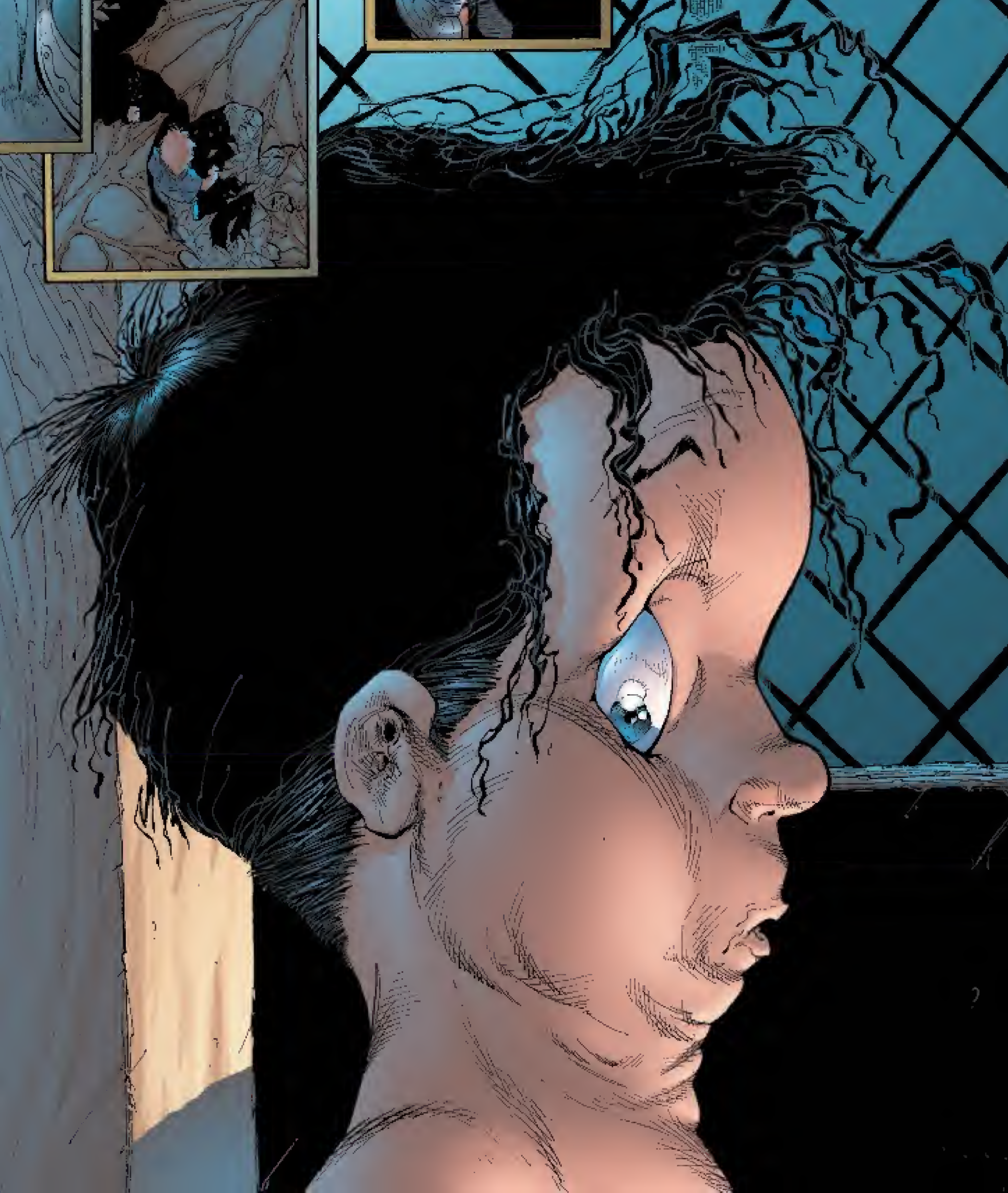
THE ROOM
GROWS HOT AT
FIRST, AND
THEN VERY
COLD. EVERY-
THING HE
DREAMED OF
CRUMBLES
INTO DUST.

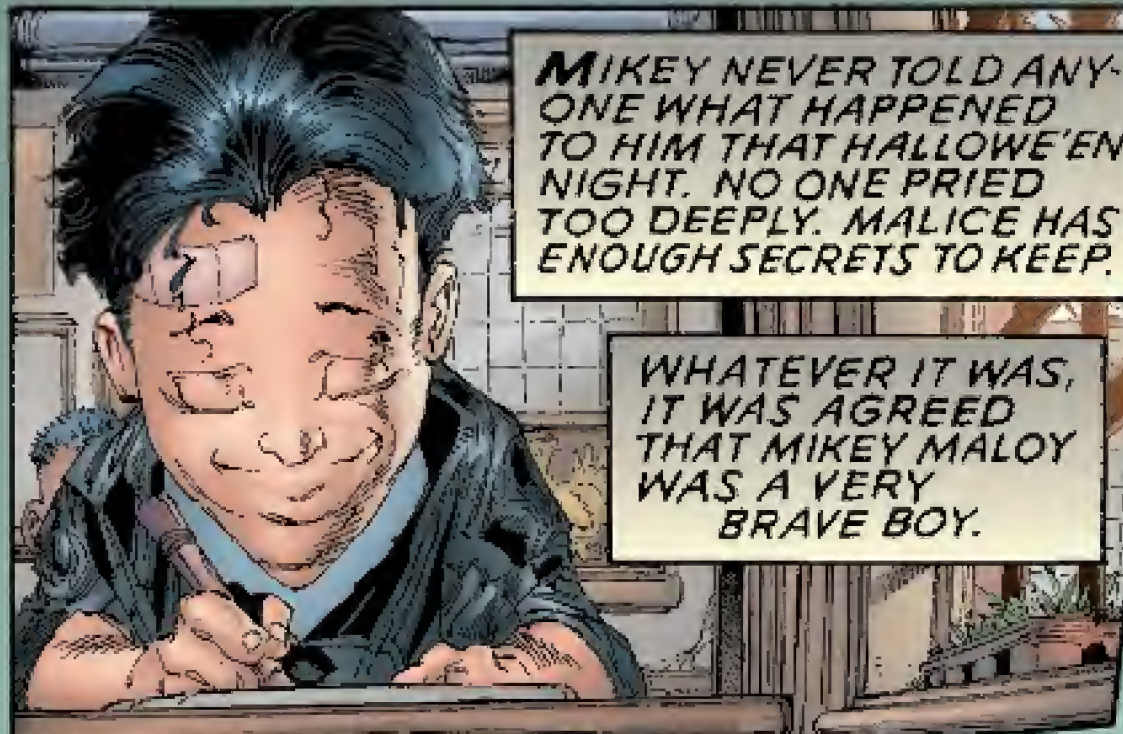






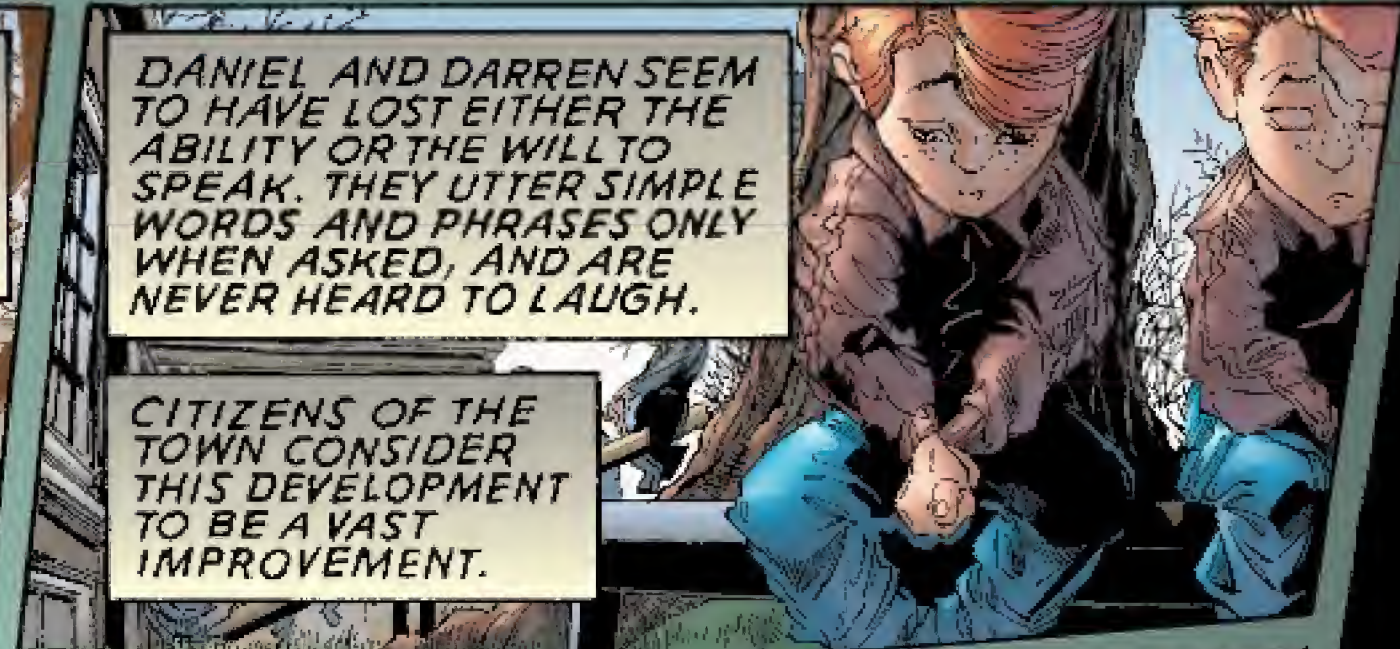
help...?





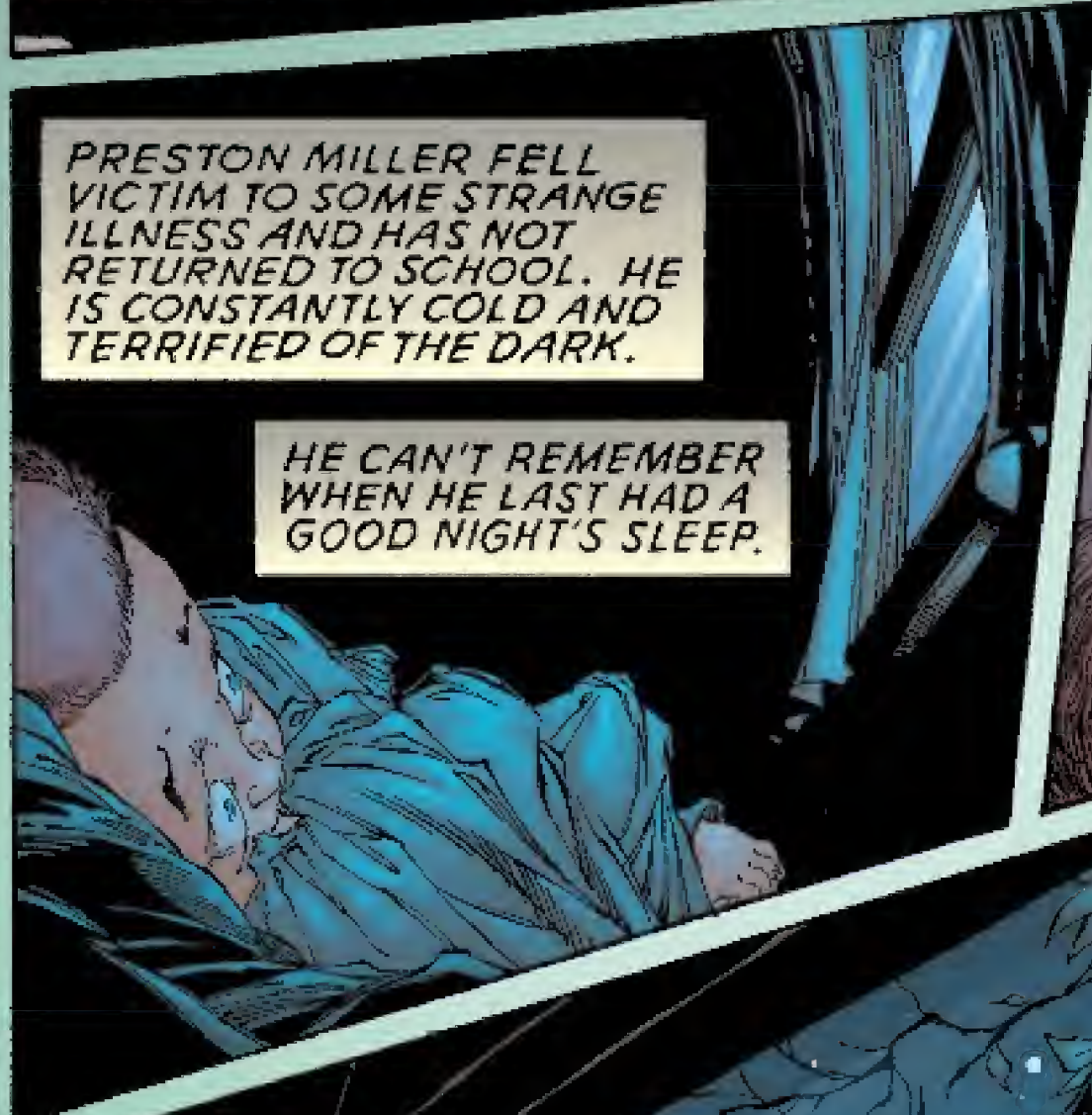
MIKEY NEVER TOLD ANYONE WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM THAT HALLOWE'EN NIGHT. NO ONE PRIED TOO DEEPLY. MALICE HAS ENOUGH SECRETS TO KEEP.

WHATEVER IT WAS, IT WAS AGREED THAT MIKEY MALOY WAS A VERY BRAVE BOY.



DANIEL AND DARREN SEEM TO HAVE LOST EITHER THE ABILITY OR THE WILL TO SPEAK. THEY UTTER SIMPLE WORDS AND PHRASES ONLY WHEN ASKED, AND ARE NEVER HEARD TO LAUGH.

CITIZENS OF THE TOWN CONSIDER THIS DEVELOPMENT TO BE A VAST IMPROVEMENT.



PRESTON MILLER FELL VICTIM TO SOME STRANGE ILLNESS AND HAS NOT RETURNED TO SCHOOL. HE IS CONSTANTLY COLD AND TERRIFIED OF THE DARK.

HE CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN HE LAST HAD A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.



SOMETHING DARK HAUNTS HIS DREAMS, SOMETHING HE CAN'T GIVE A NAME TO.

BUT DEEP IN HIS HEART... IN HIS BLOOD... HE KNOWS...

IT WILL HAUNT HIM ALL HIS DAYS.





SPAWN



DTD: M. F. MARIANE



105
DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

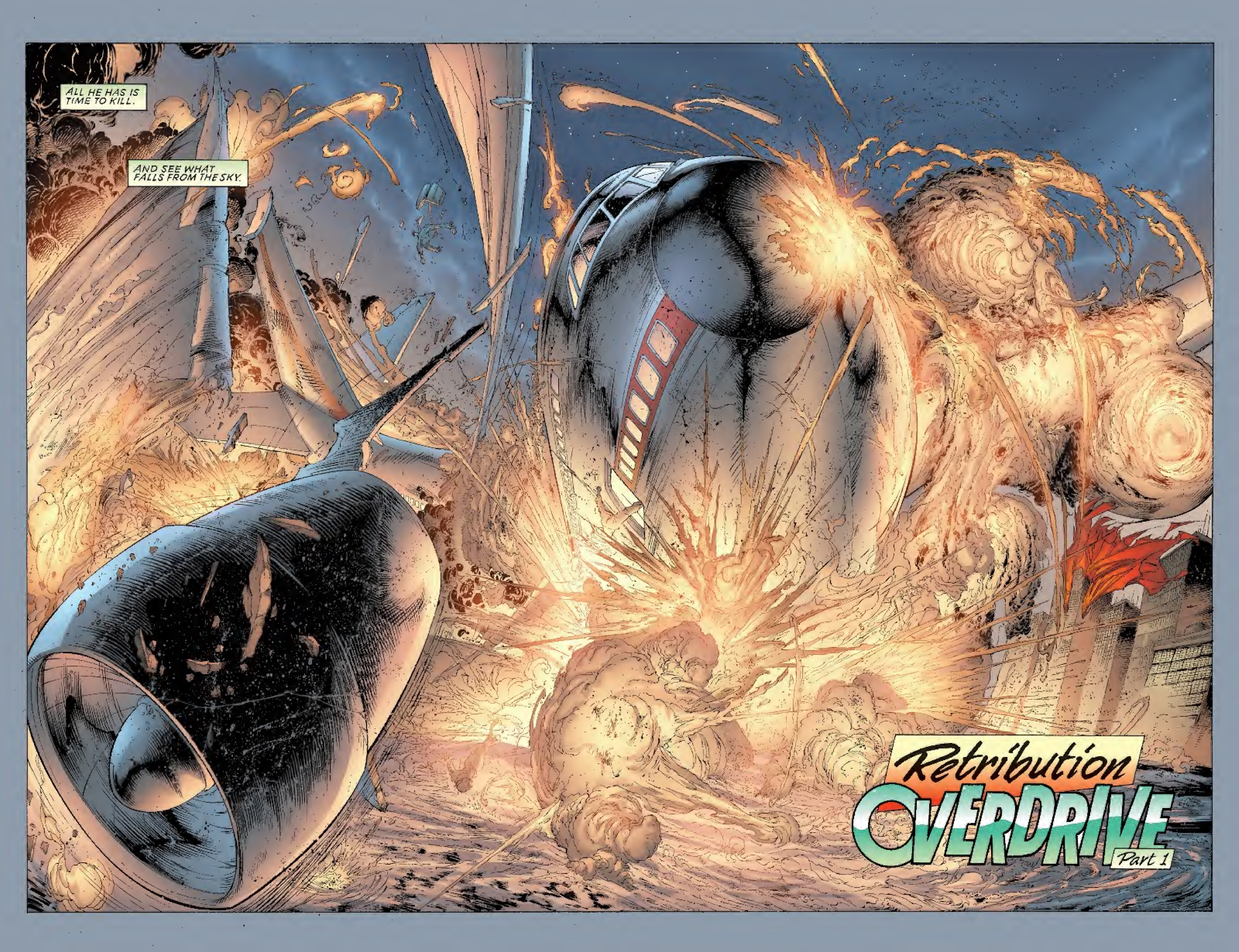
HOT,
STICKY
NEW YORK
NIGHT.

THE LINES HAVE BEEN DRAWN
IN THE SAND. THE BIG PICTURE
IS SET IN STONE.

NOW ALL THE
HELLSPAWN HAS TO DO
IS WAIT. WAIT AND SEE
WHO MAKES THE
FIRST MOVE.

NOT
THAT HE
CARES...





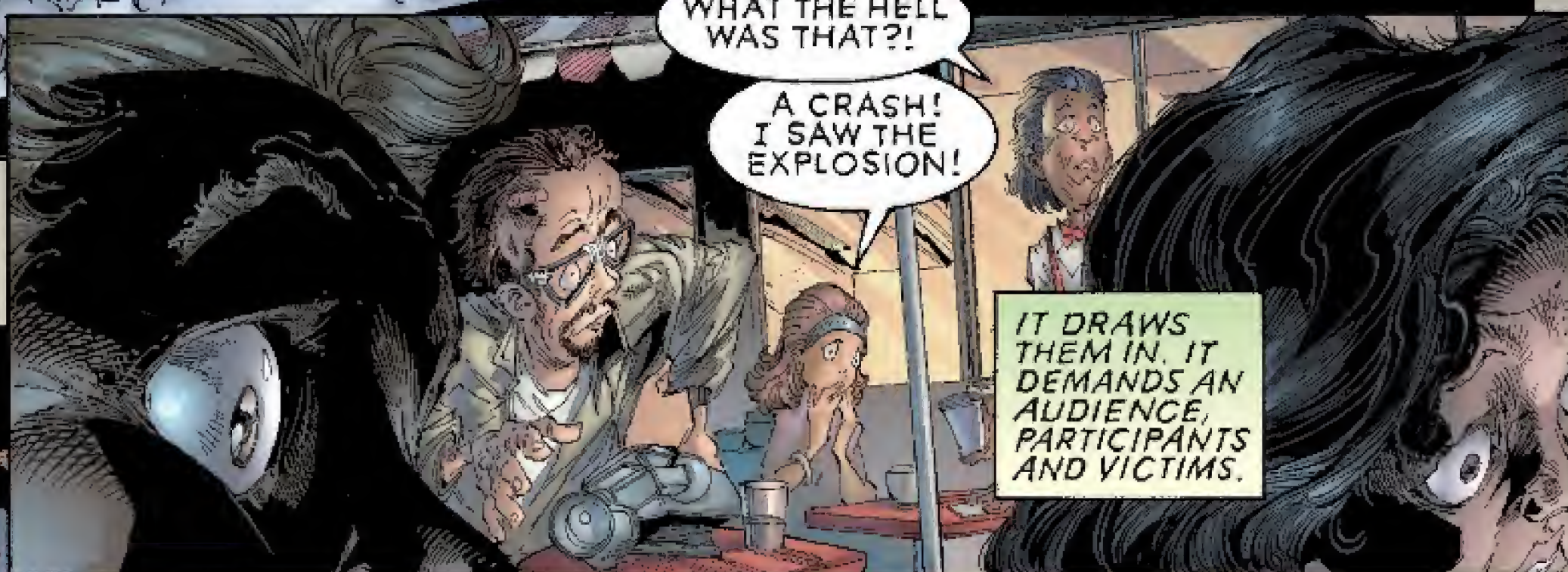
ALL HE HAS IS
TIME TO KILL.

AND SEE WHAT
FALLS FROM THE SKY.

Retribution
OVERDRIVE
Part 1



IS VIOLENCE
A MAGNET?



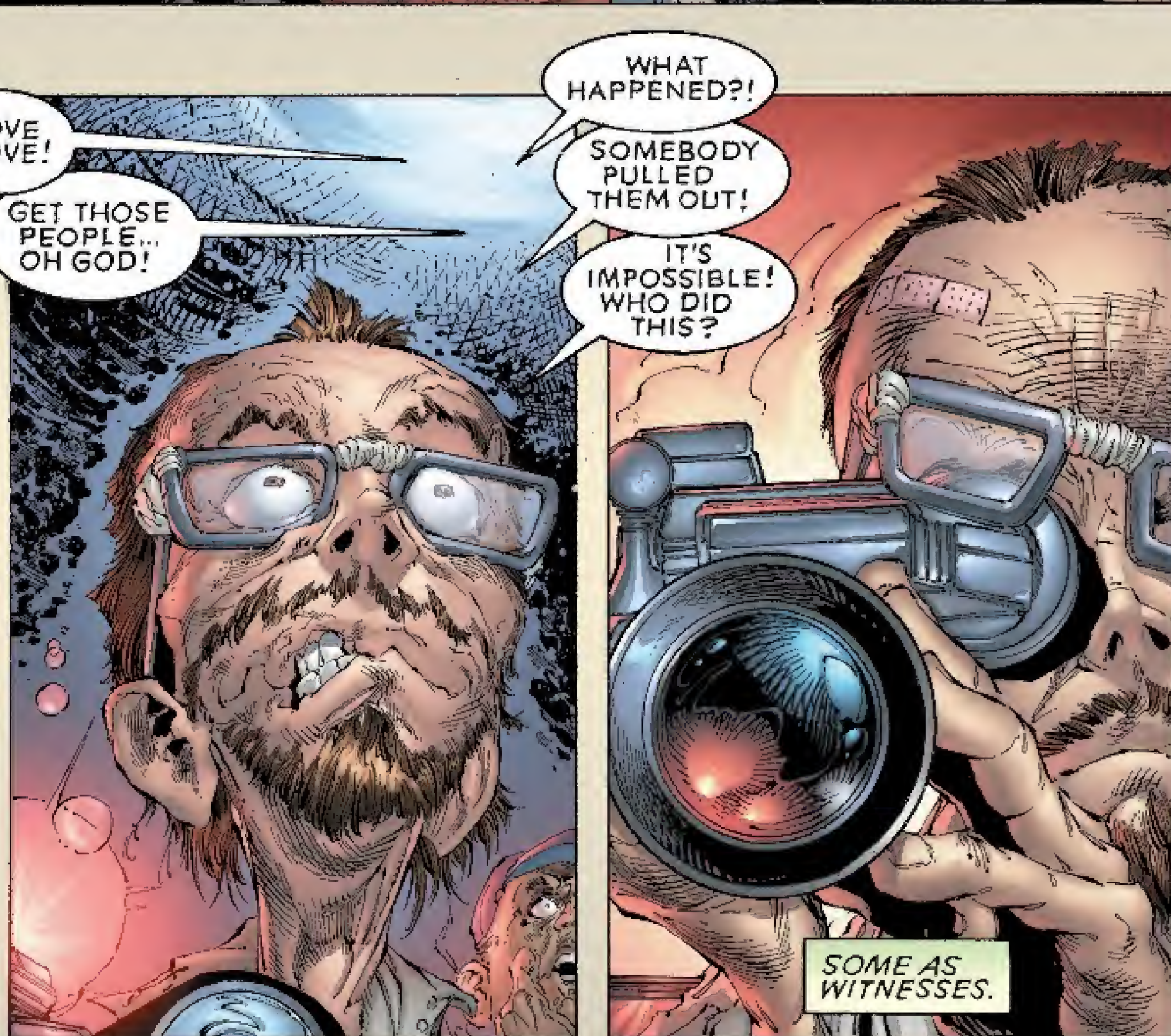
WHAT THE HELL
WAS THAT?!

A CRASH!
I SAW THE
EXPLOSION!

IT DRAWS
THEM IN. IT
DEMANDS AN
AUDIENCE,
PARTICIPANTS
AND VICTIMS.



ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER,
THEY PLAY
A ROLE.



MOVE
MOVE!

GET THOSE
PEOPLE...
OH GOD!

WHAT
HAPPENED?!

SOMEBODY
PULLED
THEM OUT!

IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
WHO DID
THIS?

SOME AS
WITNESSES.



SOME AS
SAVIOR.

HOW DID
THEY GET
OUT?

... MY
... GOD.

BUT
MOSTLY
VIOLENCE
CREATES
THE DYING.
THE
VIOLATED.
THE DEAD.

Huh?

YET, THEY KEEP
COMING. THEY
KEEP WATCHING
DESPITE THE
HORROR. DESPITE
THE DOWN-
TURNED EYES.



HE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO SEES THE TRUTH BEHIND THE LIE. IT TOOK HIM A LIFETIME TO REALIZE IT, BUT HE IS VIOLENCE.

HE WAS BORN INTO RAGE, TRAINED FOR MURDER, KILLED BY GREED AND REBORN AT EVIL'S HAND.

FOR HIM THERE IS NO ESCAPE.

IF VIOLENCE IS A MAGNET...

...SPAWN IS PURE, SEETHING IRON.



IT ALWAYS COMES LOOKING FOR HIM.



YEAH... *WHOO!*
WHATEVER. MY
WAY'S BETTER. IT'S
GOOD FER THE
AGGRESSIONS.

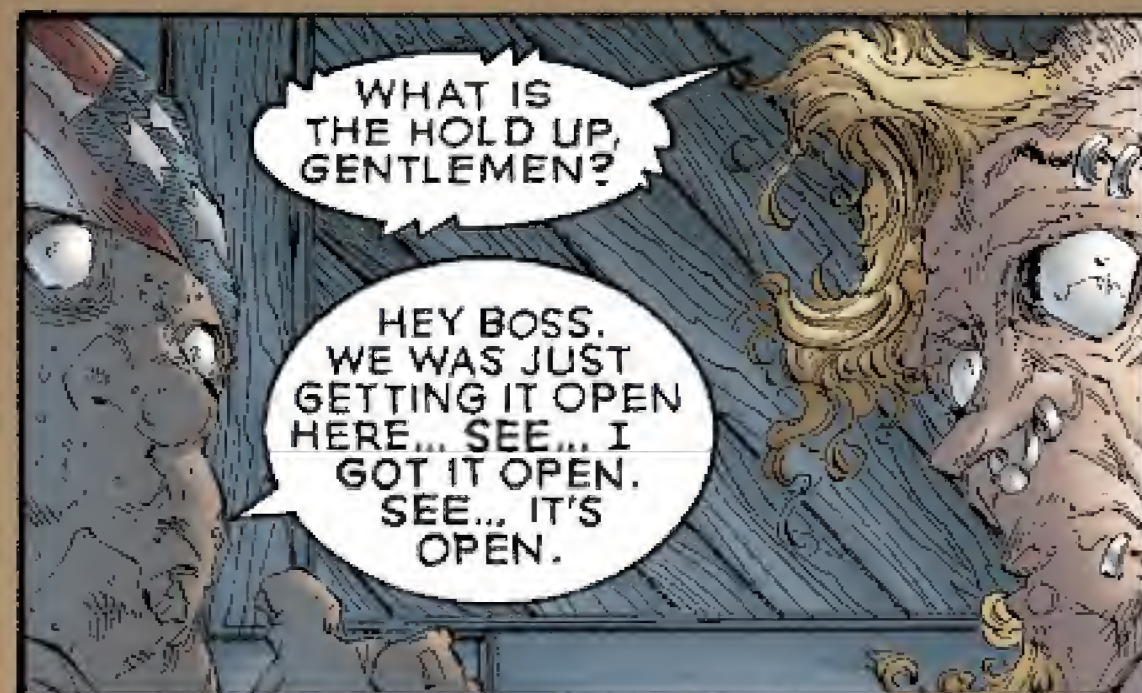
MAYBE
NEXT TIME
WE SHOULD
TRY THE
KEYS?

IF YER
DONE MESSING
AROUND, THE
BOSS WANTS THIS
THING UNPACKED
BEFORE
TWELVE.



YEAH WELL
HE AIN'T HERE,
AND I DON'T LIKE ALL
THAT SECRET CLOAK
AND DAGGER, ANONY-
MOUS CRAP HE'S PULLING
ANYWAY. HOW DO WE
KNOW WE'RE
GETTING PAID?

WE'LL GET
PAID. I GOT US
THIS GIG THROUGH
A GUY I KNOW
AT--



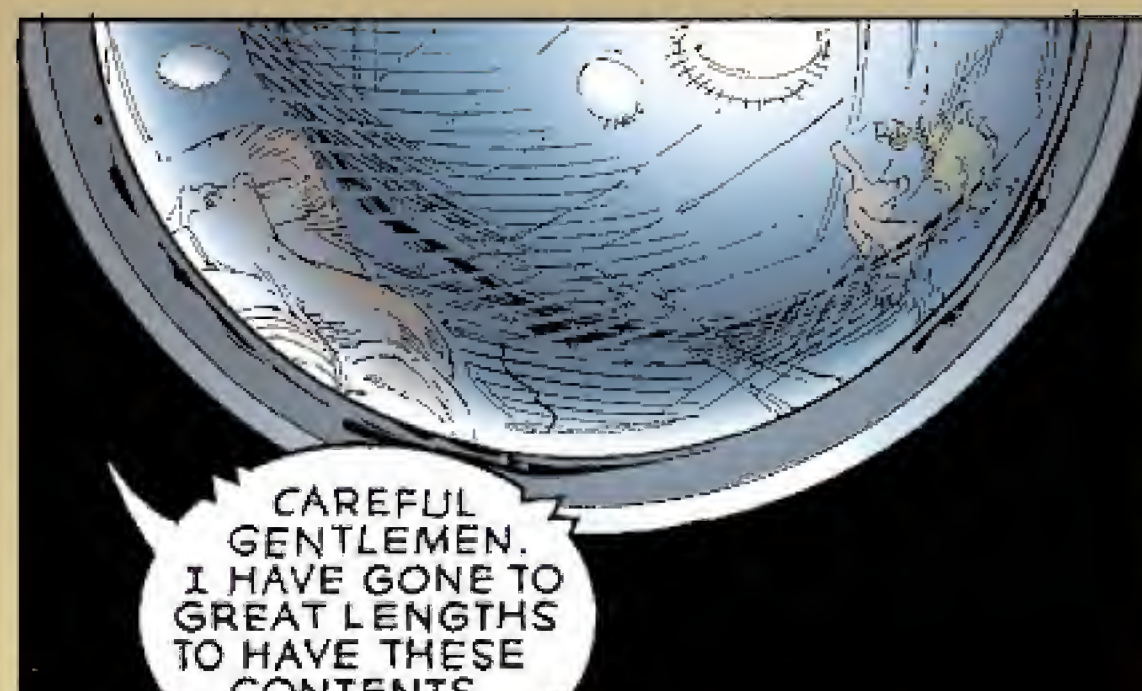
WHAT IS
THE HOLD UP,
GENTLEMEN?

HEY BOSS.
WE WAS JUST
GETTING IT OPEN
HERE... SEE... I
GOT IT OPEN.
SEE... IT'S
OPEN.



NEXT TIME
I SUGGEST
YOU USE
THE KEY.

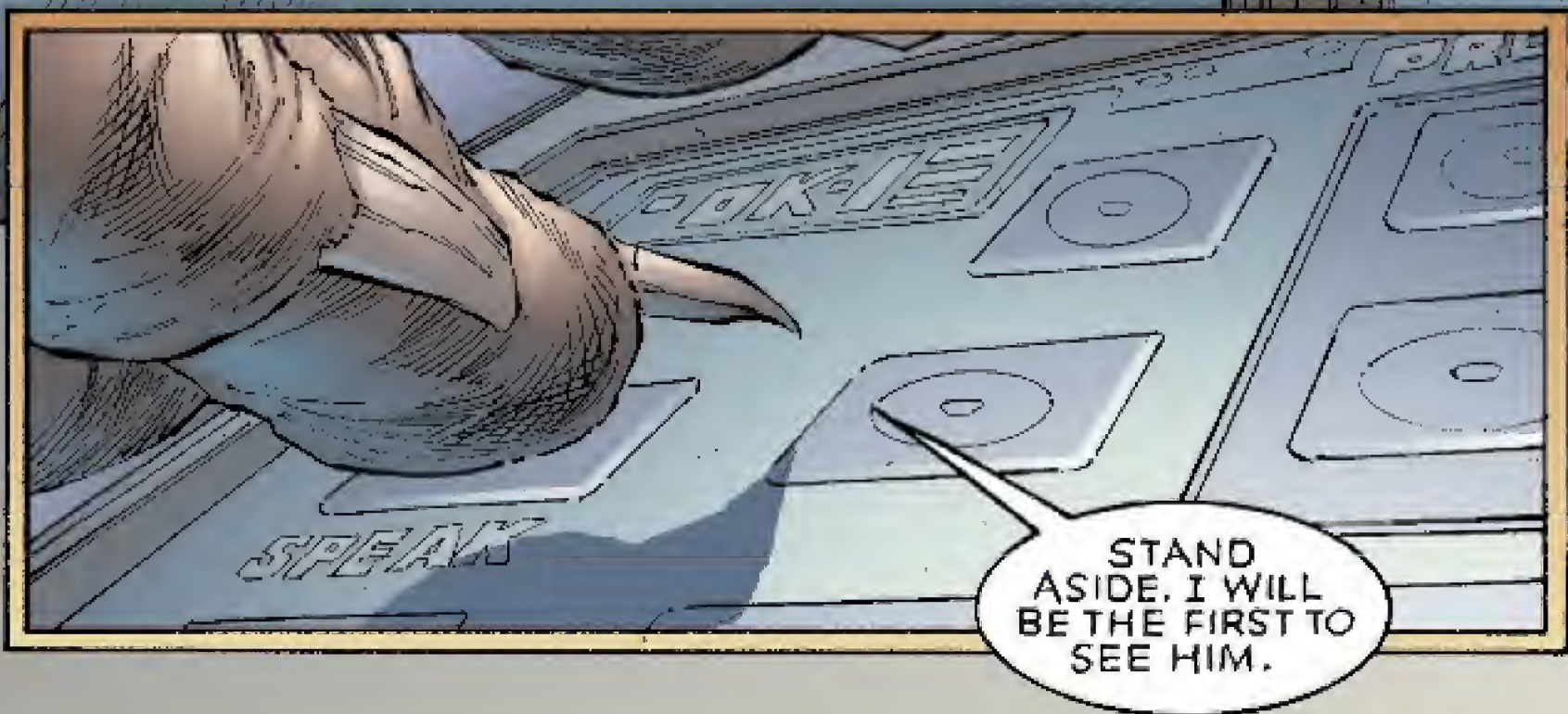
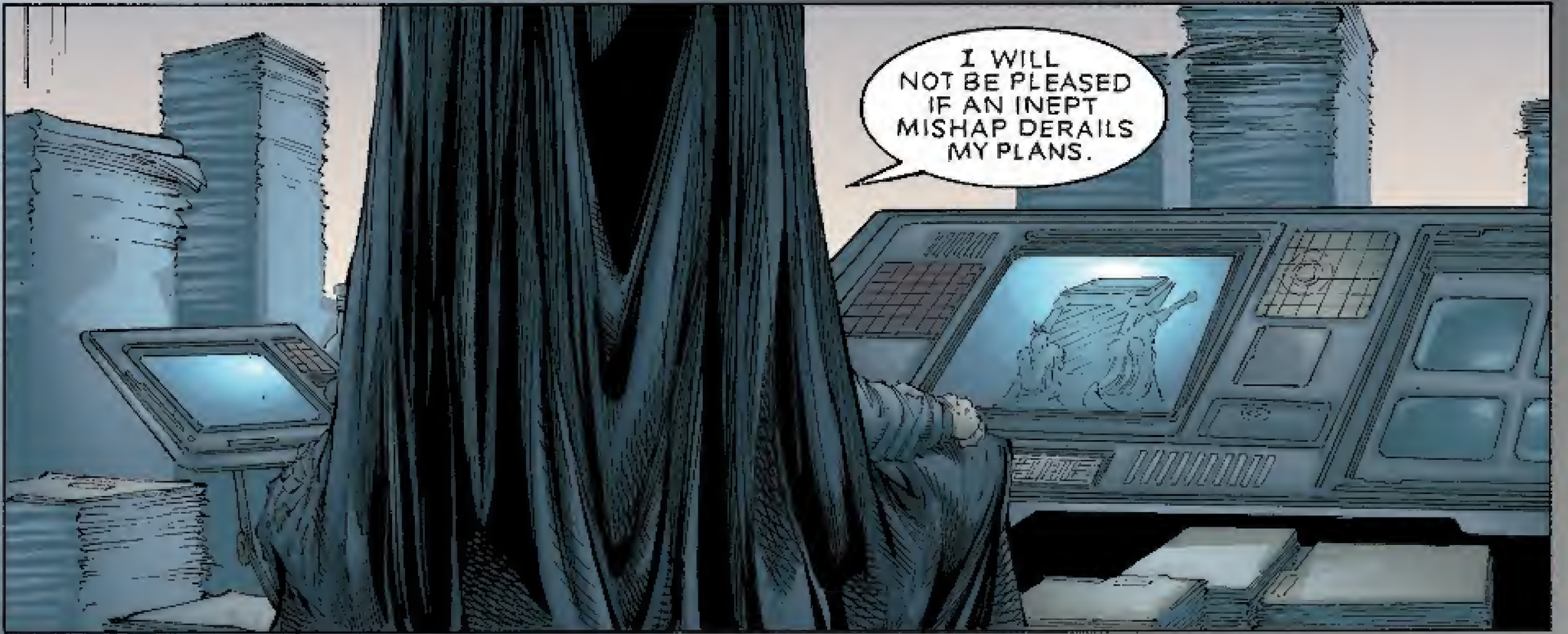
YES
SIR.

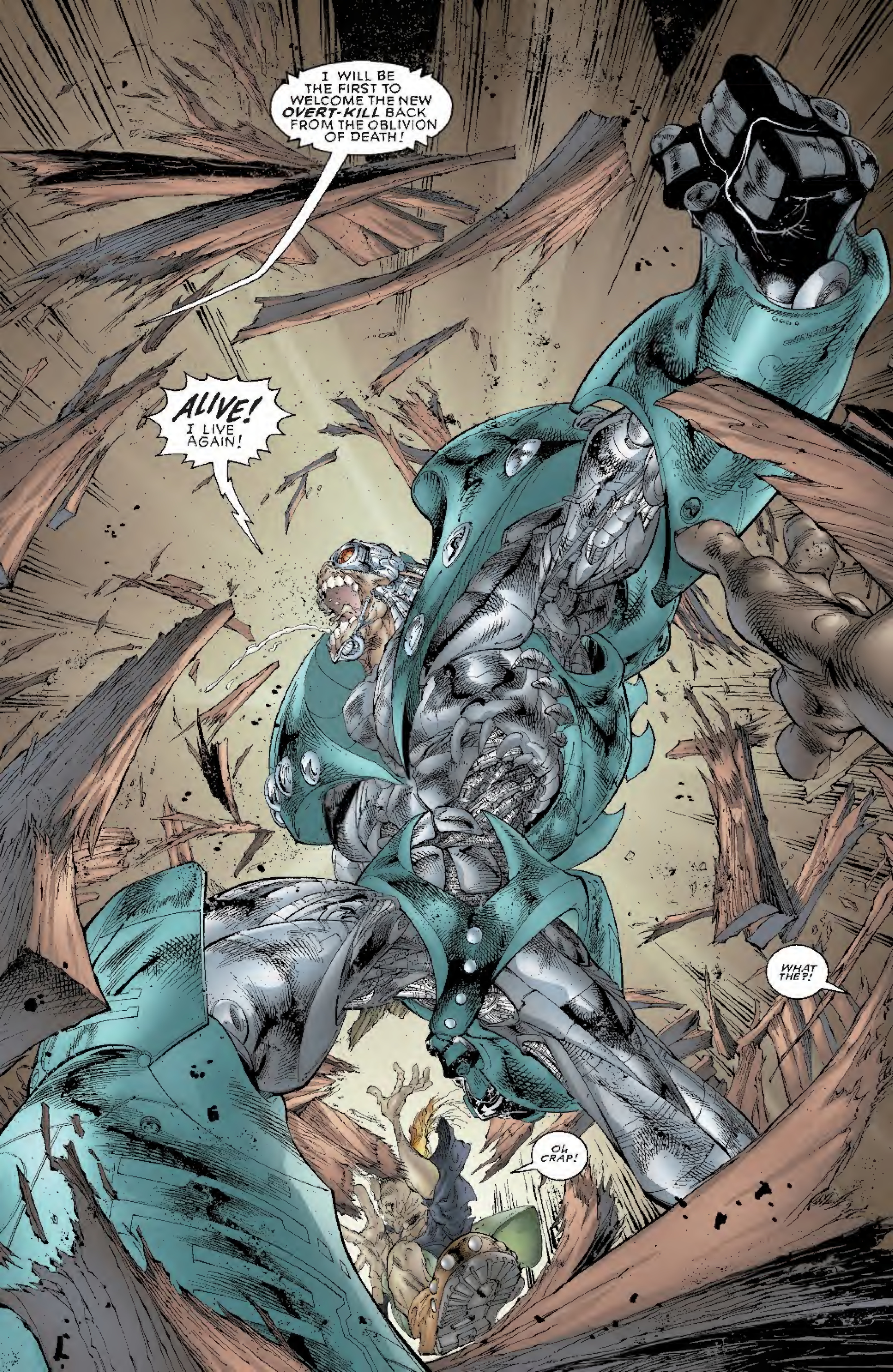


CAREFUL
GENTLEMEN.
I HAVE GONE TO
GREAT LENGTHS
TO HAVE THESE
CONTENTS
REBUILT.



I HAVE
SQUANDERED
AWAY MY
FORTUNES
FOR THIS
MOMENT.






I WILL BE
THE FIRST TO
WELCOME THE NEW
OVERT-KILL BACK
FROM THE OBLIVION
OF DEATH!

ALIVE!
I LIVE
AGAIN!

WHAT
THE?!

OH
CRAP!

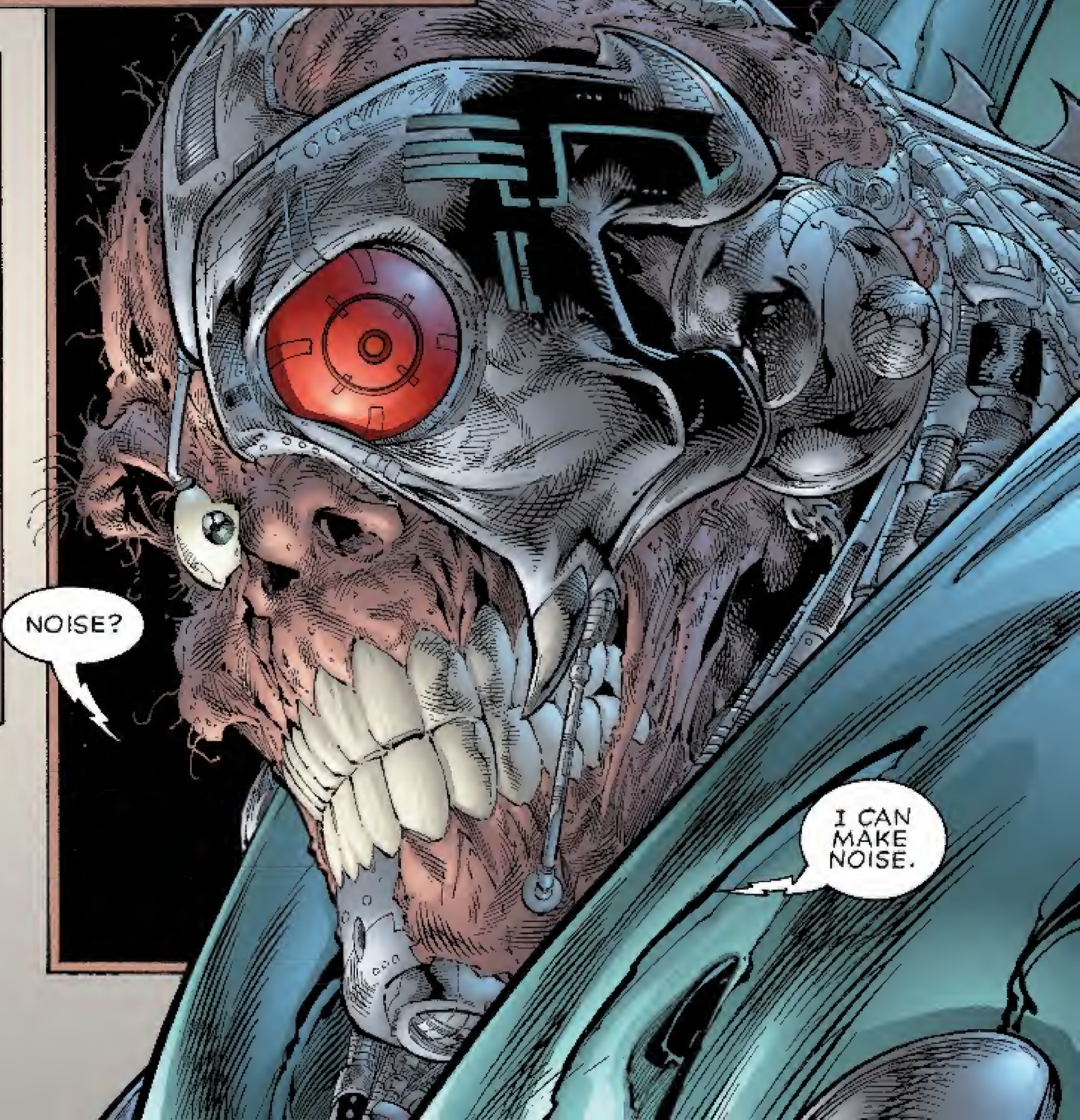
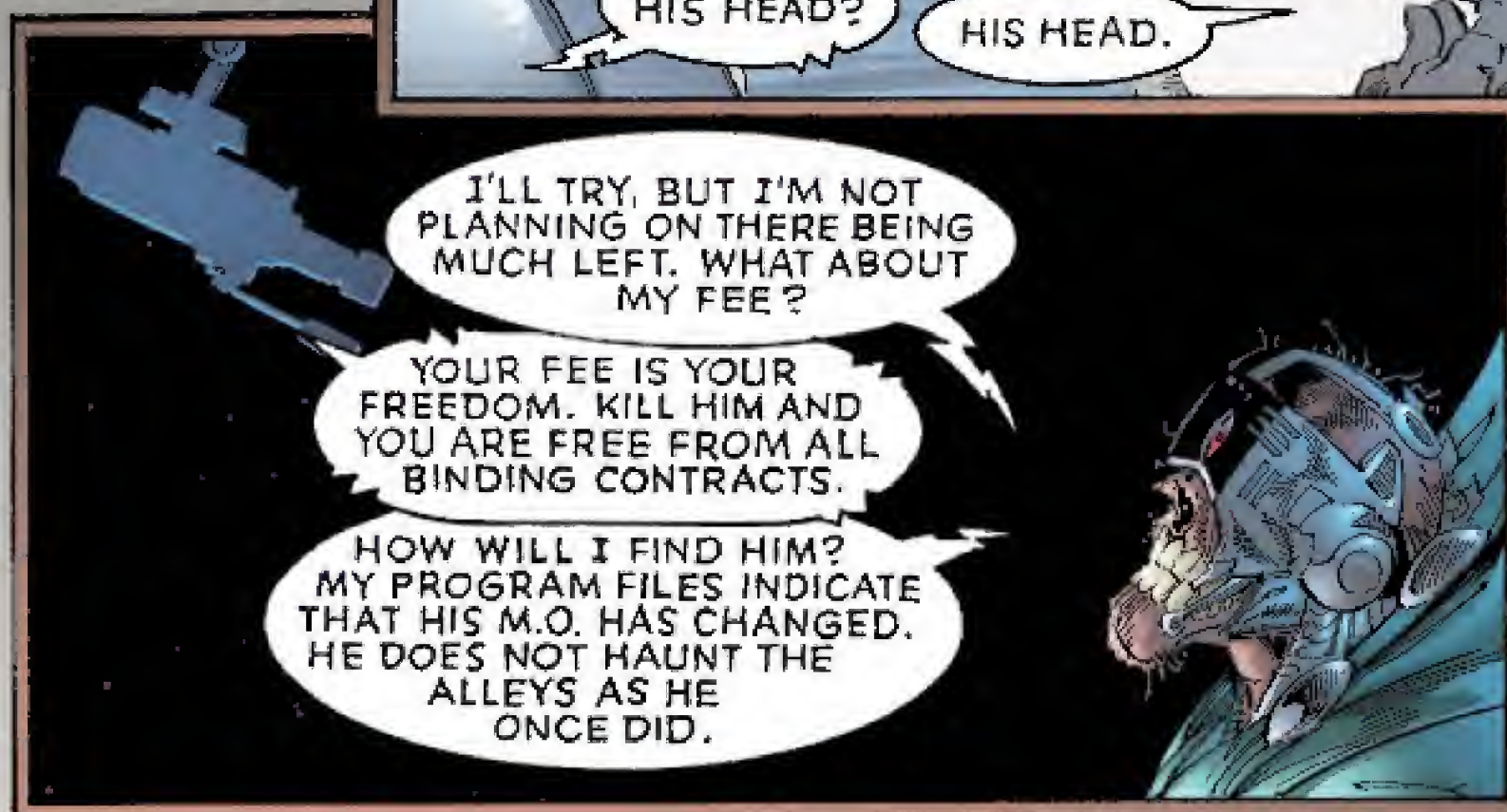
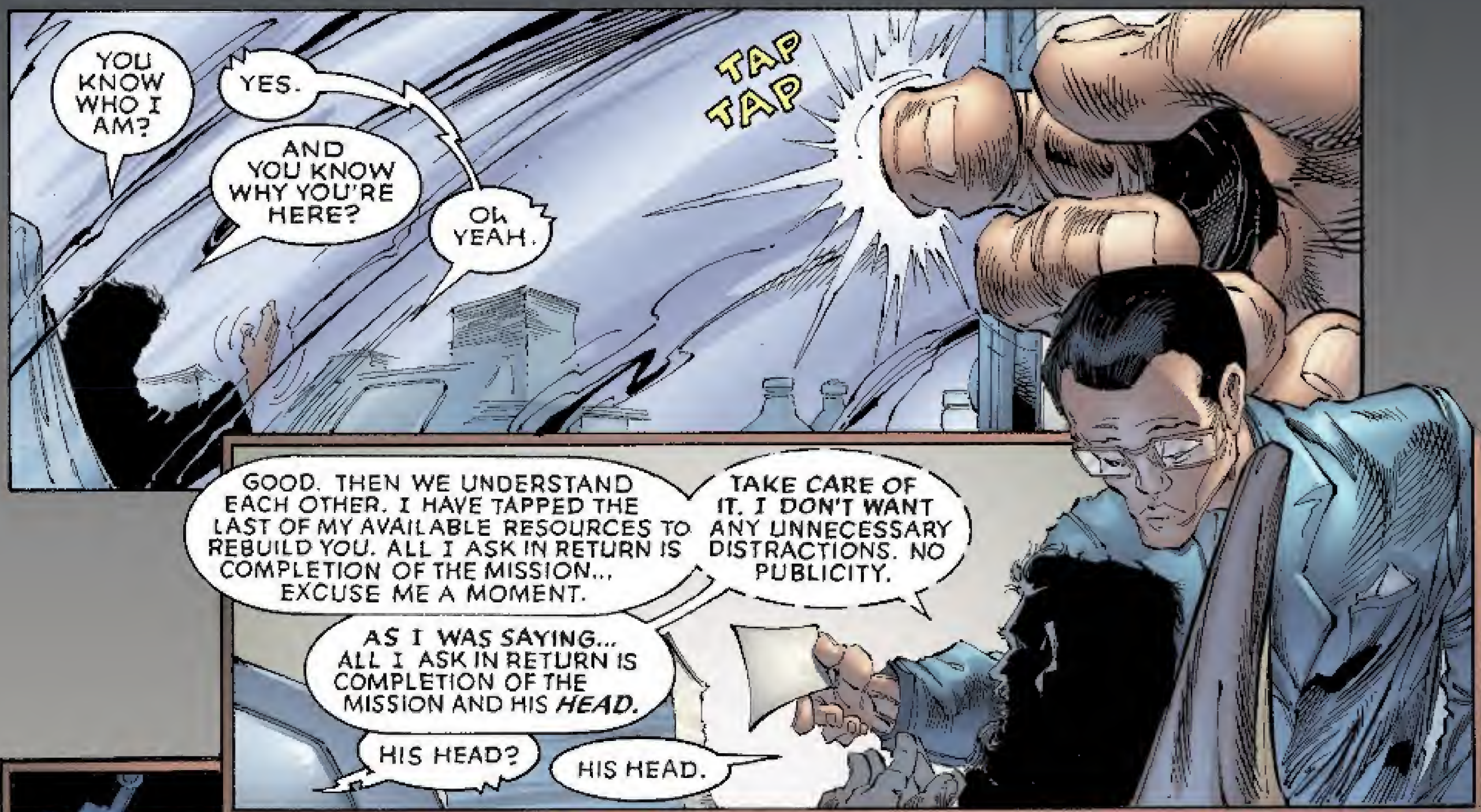


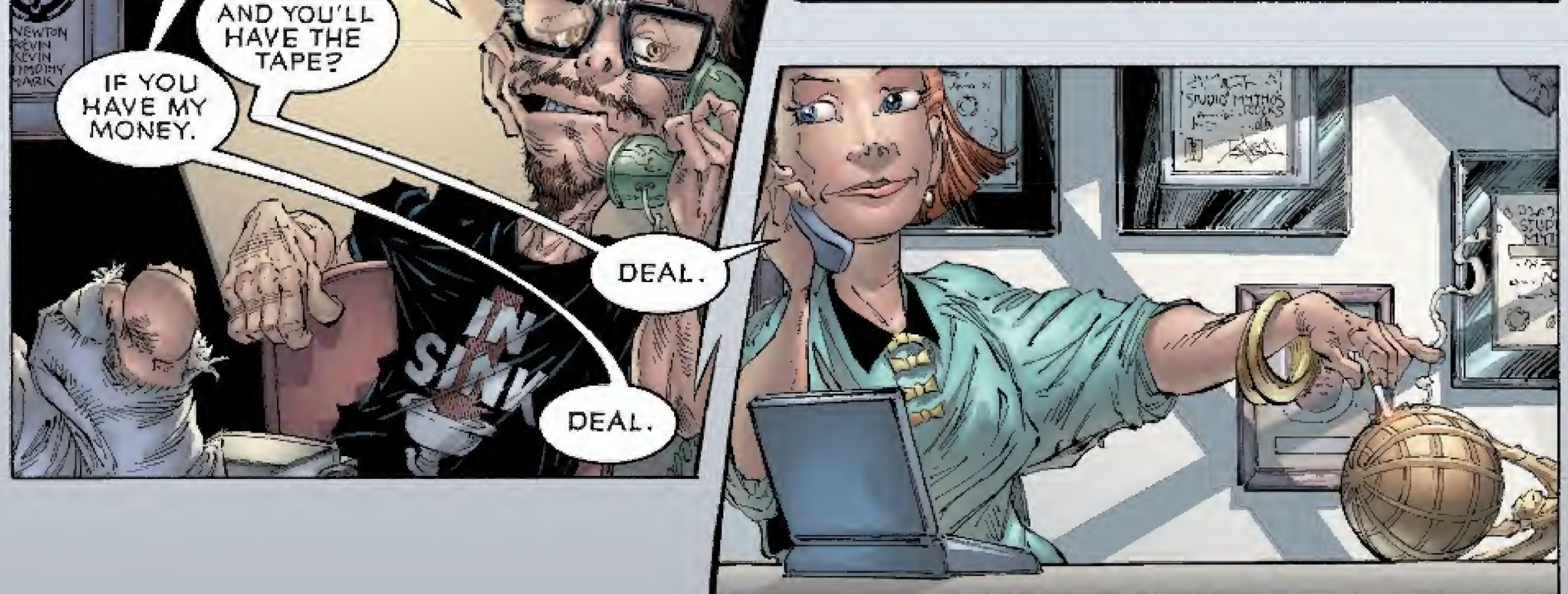
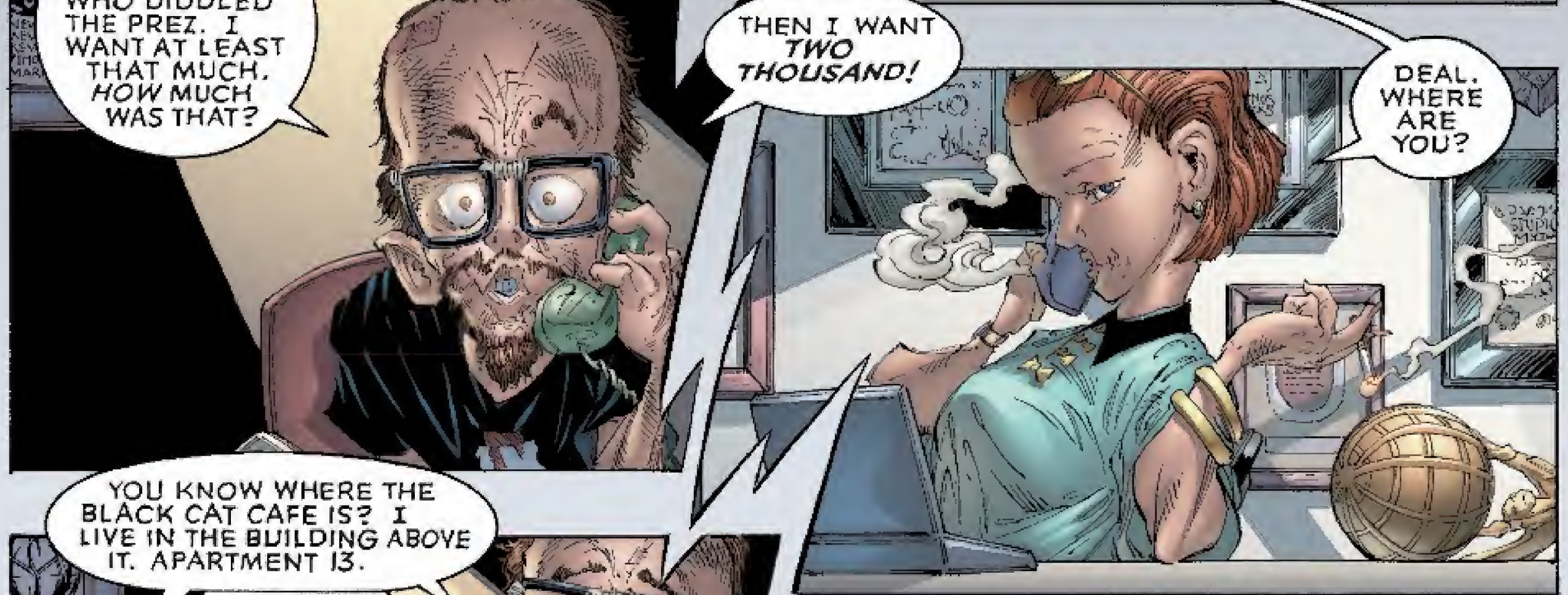
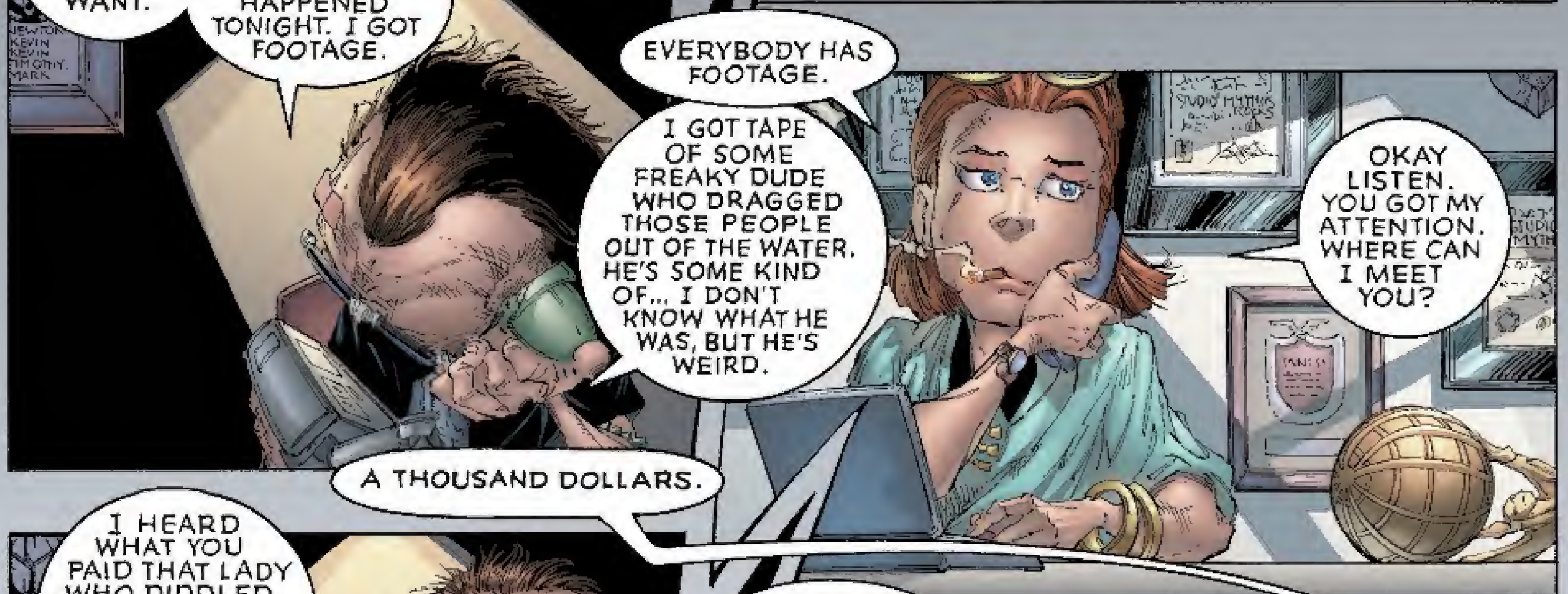
THERE'S NO
NEED FOR THAT.
THEY WORK
FOR ME.

I JUST
WANT
TO RUN A
COUPLE
OF
TESTS.

HA!

EVERY-
THING
SEEMS TO BE
IN WORKING
ORDER.



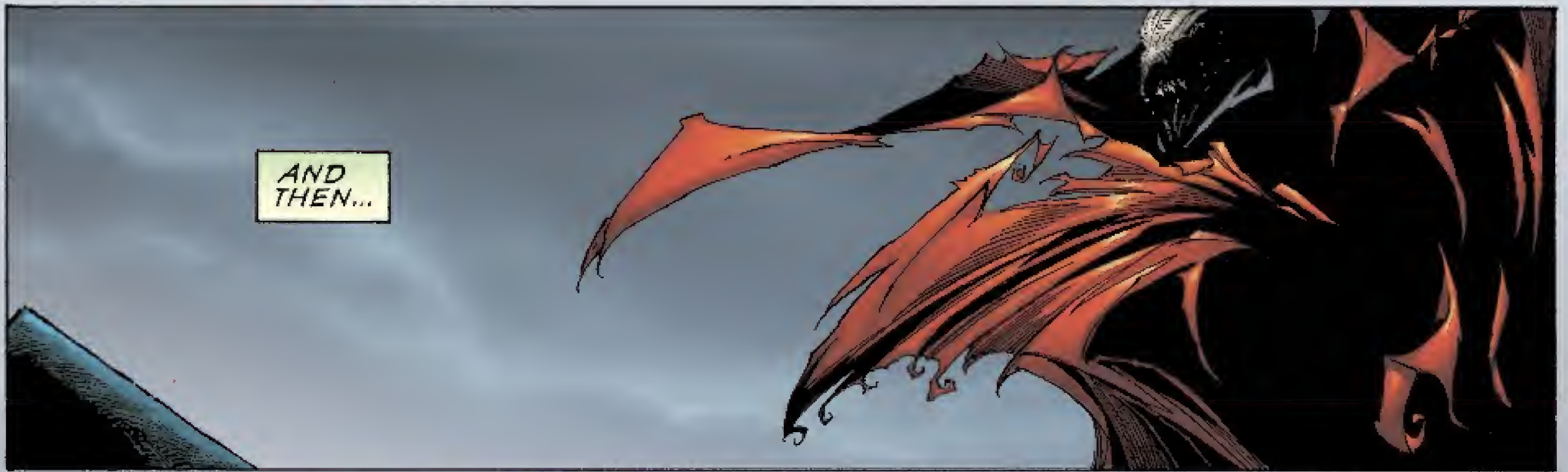




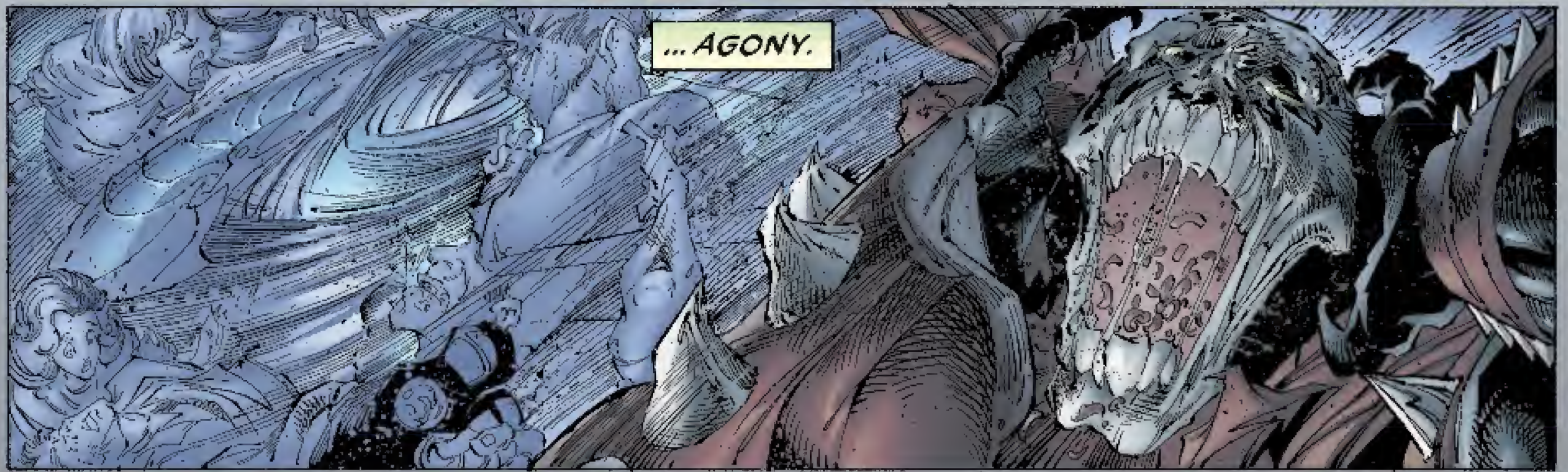
AT FIRST
IT IS JUST
A HUM,
ALMOST
SOOTHING
IN ITS
TONE AND
RHYTHM.



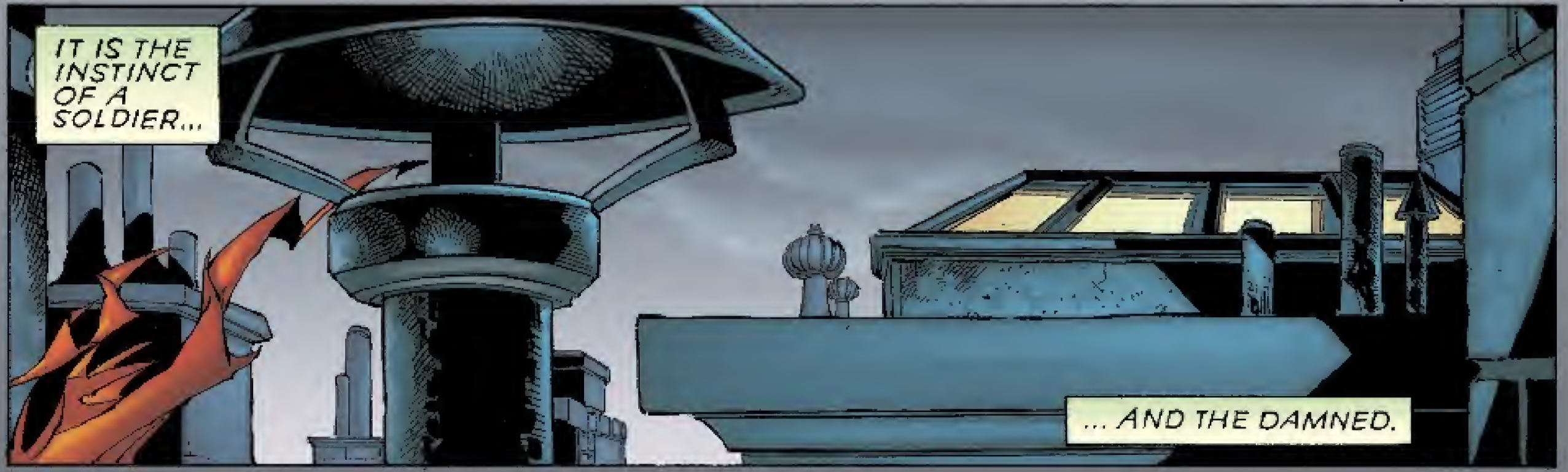
BUT SLOWLY IT BEGINS TO
RISE, LIKE THE SOUND OF
A DISTANT DRILL
CUTTING INTO TEETH.



AND
THEN...



... AGONY.



IT IS THE
INSTINCT
OF A
SOLDIER...

... AND THE DAMNED.

FIND THE
SOURCE OF
THE AGONY.
SNUFF IT.
STOP THE PAIN.



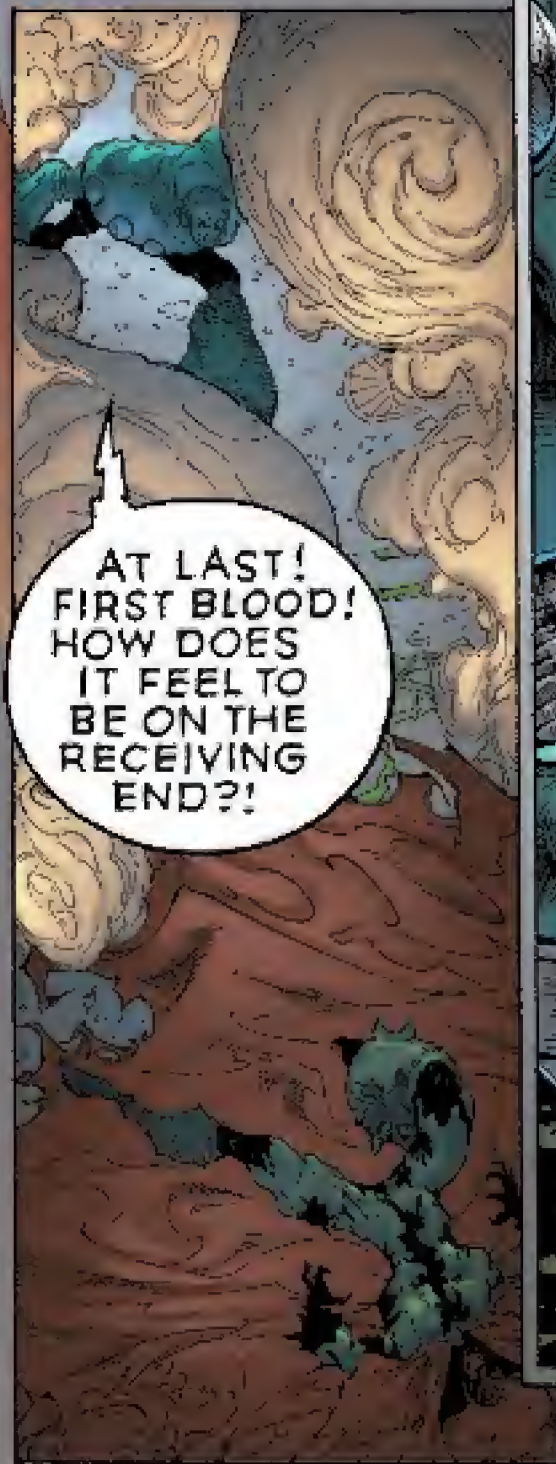


YOU FELL FOR IT. I THINK I LIKE THIS NEW BODY.

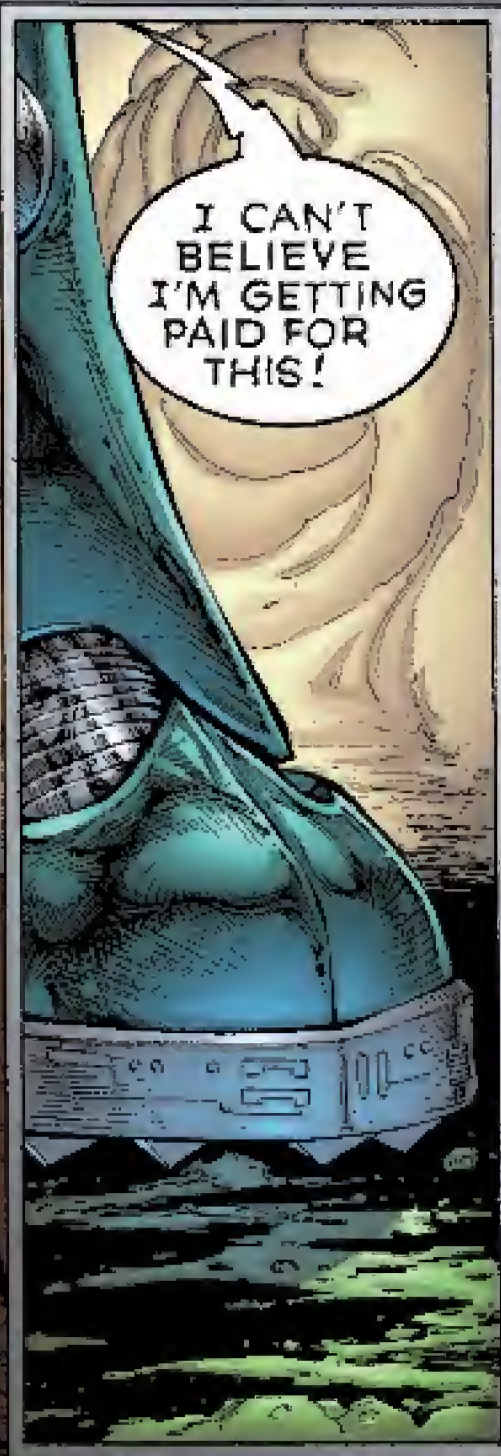
WHO?!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME ALREADY?! I GUESS IT'S HARD TO KEEP TRACK OF EVERYBODY YOU'VE MURDERED!

HERE'S A REMINDER!



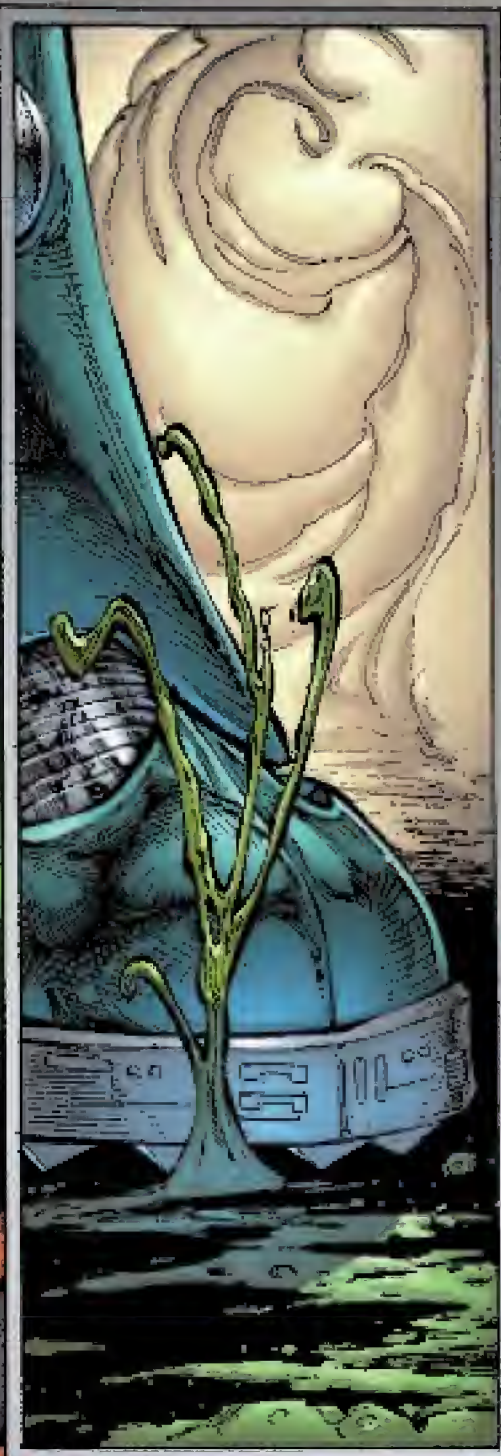
AT LAST! FIRST BLOOD! HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE ON THE RECEIVING END?!



I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M GETTING PAID FOR THIS!



PAID?



AHHHH!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING!? I CAN'T CONTROL MY ARMS!

WHO
PAID YOU?

Nooooo!



EVERYBODY
STAY BACK!
PLEASE STAY
BACK!

CHRIST,
WHAT'S
GOING ON
IN THERE?! I
CAN'T MAKE
OUT A
GODDAMN
THING!!

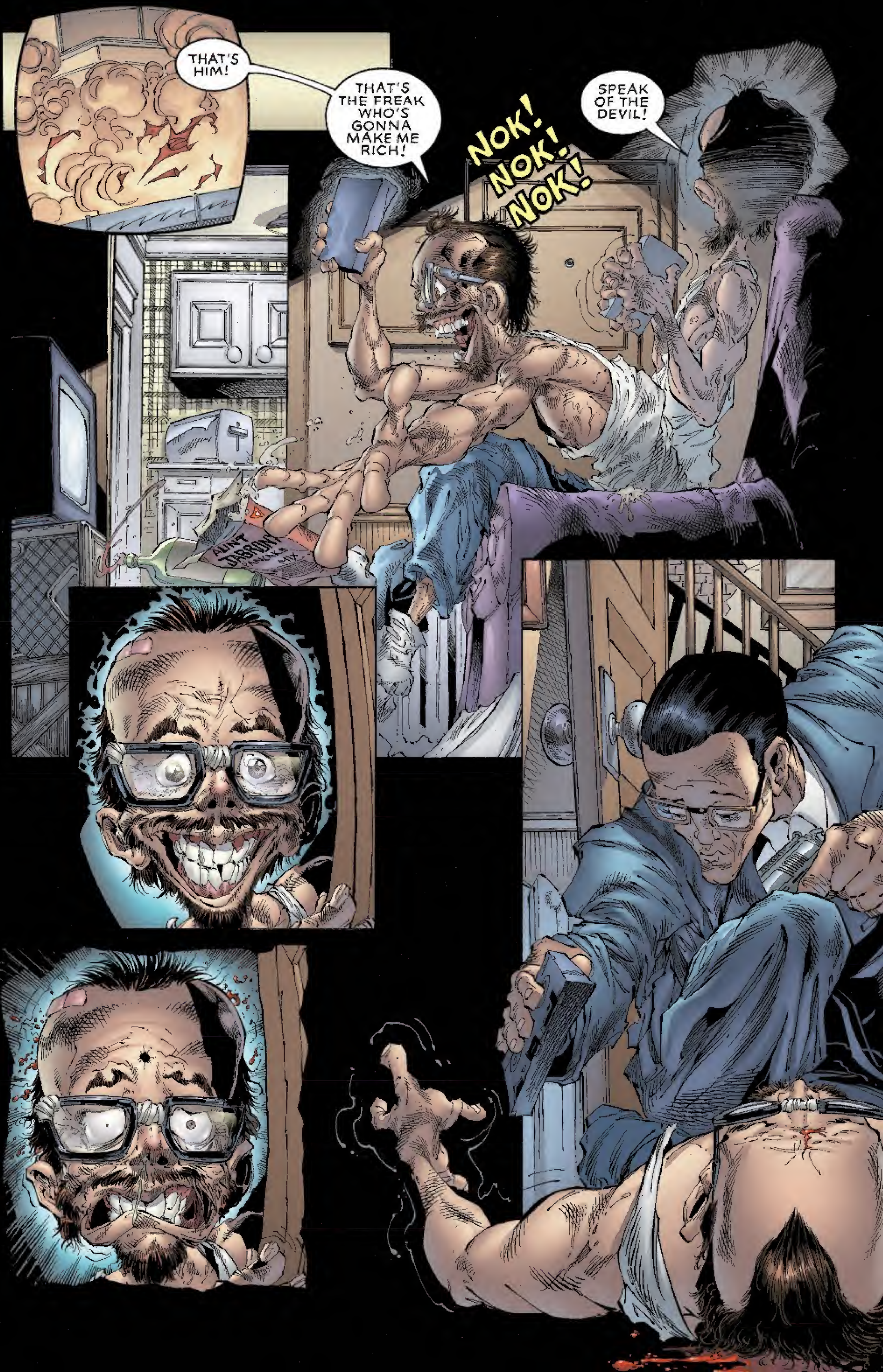
SOMETHING'S
FIGHTING! TWO
SOMETHINGS!
TWO *BIG*
SOMETHINGS!

NEVER!

TELL
ME WHO
SENT
YOU!

NEVER!





THAT'S HIM!

THAT'S THE FREAK WHO'S GONNA MAKE ME RICH!

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL!

NOK!
NOK!
NOK!





WHERE'D YOU GO? COME ON! DON'T START THAT HIDE-AND-SEEK SPOOKY CRAP!

HEY, MY SHOTGUN'S MISSING!

WHAT THE HELL! SO'S MINE!

WHO... SENT YOU?

COME OUT AND FIGHT, YOU FREAKIN' GHOUL!

COME OUT AND DIE AT THE HANDS OF THE NEW OVERT-KILL!

CLICK-CLICK

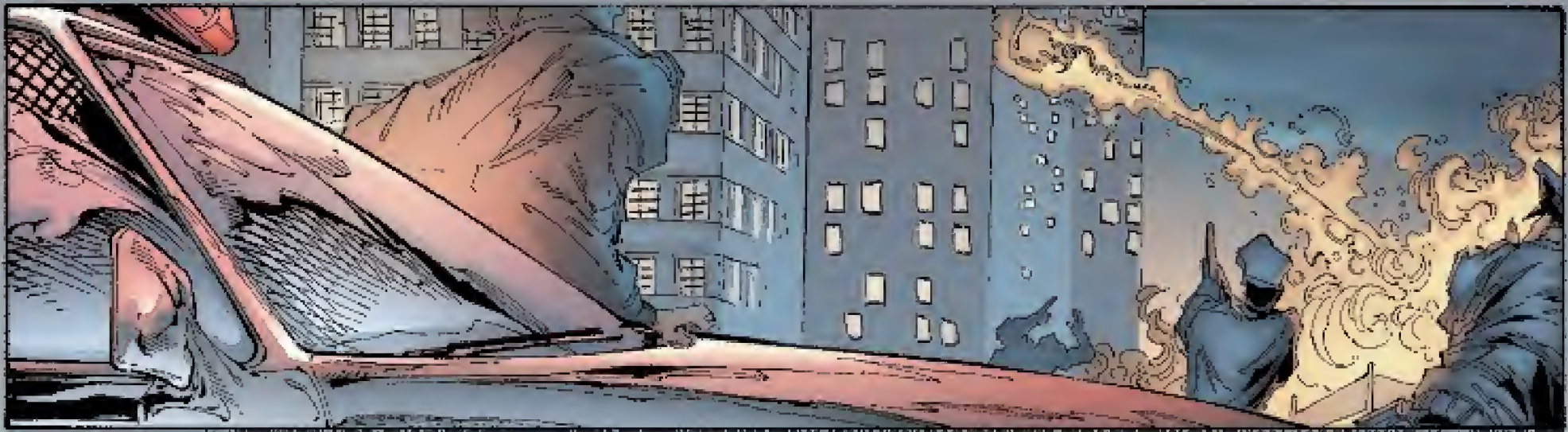
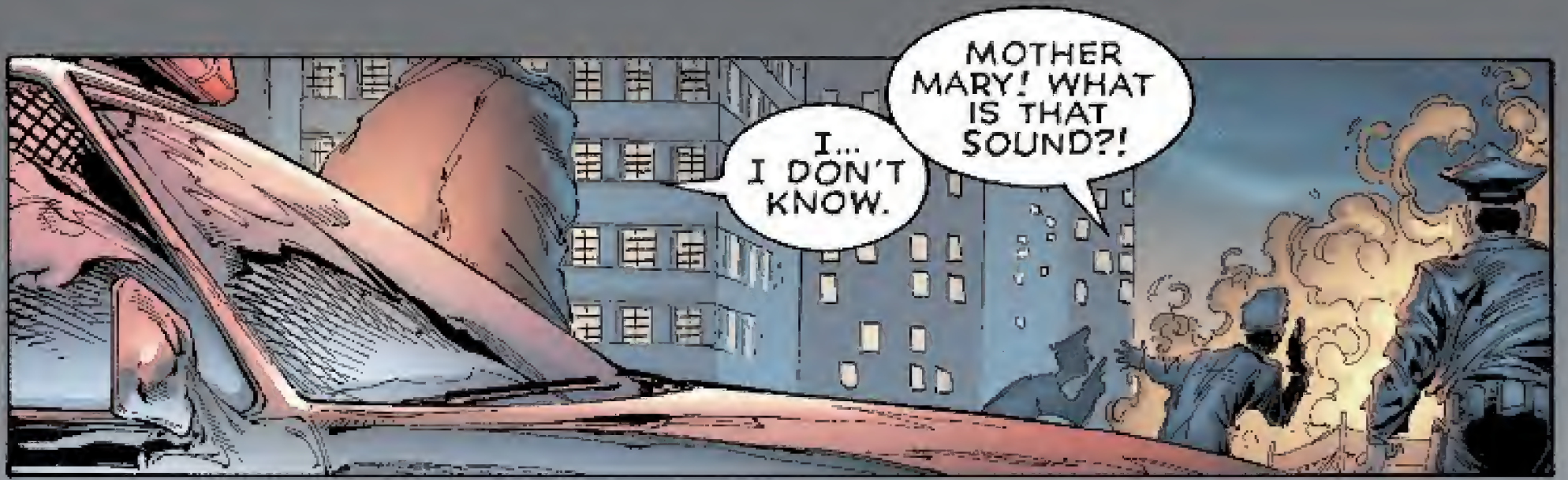
Huh?

SCREW YOU.

TELL ME.

I SAID, WHO SENT YOU?

AND I SAID, SCREW YOU?!



SPAWN



Capullo
100

DAN:

M. FARLANE



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N
NEW
YORK
CITY.


**SCA HEADQUARTERS, A
LITTLE KNOWN MILITARY
WING OF THE USSG LOCATED
A HALF MILE BENEATH THE
UNITED NATIONS BUILDING.**

**LESS THAN AN HOUR
AGO, A CYBORG
ASSASSIN KNOWN
AS OVERT-KILL
MASSACRED SEVERAL
DOZEN PATRONS
AT A POPULAR
OUTDOOR CAFÉ.**

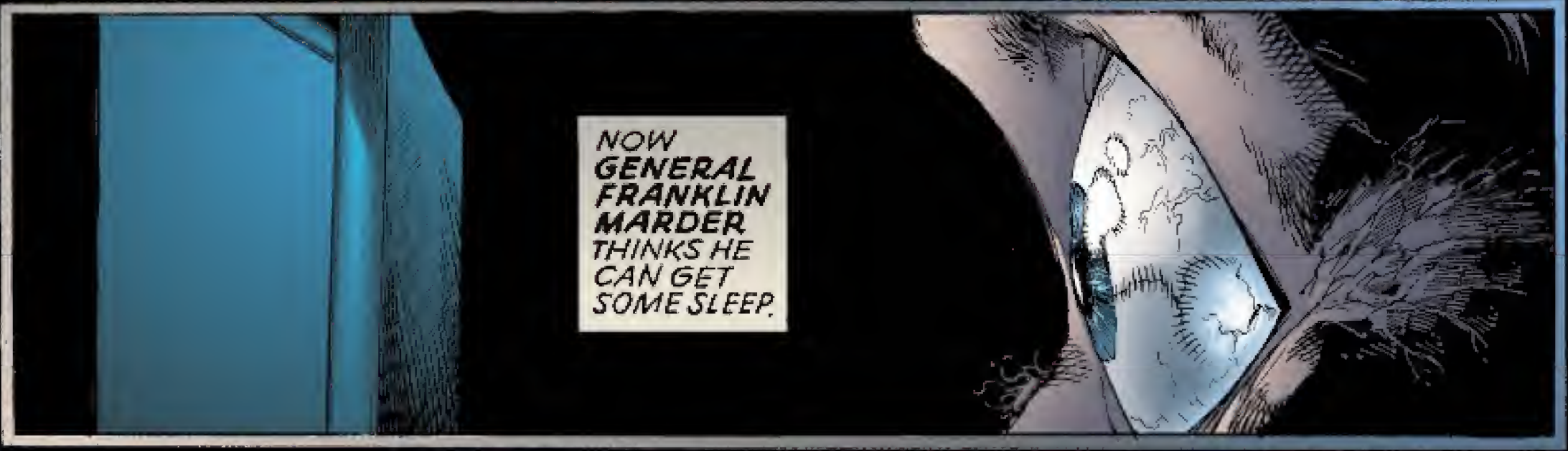
**SHORTLY
THEREAFTER,
OVERT-KILL
CAME UNDER
ATTACK BY
AN UNSEEN
AGGRESSOR.**

**THE UNIDENTIFIED
AGGRESSOR
REMAINS AT LARGE.**






A QUICK MEETING AND A
COUPLE OF PHONE CALLS TO
THE POLICE AND NEWSPAPERS
WILL ENSURE THE STORY REMAINS
A CONFUSING RUMOR.



NOW
**GENERAL
FRANKLIN
MARDER**
THINKS HE
CAN GET
SOME SLEEP.



IF HE'S LUCKY,
HE WILL LIVE TO
SEE MORNING.



I... I
DON'T
KNOW
WHAT
YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT.



IF I
KNEW I...
I'D TELL
YOU. HE'S A
WANTED
MAN...


... MADE
DEALS ON
THE S... SIDE...
DIVERTED
FUNDS...
H... HE...




... JESUS...








QUICKER THAN I
EXPECTED. BUT STILL HE
COMES, FOLLOWING THE TRAIL
LIKE A LAMB TO THE
SLAUGHTER.




I'VE TAKEN
CARE OF THE
"LOOSE END" AS
YOU ASKED, SIR. YOU
WILL FIND THE CRASH
TAPE WITH YOUR
TICKETS AND
PAPERS.




AFTER THE
BLAST HE WILL BE
REVEALED, AND
HUNTED FOR THE
REMAINDER OF
HIS DAYS.

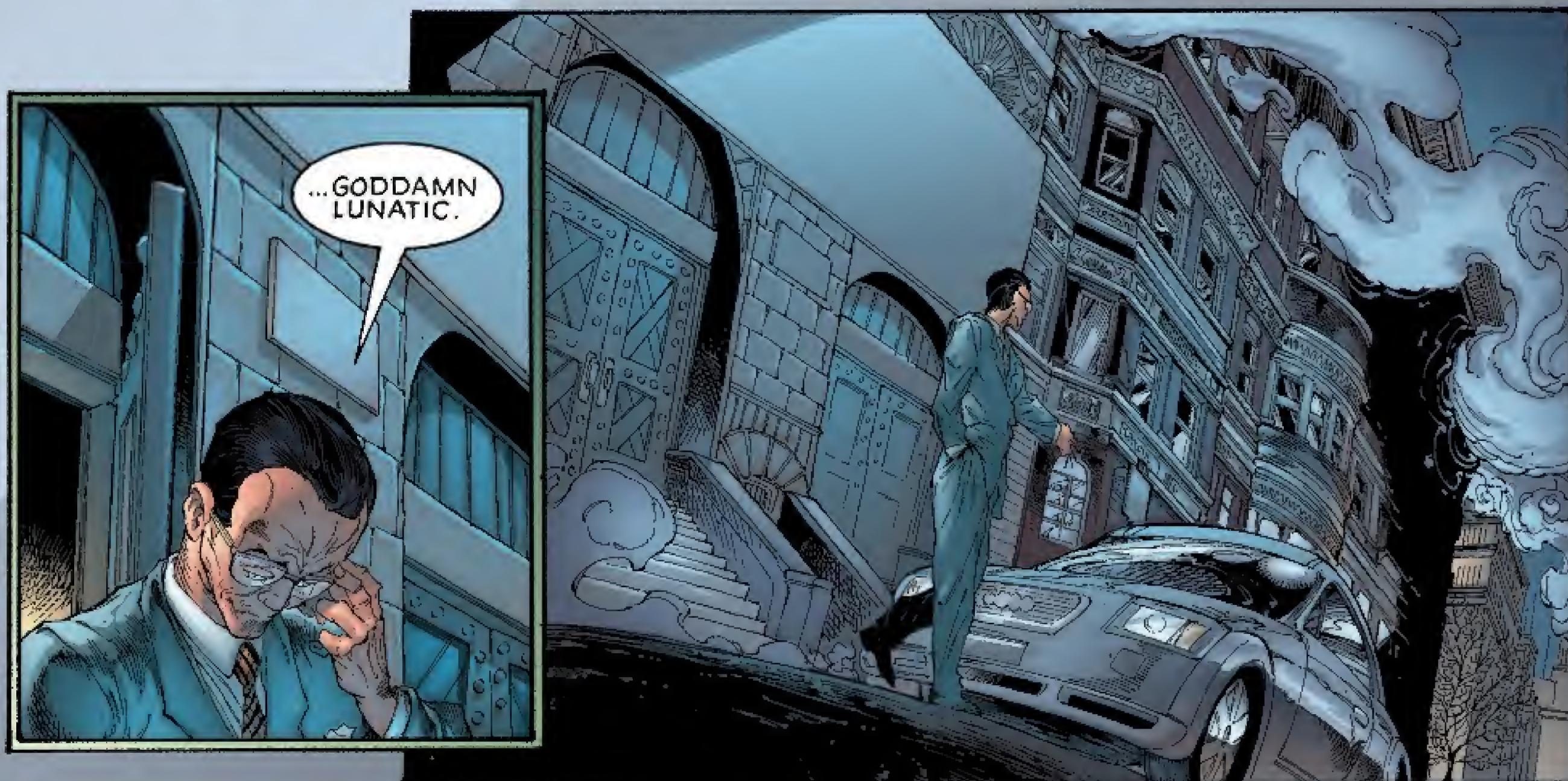
KNOWING
THAT IT WAS ME
WILL DRIVE HIM
TO THE BRINK OF
MADNESS. TO BURN
AGAIN WILL PUSH
HIM OVER THE
EDGE.

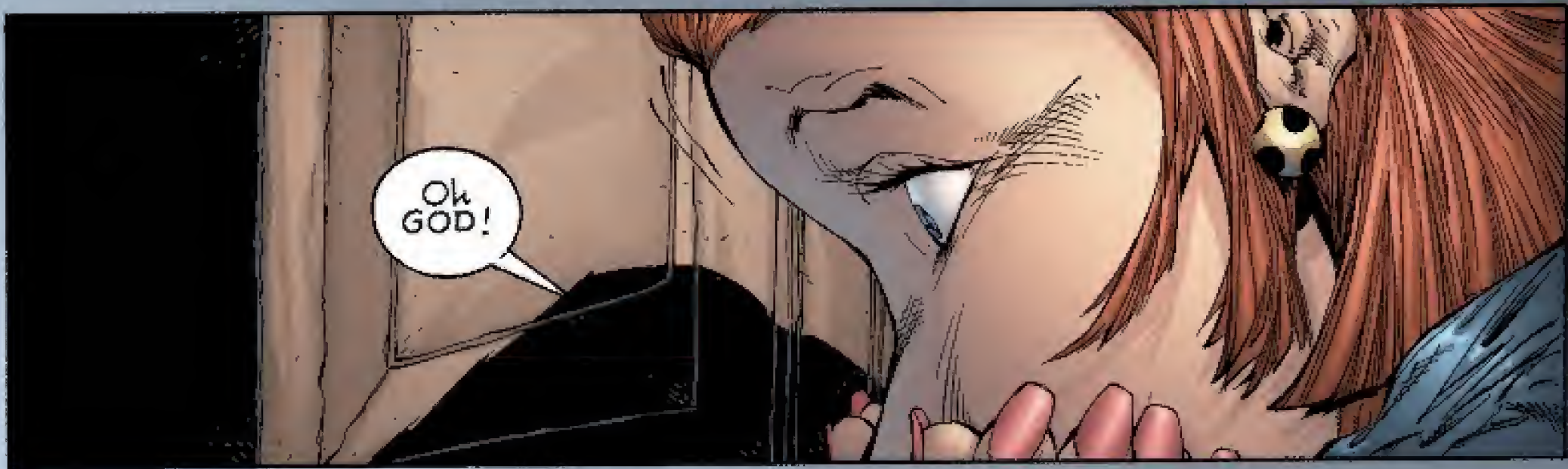


I TOYED
WITH HIM.
THE WORLD
WILL CONSUME
HIM. THERE IS
NO ROOM FOR
THE MISCREANT,
DEAD THING,
AMONG THE
LIVING.



IT'S AN
INSPIRED
PLAN,
SIR.





Oh
GOD!



HE IS CALLED BY
THE DEAD. TRAGIC
WHISPERS IN THE
BACK OF HIS MIND.

WHY
ARE YOU
HERE?

Umm...
eh... A TAPE...
HE SAID HE
HAD A
TAPE...

OF
WHAT?

SOMETHING
STRANGE... SOME-
THING BIG WITH... A...
RED... CAPE... AND
CHAINS... IT WAS YOU
WASN'T IT?



WHY? HE DOES
NOT KNOW.

BUT HERE HE IS AGAIN...
AMONG THE DEAD...
STANDING IN THE
DARKNESS WITH A
MURDERED SOUL THAT
HE DOES NOT KNOW.



YET HE IS
DRAWN
TO HIM.



MURDER HAS A TASTE. EACH DEATH
A DISTINGUISHING HISTORY. JUST
FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF SORROW AND
THE STORY UNFOLDS.

WHO
ELSE KNEW
ABOUT THE
DEAL?

N...
NOBODY. JUST
ME AND MY
CAMERAMAN...
WHY?



OKAY...
I'LL JUST
STAY
HERE...

IT IS A
PATTERN THIS
HELLSPAWN
KNOWS WELL.



AHHNNHH!



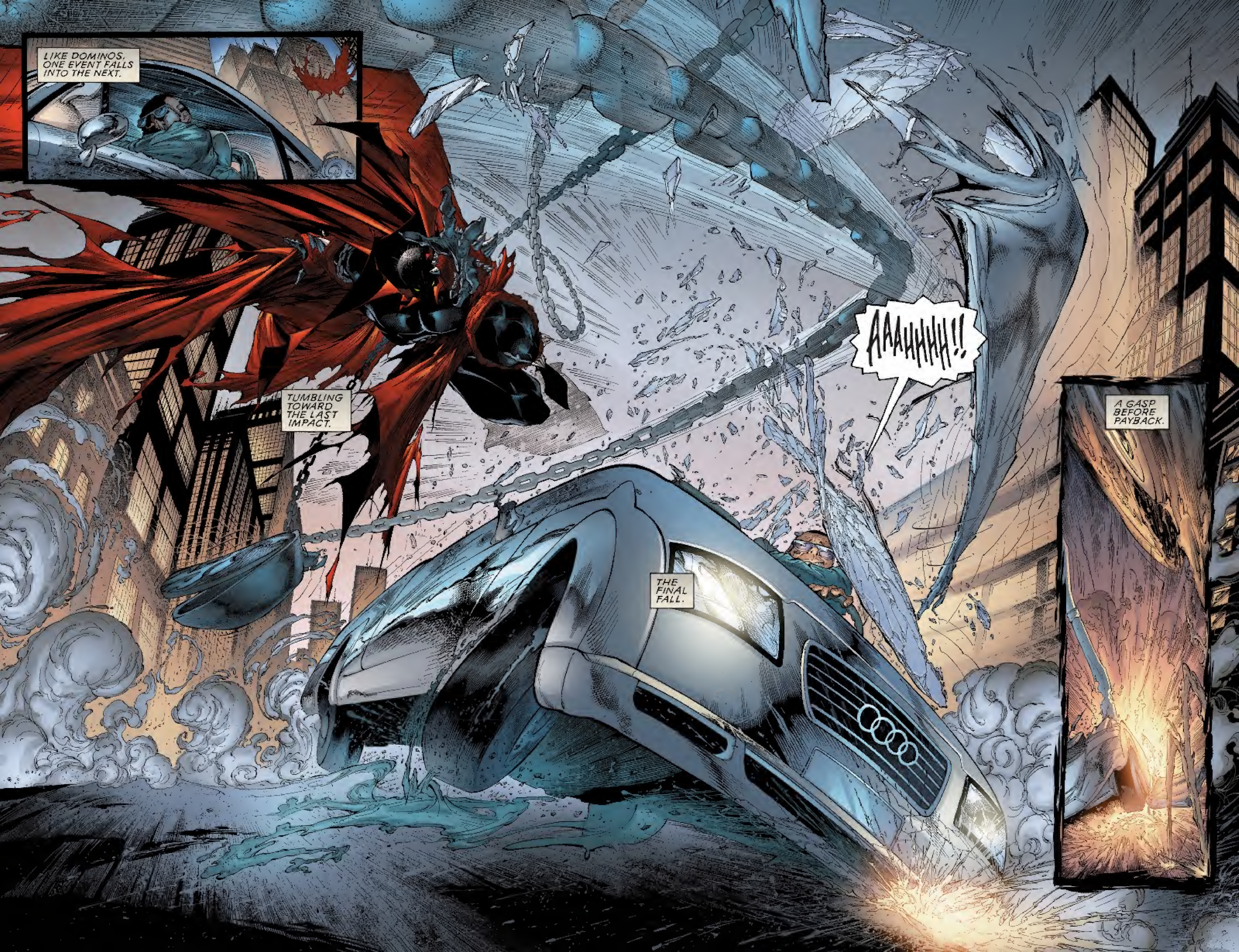
LIKE DOMINOS,
ONE EVENT FALLS
INTO THE NEXT.

TUMBLING
TOWARD
THE LAST
IMPACT.

THE
FINAL
FALL.

AAAAHHH!!

A GASP
BEFORE
PAYBACK.





S...
STAY
AWAY
FROM
ME!

STAY
AWAY!



IT'S HIM,
ISN'T IT?

Y...YES.



LOCATION.
NOW.

I... IF I... I... I...
IF I TELL YOU, W...
WILL YOU LET
ME LIVE?




NO.



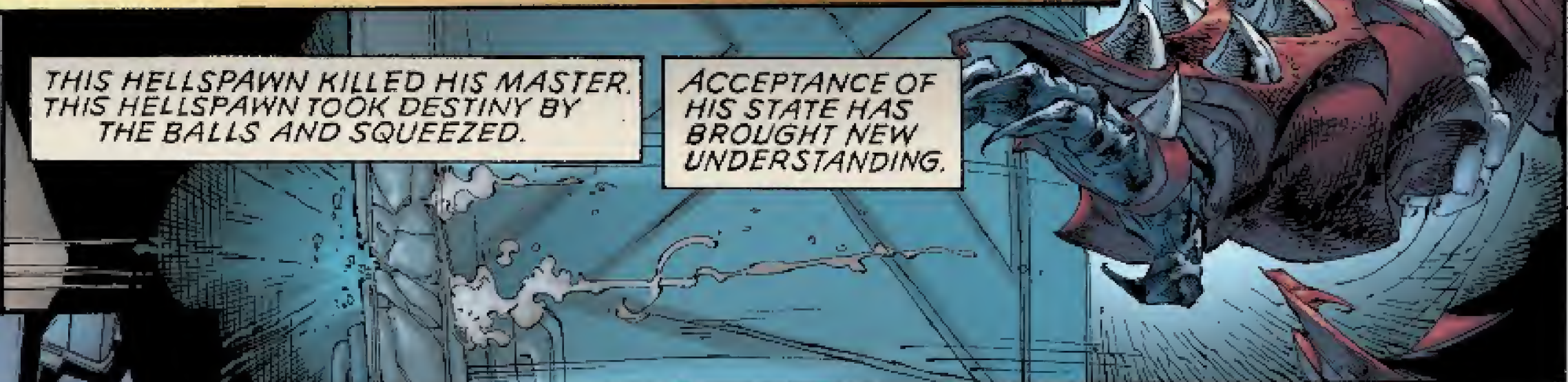
I WANT TO GIVE YOU
SOMETHING BACK.






WHEN IT ALL BEGAN, THIS
HELLSPAWN WOULD HAVE
NEVER DONE THIS.

BUT THIS IS
NO LONGER
THE BEGINNING.




THIS HELLSPAWN KILLED HIS MASTER.
THIS HELLSPAWN TOOK DESTINY BY
THE BALLS AND SQUEEZED.

ACCEPTANCE OF
HIS STATE HAS
BROUGHT NEW
UNDERSTANDING.




IT IS NOT
GOOD,
WHAT
HE IS.



NOW...
HE JUST IS.

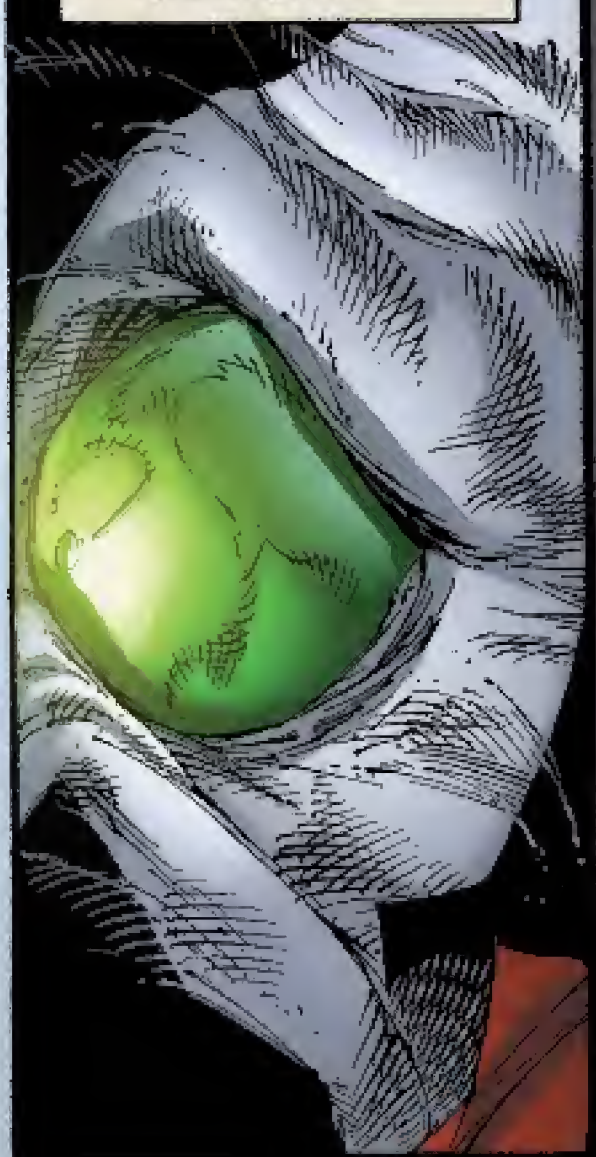
AND HEAVEN HELP
THOSE WHO CROSS HIM.

BUT IT IS
NOT AS
BAD AS
HE ONCE
THOUGHT.

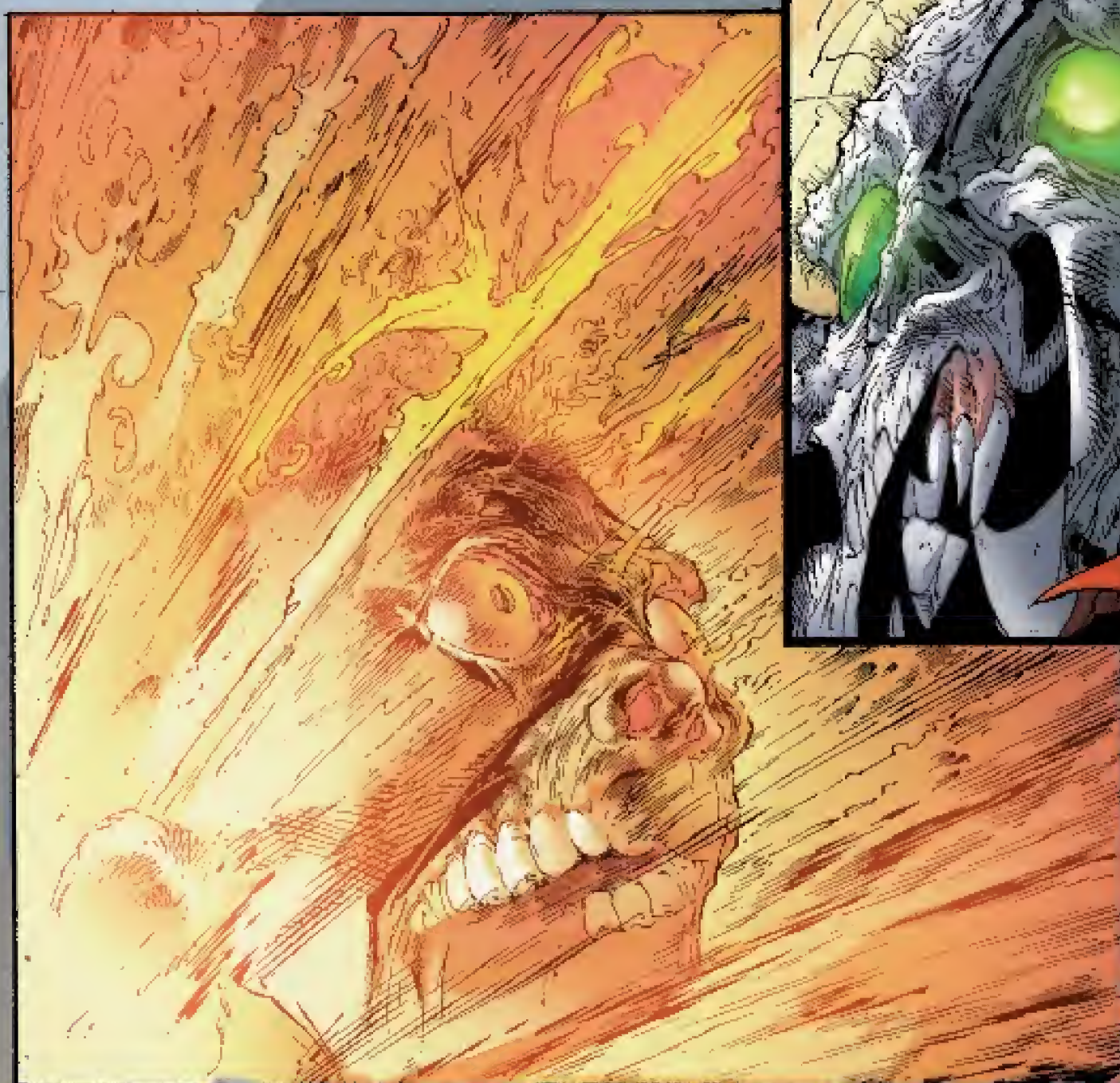


FOR NOW HE KNOWS
THAT HE IS A FORCE. AN
ENTITY LIKE NO OTHER.
HE CAN NOT BE STOPPED.
HE CAN NOT BE HARNESSSED.

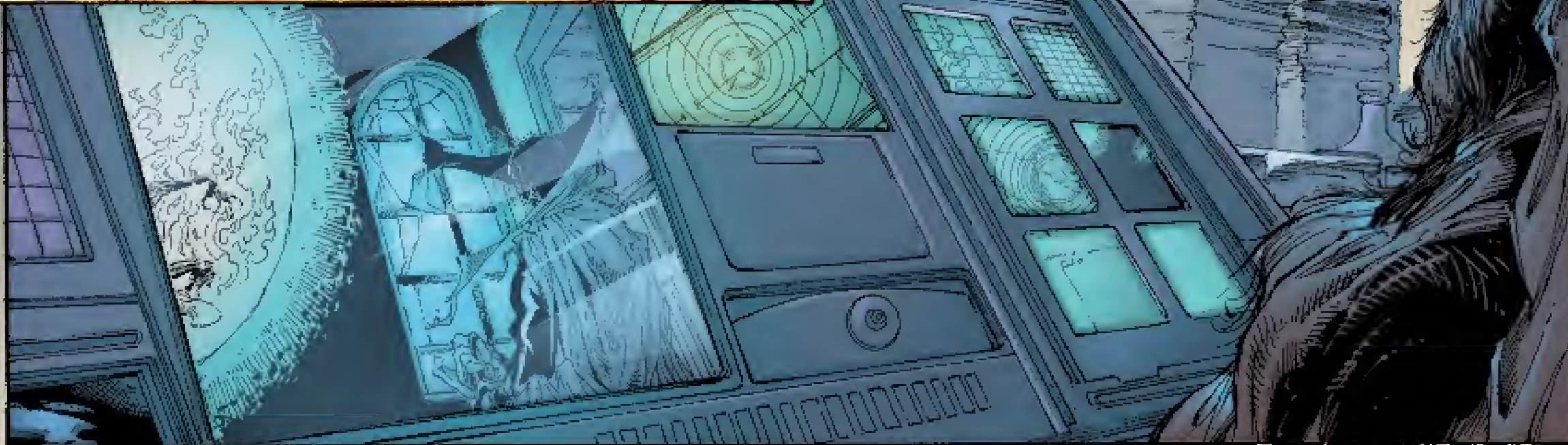
HE HAD BUT
ONE WEAKNESS,
ONE LIMITATION...
HIS MIND,
HIS TORTURED
MEMORY.




IT HAS BEEN
LOCKED AWAY
DEEP, WHERE
IT NO LONGER
IMPEDES HIS
PROGRESS.



BEAUTIFUL.





AL SIMMONS IS DEAD.

NOW, THERE IS
ONLY **SPAWN**.

THERE ARE NO LIMITS.

FINALLY, AFTER ALL
THESE YEARS, WE ARE
HERE. HE HAS ARRIVED.
THE STAGE IS SET
FOR PAYBACK.

THE BUTTON IS
PRESSED. TWO
MINUTES TO
DETONATION.

SIMMONS
WILL BURN
AGAIN.

THE MAN IN
THE SHADOWS
WILL RISE
FROM THE
ASHES AGAIN
AND CLAIM
HIS PLACE IN
THE WORLD.

MANY
WILL DIE.
SIMMONS
WILL BE
BLAMED.

EVERY DROP OF
BLOOD, EVERY
SHATTERED LIMB,
EVERY LIFE LOST,
WILL BE GLORIOUS.

HELLO
JASON. LONG
TIME.

SIMMONS!
HOW DID
YOU GET IN
HERE?!





T... THIS
PLACE IS
WIRED TO
BLOW... ANY
SECOND...



YOU
FORGET
WHO I
USED TO BE,
JASON. YOU
CAN FOOL
ME ONCE,
NOT
TWICE.

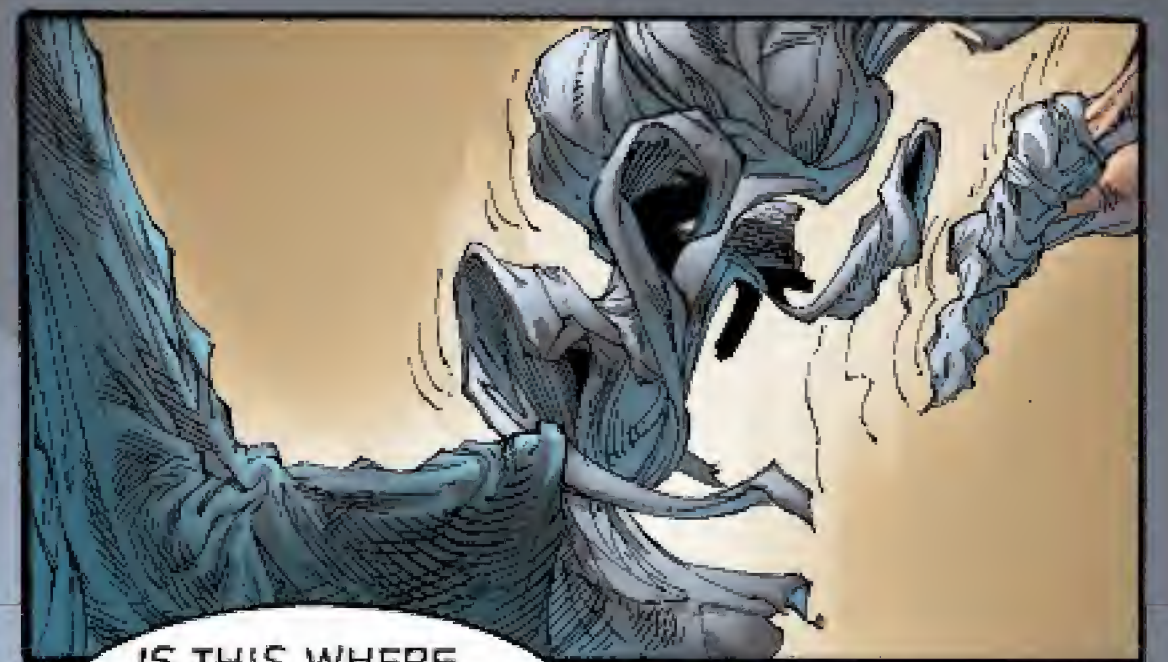
SO WHAT
NOW? MORE
THREATS? ANOTHER
ULTIMATUM? I'VE
HEARD IT ALL FROM YOU
BEFORE, SIMMONS.
POOR YOU. POOR AL.
POOR AL AND
WANDA!

JUST TURN
AROUND AND LEAVE.
GET OUT. I'LL DEAL
WITH YOU ANOTHER
TIME, ANOTHER WAY.
I'LL EXPOSE YOU TO THE
WORLD. THAT'S WHAT
YOU'RE AFRAID OF,
ISN'T IT? LIVING AMONG
THE LIVING? WHAT
WOULD THEY DO IF THEY
KNEW A CREATURE LIKE
YOU WALKED IN THEIR
MIDST? THEY WOULD
HUNT YOU DOWN.
THEY WOULD
TORMENT YOU.



WELL?

SAY
SOMETHING
YOU PATHETIC
GRUNT! YOU
RIDICULOUS
FREAK! SAY
SOMETHING...
PAWN!

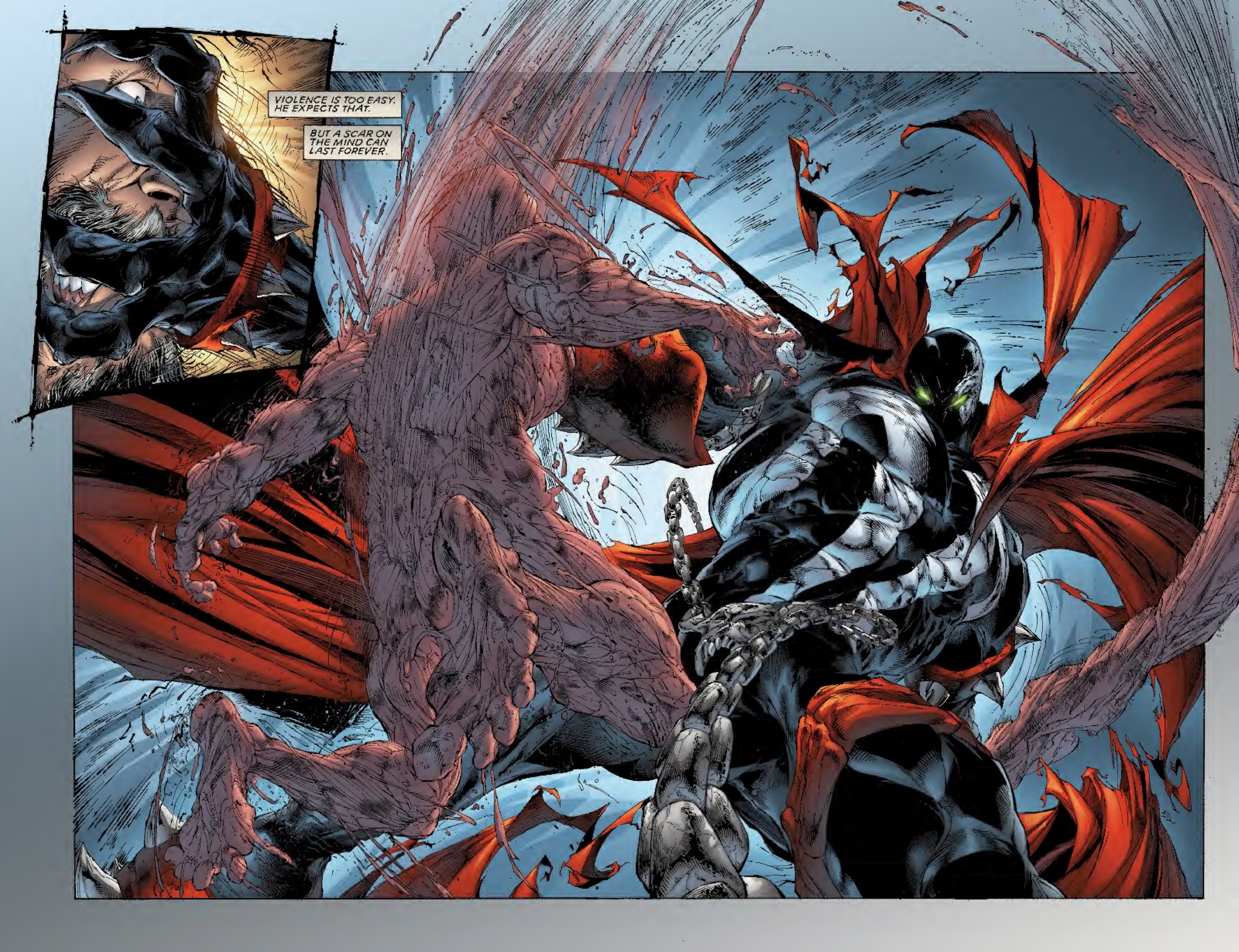


IS THIS WHERE
YOU TELL ME YOU'LL
BE BACK? YOU'LL BE
WATCHING ME?

PUT ME
DOWN THIS
INSTANT, SIMMONS!
THAT'S AN ORDER! I
AM YOUR SUPERIOR!
**PUT ME
DOWN!**

THIS
IS FOR
AL.





VIOLENCE IS TOO EASY.
HE EXPECTS THAT.

BUT A SCAR
ON
THE MIND CAN
LAST FOREVER.



AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THE HELLSPAWN STILL LEARNS NEW THINGS ABOUT HIS POWERS, BOTH PHYSICAL...



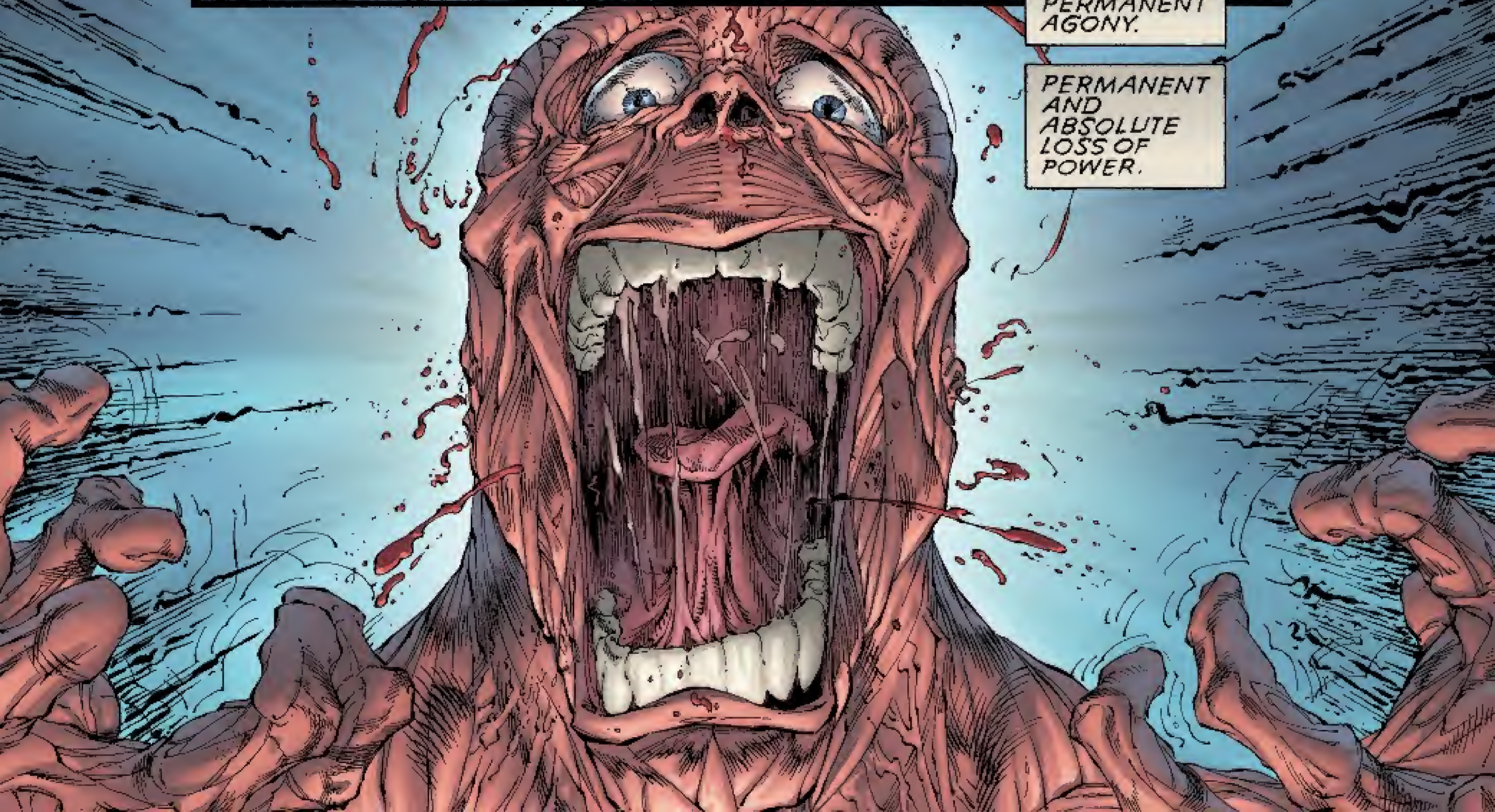
... AND MENTAL.



THIS IS BETTER THAN KILLING HIM.

THIS IS PERMANENT AGONY.

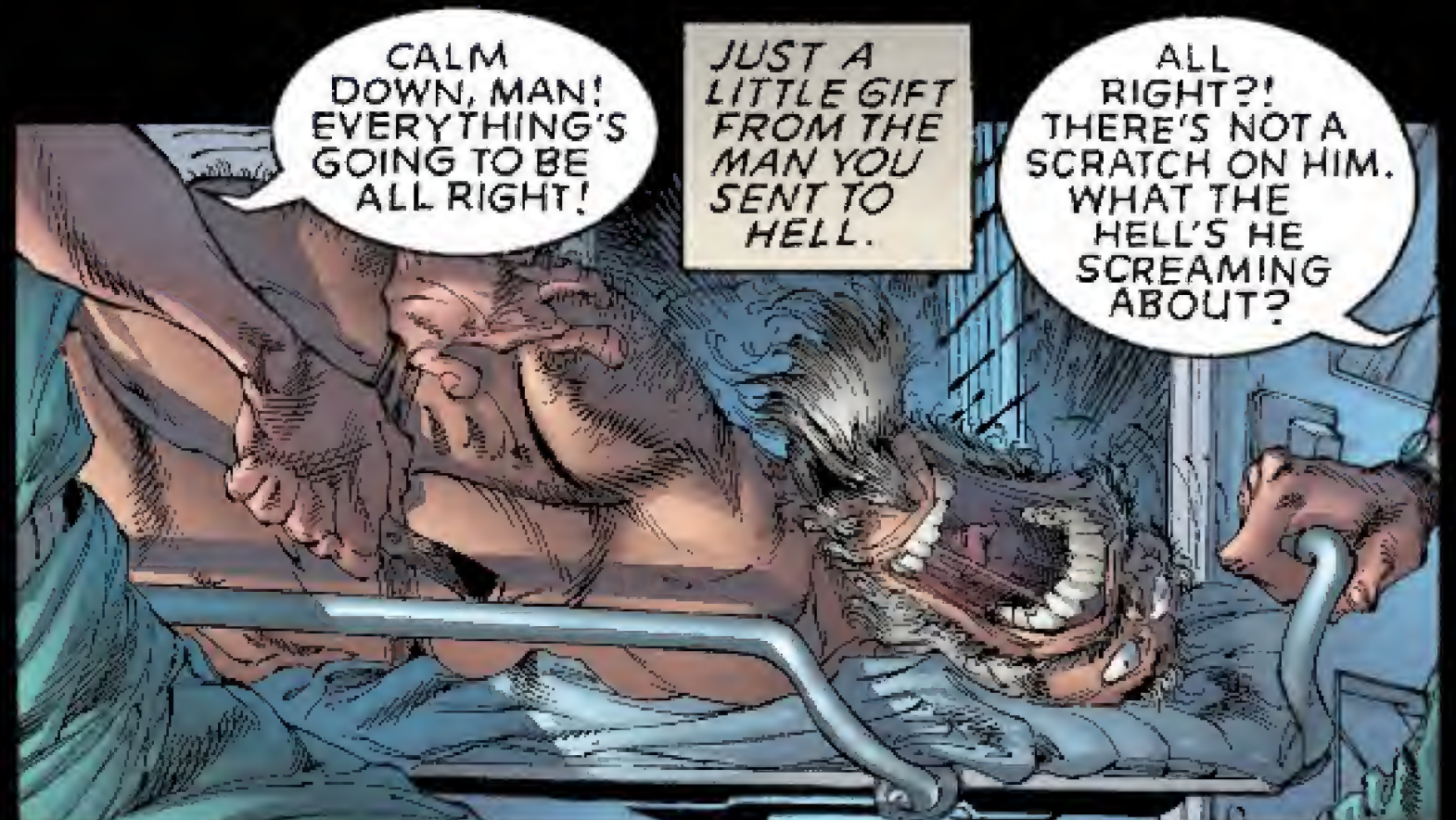
PERMANENT AND ABSOLUTE LOSS OF POWER.





IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND.

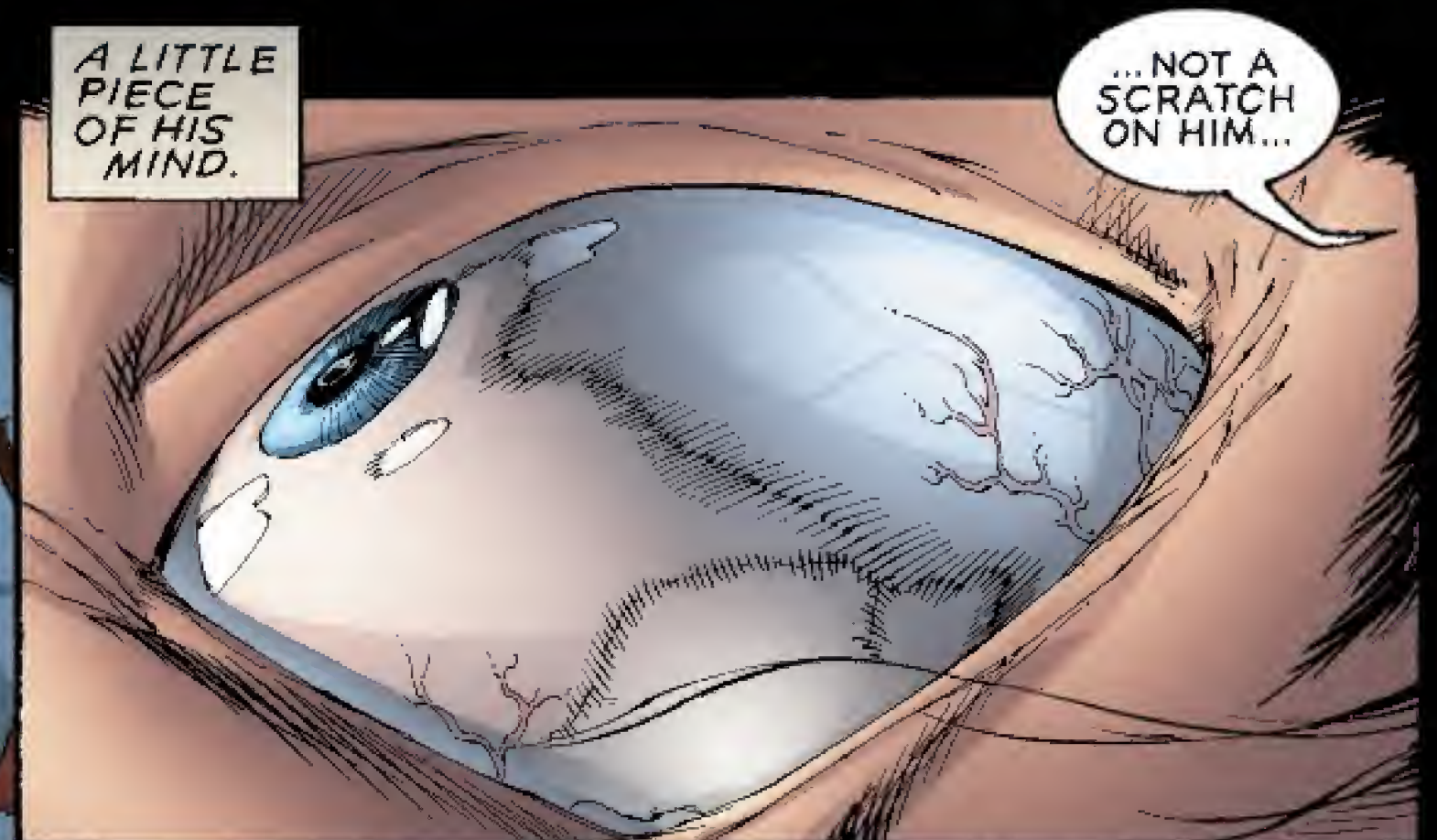
OPEN
YOUR EYES,
JASON.



CALM
DOWN, MAN!
EVERYTHING'S
GOING TO BE
ALL RIGHT!

JUST A
LITTLE GIFT
FROM THE
MAN YOU
SENT TO
HELL.

ALL
RIGHT?!
THERE'S NOT A
SCRATCH ON HIM.
WHAT THE
HELL'S HE
SCREAMING
ABOUT?



A LITTLE
PIECE
OF HIS
MIND.

...NOT A
SCRATCH
ON HIM...



ENJOY
THE TRIP.

PRAY
FOR
DEATH.

WYNN WAS RIGHT.

HE HAS
FEARED
THE WORLD.



HE FEARS BEING
KNOWN. BEING SEEN,
DESPISED, HATED
AND HUNTED.



FROM THIS DAY ON,
IT CHANGES.



NO MORE HIDING.
THE HELLSPAWN
WELCOMES THE WORLD.

HE DARES IT.



BRING
IT ON.





Capullo D.

McFARLANE



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THE MOON WASHES
SILVER OVER THE
SULFUR-YELLOW
LIGHTS OF THE CITY.
IT CASTS FAINT
HALOS AGAINST ICE
CRYSTALS HIGH IN
THE ATMOSPHERE.

THIS IS THE HUNTER'S MOON.

IT STIRS THE TIDES,
QUICKENS THE BLOOD.

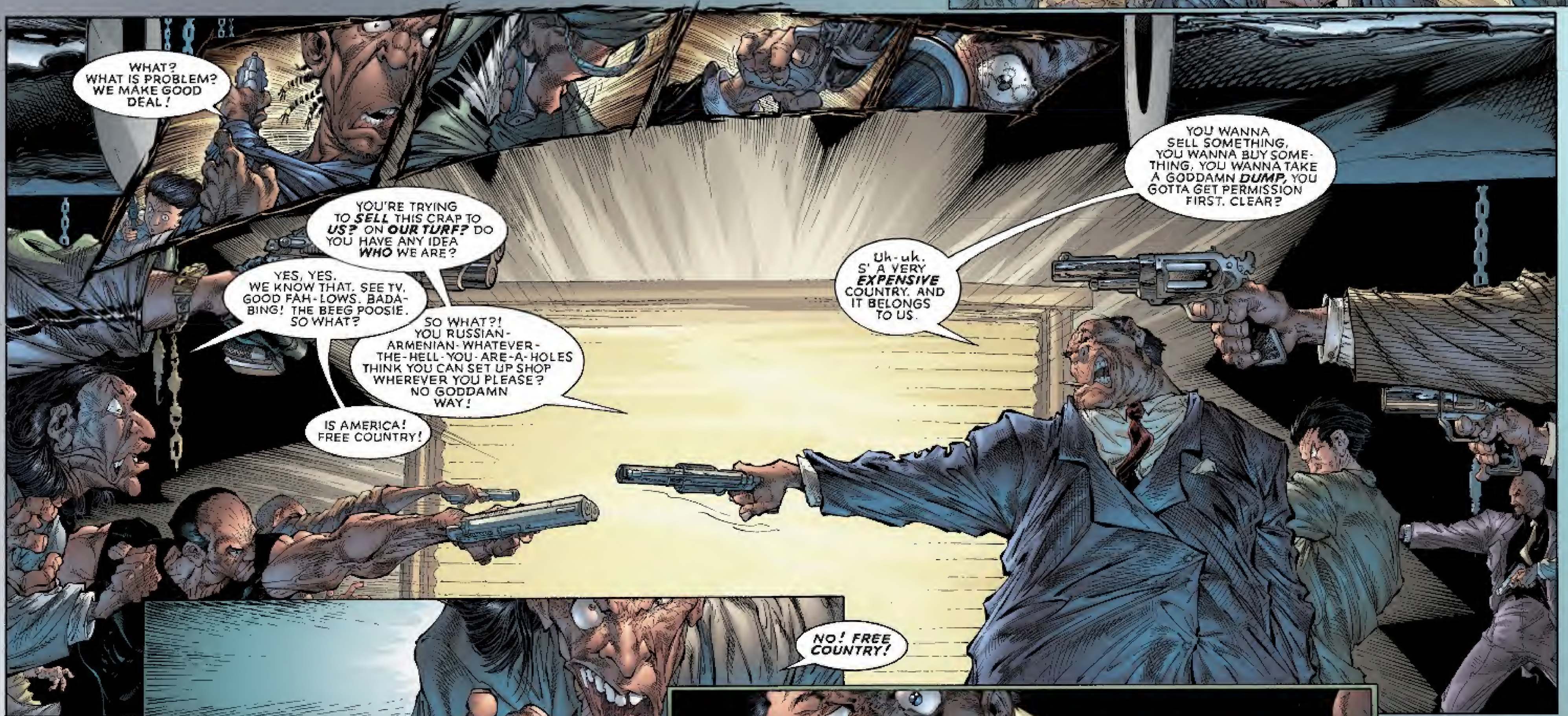
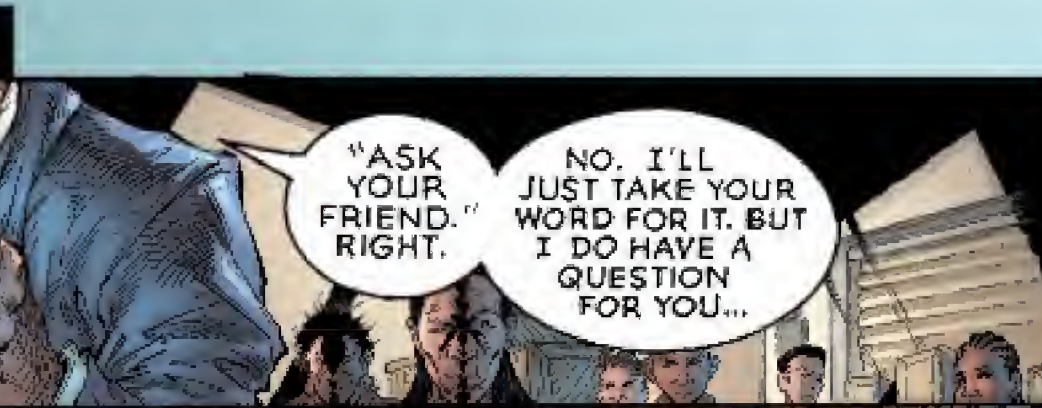
AWAKENS THE ANIMAL IN MEN.

SO
WHAT
WE GOT
HERE?

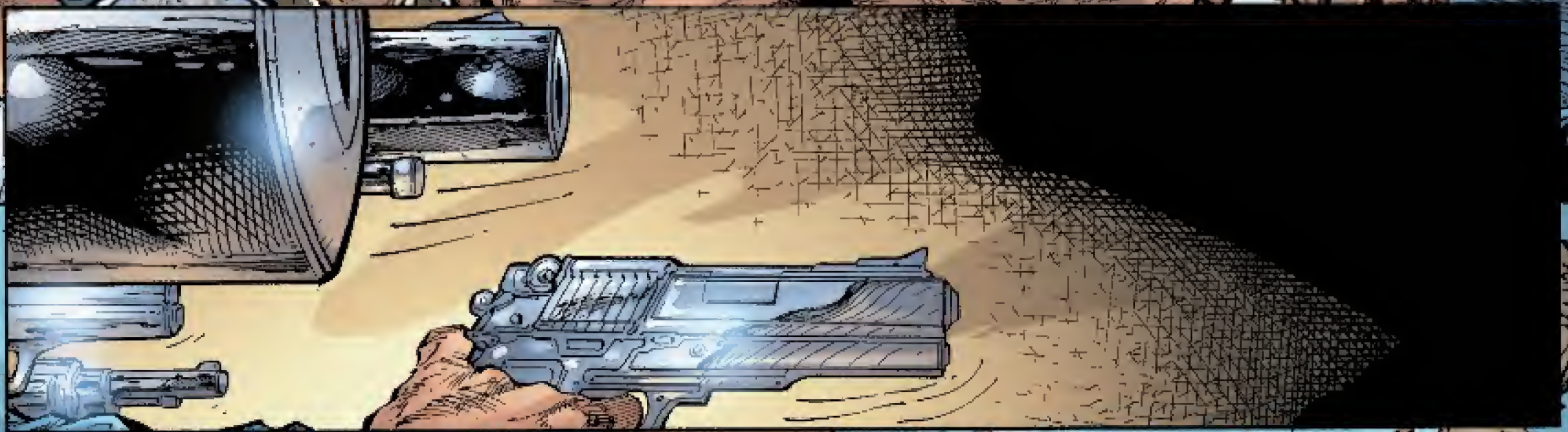
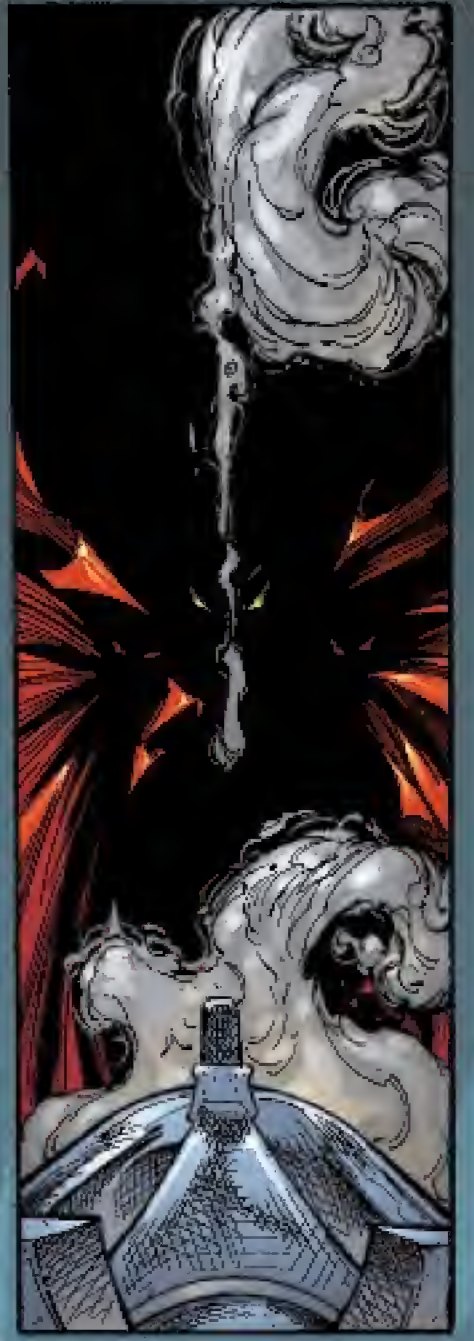
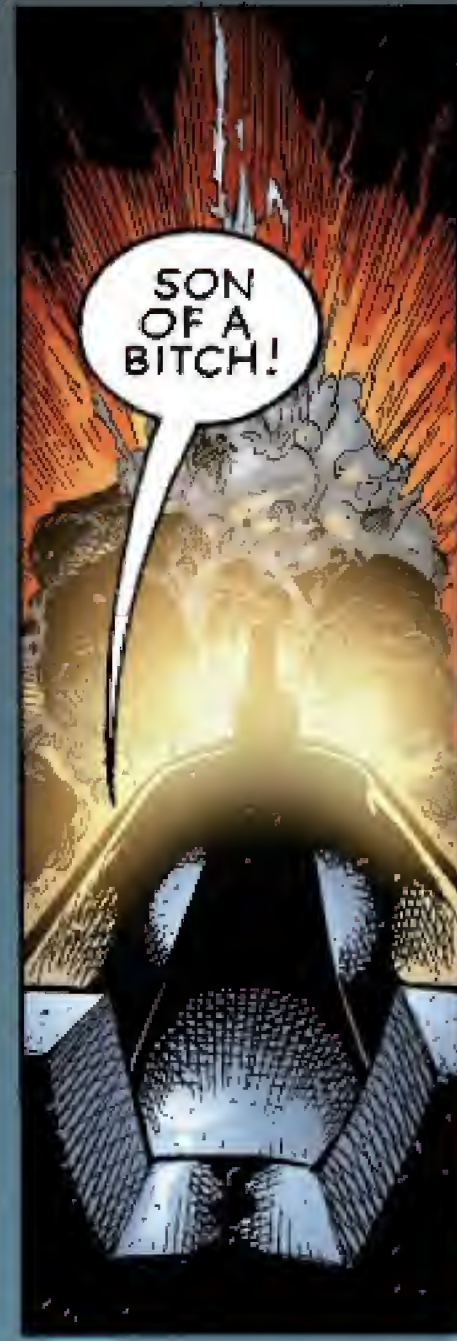
BUNCHA
GUNS... PIRATE
CELL PHONES...
WHAT'S THIS?
ONE OF THOSE
PALM COMPUTER
THINGIES? SISTER
GAVE ME ONE AT
CHRISTMAS.

NEVER
COULD GET
THE BASTARD
TO WORK.

VERY
HOT.
VERY SEXY.
WALL
STREET,
YES?









THE FIRST OF
MANY SUCH NIGHTS.



IT IS WRITTEN ON THE
MOON. IT IS SCENTED
IN THE BLOOD.



THE TIME HAS COME ...

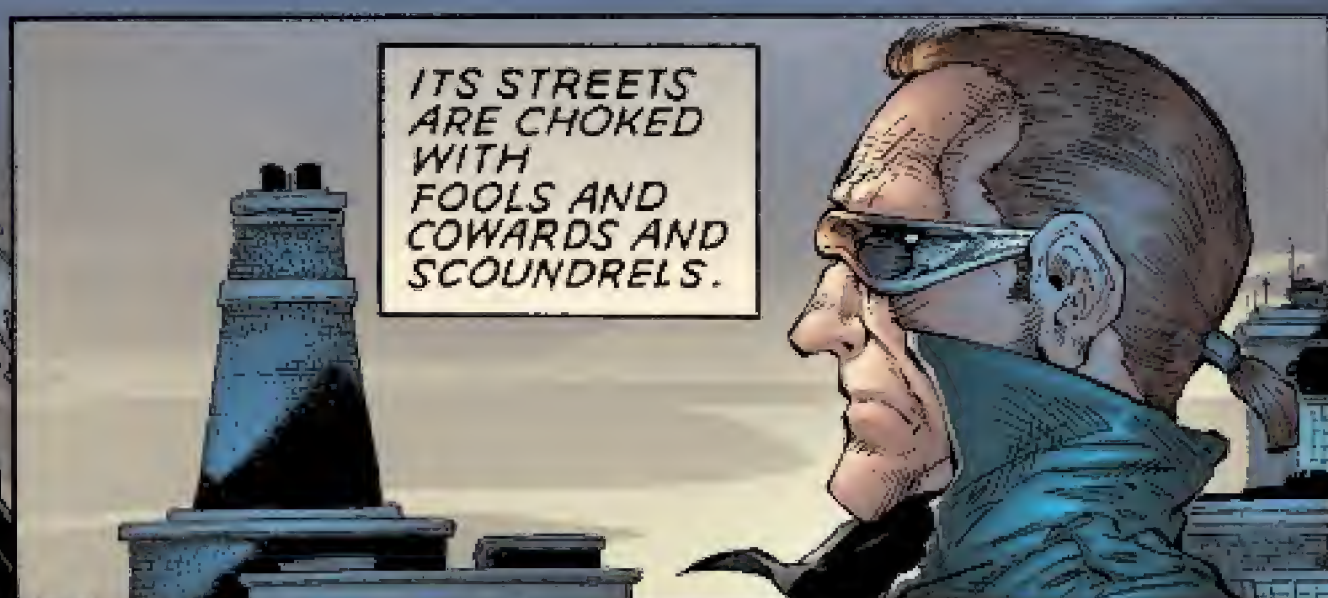




THE CITY IS
UNCLEAN.



SIN AND FILTH
ISSUE FROM EVERY
CONCRETE PORE.



ITS STREETS
ARE CHOKED
WITH
FOOLS AND
COWARDS AND
SCOUNDRELS.



ITS JAGGED
SKYLINE A
MONUMENT
TO HUBRIS.

BUT THERE
SHALL COME
A RECKONING...

WHEN THE SKY RAINS
VENGEANCE AND THE
BLOOD OF THE
WICKED FLOWS...



FOR THE
GLORY OF THE
KINGDOM.



C'MON, THIS IS A PRETZEL BOWL, NOT A SPITTOON. WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU ANIMALS?

RELAX. IT'S A JOKE.

A JOKE, IS IT? WELL, MAYBE YOU HEARD THIS ONE: A HALF-DOZEN INBRED DIP-WADS WALK INTO A BAR...

CALM DOWN. IT'S NOT LIKE ANYONE EVER EATS THAT STALE OL' CRAP.

HEY, UNCLE RUDY WOULD LOVE TO SHUT ME DOWN, IF YOU HADN'T HEARD.

GOT THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT BREATHING DOWN MY NECK, GOT THE LIQUOR BOARD SNOOPING AROUND.

YOU LOSERS'LL HAVE TO FIND SOMEWHERE ELSE TO BLOW YOUR WELFARE, YOU AIN'T CAREFUL...

HELLO, WOLFRAM? IS THIS WHERE YOU'VE BEEN HIDING YOURSELF?

WHAT?

S-SIMON?

RATHER DREARY PLACE YOU'VE FOUND. I DARESAY YOU'VE SEEN BETTER DAYS.

MAY I SIT?



DO WHAT YOU PLEASE. I DON'T CARE... THE PACK OF YOU... MAD AS MAGPIES. I WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU. I TOLD YOU THAT.

I WARNED THE COUNCIL ABOUT YOU. ABOUT YOUR KIND. THERE'S NO ROOM FOR ROGUES. FOR FENCE SITTERS. YOU'VE PROVED ME RIGHT.



BEASTS LIKE YOU, OUT FOR YOUR OWN APPETITES. YOU HAVE NO CODE.



HELL WITH YOUR CODE. THINGS HAVE CHANGED, BOYO. DIFFERENT GAME NOW, OR HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?

NO. THE STAKES MAY HAVE CHANGED, BUT THE GAME'S STILL THE SAME.



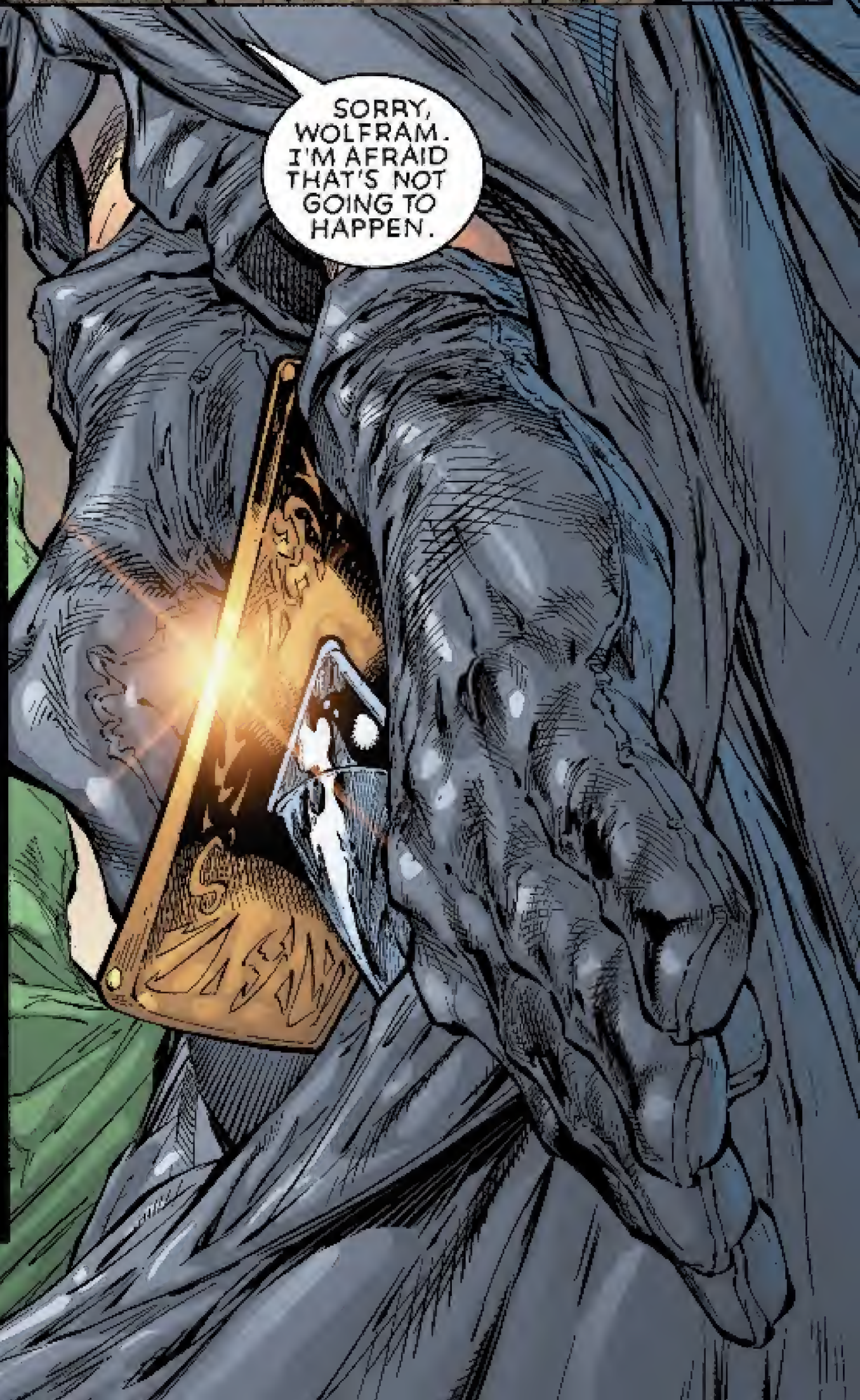
SO YOU'RE THE **BIG MAN** NOW, ARE YOU? **SIMON PURE**, THE HIGH AND MIGHTY. YOU AND YOUR MAD SCHEMES.

IT'S ALL GOING TO BLOW UP IN YOUR FACE, THAT'S A FACT.

IS IT?



IT IS. AND WHEN IT DOES, I'M GOING TO HAVE MYSELF QUITE A LAUGH...



SORRY, WOLFRAM. I'M AFRAID THAT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN.





WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I THINK WE JUST WALKED INTO THE LAST REEL OF "RESERVOIR DOGS."



NOTICE ANYTHING STRANGE?

BESIDES WALL-TO-WALL CORPSES?

ALL THE CARTRIDGE SHELLS ARE ON THIS SIDE OF THE ROOM. SO ARE ALL THE BULLETS. NOT TO MENTION THE DEAD BODIES.

SO?

SO WHAT KIND OF BULLET DOES A 180-DEGREE TURN IN MID-AIR?

CARTOON BULLETS?



breep

HANG ON...

WILLIAMS.

WHAT? NO, NO, I'M ON A SCENE. TELL HER-- TELL HER I'LL--

WHAT? EMERGENCY? YOU'RE SURE? OKAY, OKAY, PUT HER ON.



HELEN? HELEN, I'M RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF-- WHAT? WAIT. CALM DOWN. WHAT...?





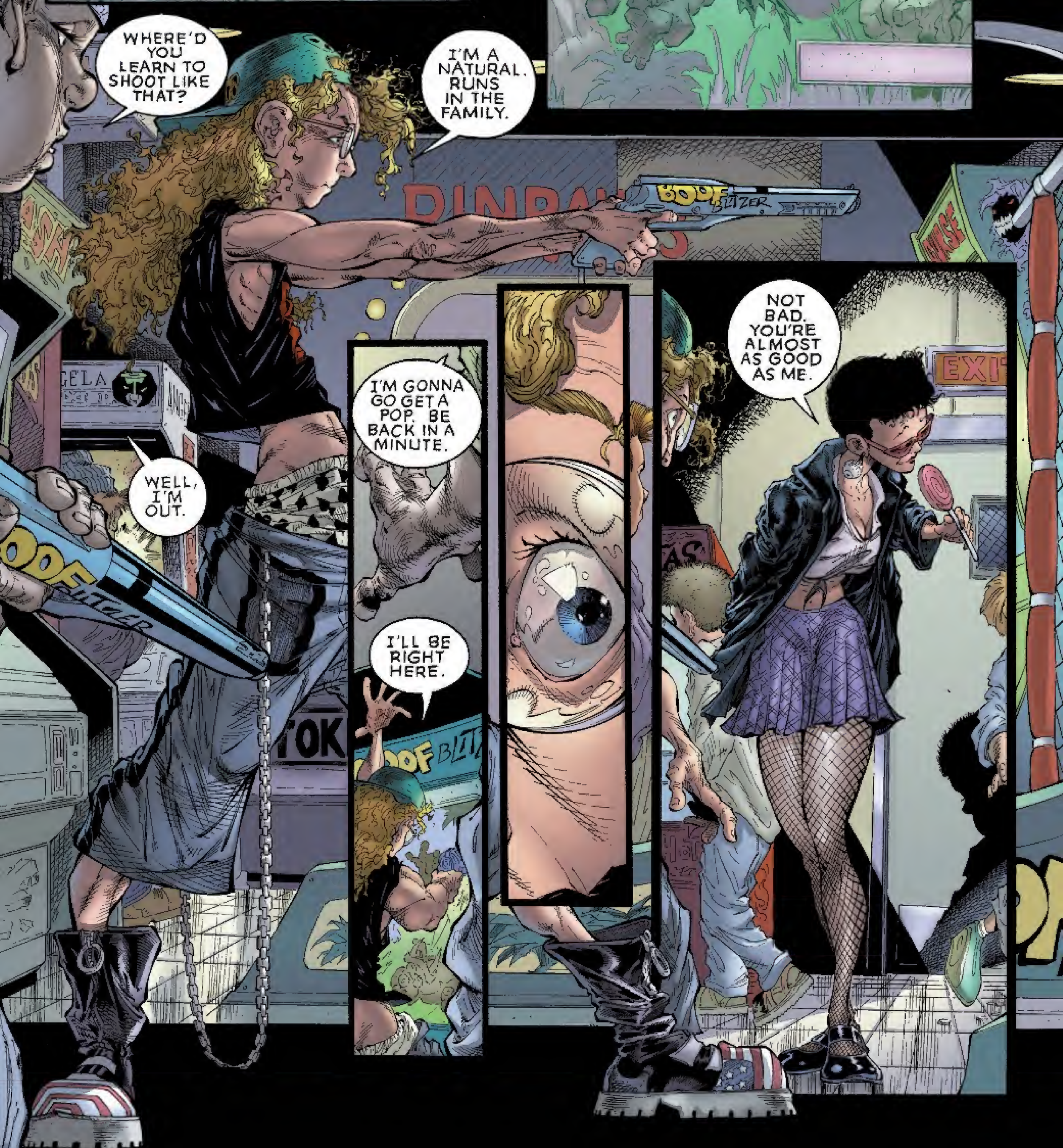
DUDE,
YOU'RE SO
TOAST.

UH-
UH.



HAH!

THEY'RE
COMING TOO
FAST. YOU'LL
NEVER--



WHERE'D
YOU
LEARN TO
SHOOT LIKE
THAT?

I'M A
NATURAL.
RUNS IN
THE FAMILY.

I'M GONNA
GO GET A
POP. BE
BACK IN A
MINUTE.

I'LL BE
RIGHT
HERE.

WELL,
I'M
OUT.

NOT
BAD.
YOU'RE
ALMOST
AS GOOD
AS ME.

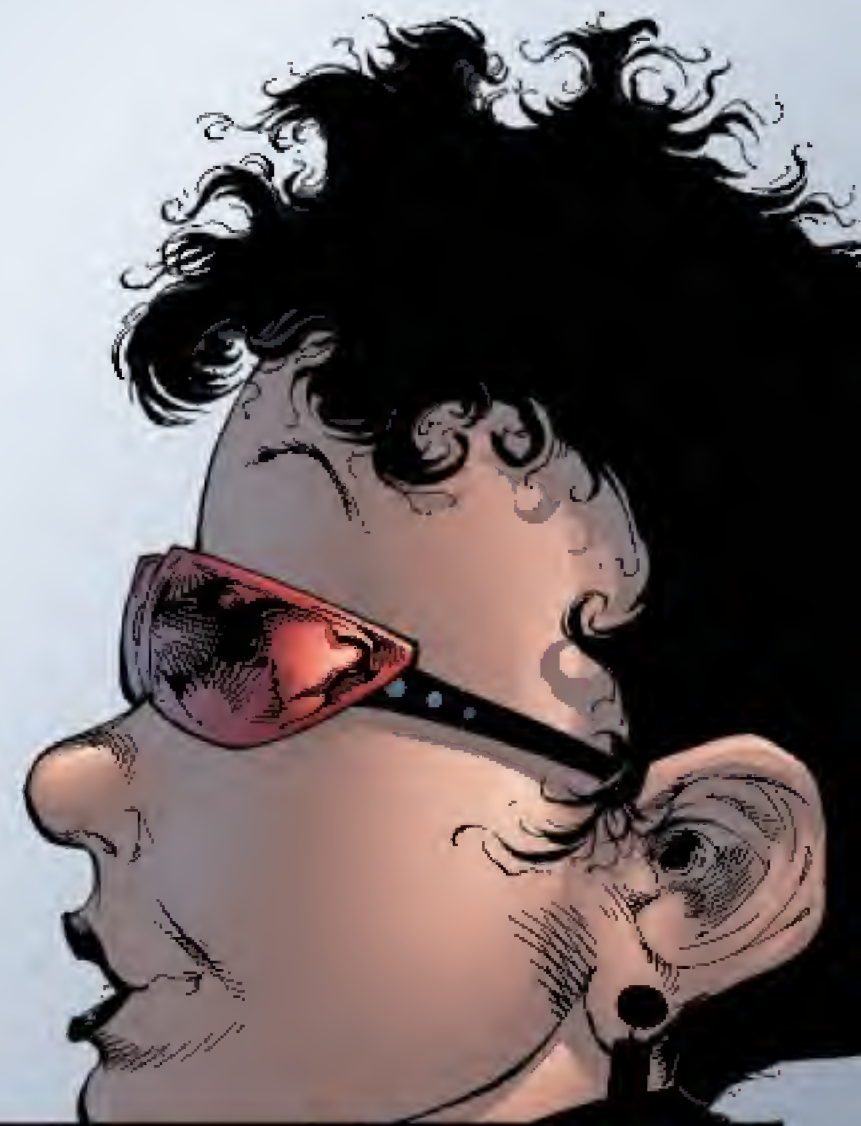


Huh?
I MEAN, uh...
HEY.

DIDN'T
MEAN TO
SPOOK YOU.
SORRY IF I
GOT YOU
KILLED.

NAH.
IT'S
COOL.

YOU
SURE?



GAME OVER
INSERT COIN
TO
CONTINUE



YEAH.
I MEAN,
Y'KNOW, IT
WAS KINDA
WORTH
IT.

WELL,
AREN'T
YOU A
GOOD
SPORT?

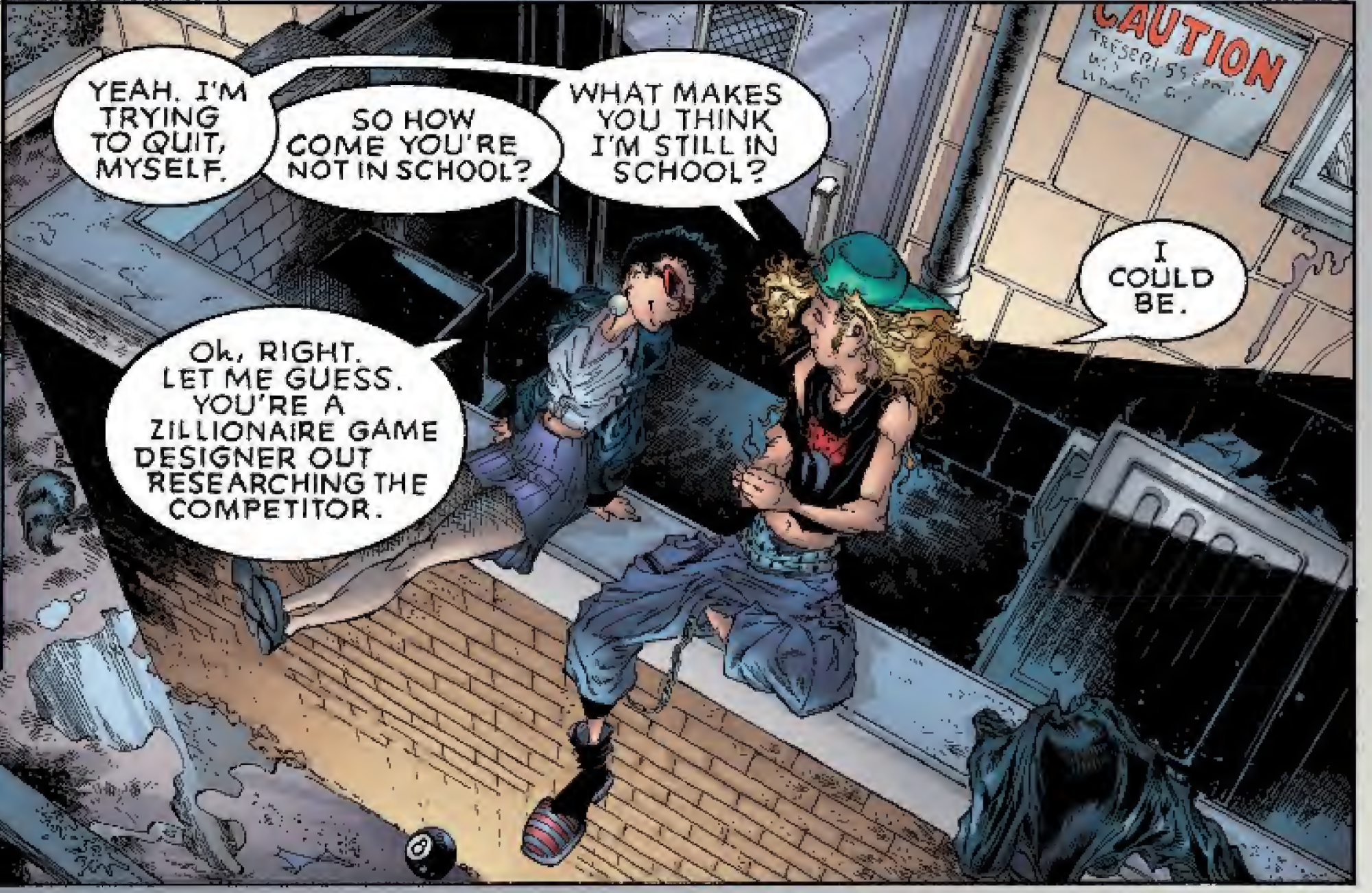


...?



CIGARETTE.

NO THANKS.
MY BODY'S A
TEMPLE.



YEAH. I'M
TRYING
TO QUIT,
MYSELF.

SO HOW
COME YOU'RE
NOT IN SCHOOL?

WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK
I'M STILL IN
SCHOOL?

I
COULD
BE.

OK, RIGHT.
LET ME GUESS.
YOU'RE A
ZILLIONAIRE GAME
DESIGNER OUT
RESEARCHING THE
COMPETITOR.



SORRY, HON. NOT A CHANCE. YOU DROP OUT?

YEAH, KINDA. HOW'D YOU KNOW?

I'M A DARN FINE JUDGE OF CHARACTER.

SO WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU DROP OUT TOO?

ME? NO. I'M EMANCIPATED.

COOL. MY FOLKS WOULD NEVER LET ME DO THAT.

WHEN DID THEY SPLIT UP, YOUR FOLKS? SIX MONTHS AGO, A YEAR?

SO OF COURSE NOW SHE DOESN'T LET US SEE HIM AT ALL.

LET ME GUESS. HOT SHOT LAWYER OR SOME WALL STREET TYPE? TOO BUSY CHASING THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR TO CUDDLE THE KIDS?

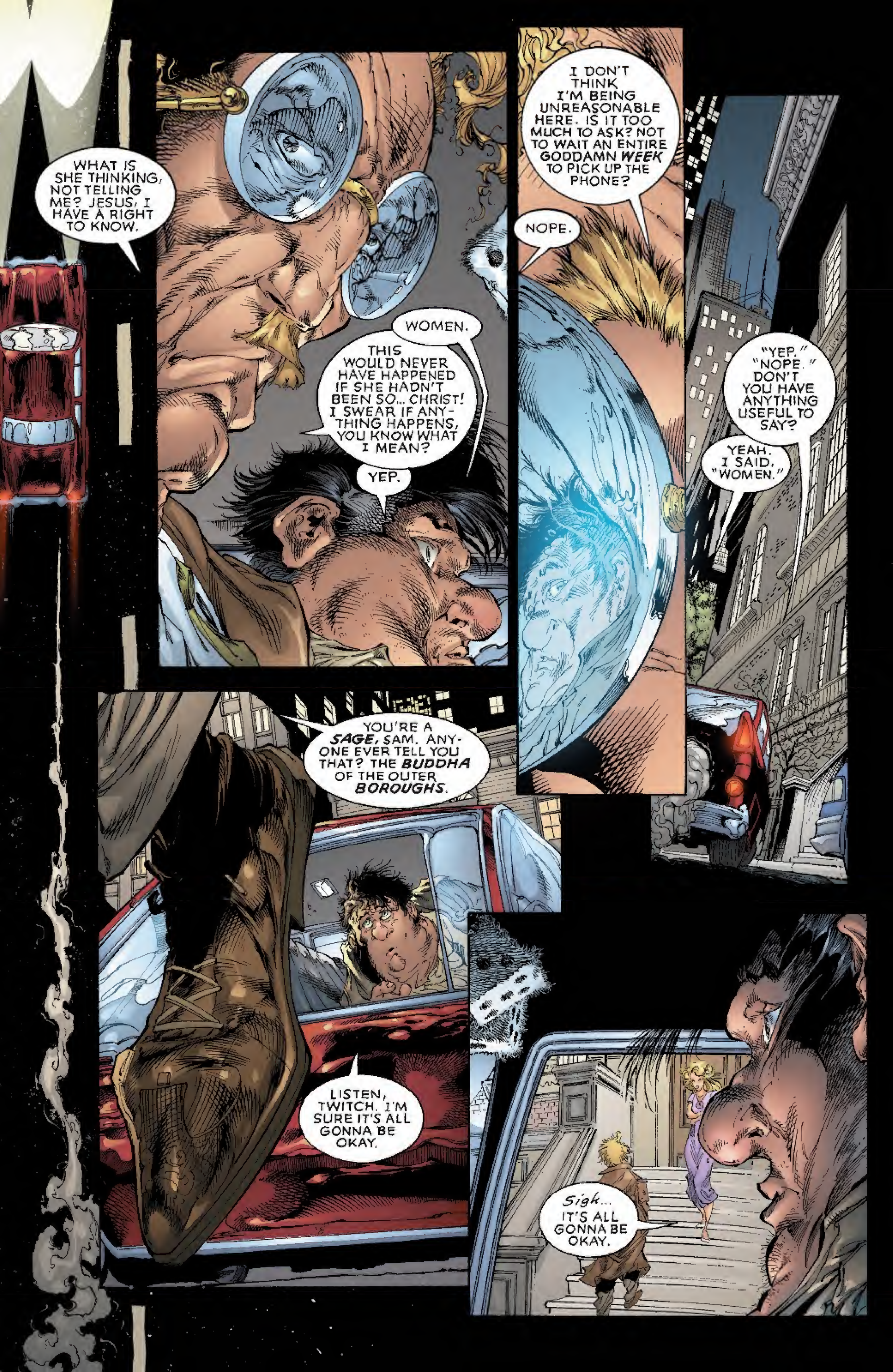
NOPE. CHECK THIS... HE'S A COP.

HOW'D YOU--?

I TOLD YOU. I'M A FINE JUDGE OF CHARACTER. IT'S OKAY, I KNOW HOW IT IS. SO, WHAT WAS IT? FATHER CHEATING?

NAH. NOTHING LIKE THAT. HIS JOB MOSTLY, I GUESS. MOM THOUGHT HE TOOK IT TOO SERIOUSLY, NEVER SPENT ENOUGH TIME WITH US.





WHAT IS SHE THINKING, NOT TELLING ME? JESUS, I HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW.

WOMEN.

THIS WOULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED IF SHE HADN'T BEEN SO... CHRIST! I SWEAR IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

YEP.

I DON'T THINK I'M BEING UNREASONABLE HERE. IS IT TOO MUCH TO ASK? NOT TO WAIT AN ENTIRE GODDAMN WEEK TO PICK UP THE PHONE?

NOPE.

"YEP." "NOPE." DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING USEFUL TO SAY?


YEAH. I SAID, "WOMEN."

YOU'RE A SAGE, SAM. ANYONE EVER TELL YOU THAT? THE BUDDHA OF THE OUTER BOROUGH.

LISTEN, TWITCH. I'M SURE IT'S ALL GONNA BE OKAY.

Sigh... IT'S ALL GONNA BE OKAY.





CHECK IT OUT. THIS MANEUVER HAS AN 8-POINT DEGREE OF DIFFICULTY. THAT GOLD MEDAL'S MINE, SUCKAS!

CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING?

SHOOT.

THIS IS GOING TO SOUND DUMB, BUT DO YOU EVER, I DON'T KNOW... DO YOU EVER GET SCARED ABOUT GROWING UP?

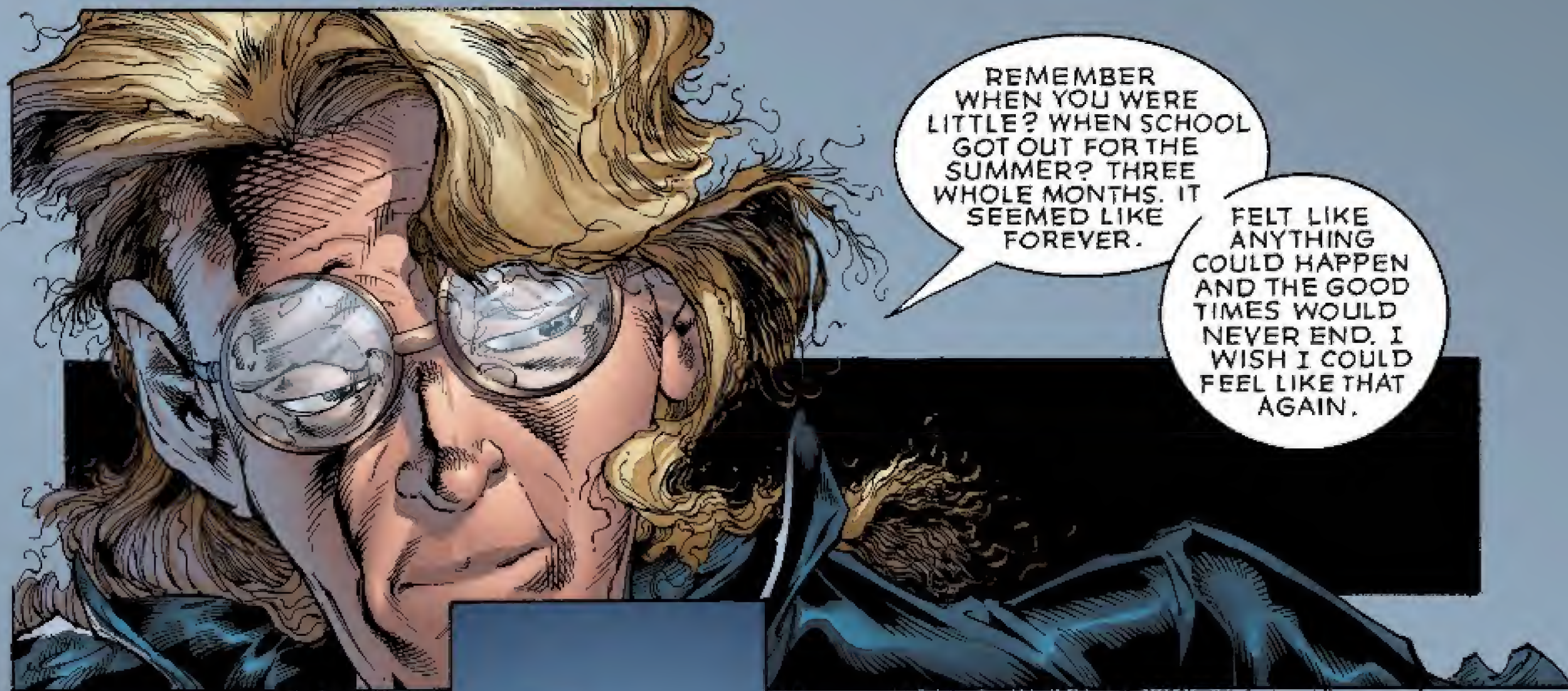
ME? NEVER.

I DO. I MEAN, I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND THE POINT. GROW UP, GET A JOB, BE MISERABLE.

FIND SOMEONE TO MARRY, SETTLE DOWN AND MAKE *THEM* MISERABLE. THOUGHT NEVER BOTHERS YOU?

NO. BUT I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU MEAN.

I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY YOU COULD STAY YOUNG FOREVER.



REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE? WHEN SCHOOL GOT OUT FOR THE SUMMER? THREE WHOLE MONTHS. IT SEEMED LIKE FOREVER.

FELT LIKE ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN AND THE GOOD TIMES WOULD NEVER END. I WISH I COULD FEEL LIKE THAT AGAIN.



"WHEN I WAS A CHILD, I THOUGHT AS A CHILD..."



YEP.



HEY, LISTEN, SORRY TO GET ALL "DAWSON'S CREEK" ON YOU. YOU'RE JUST REALLY EASY TO TALK TO, IS ALL.

HEY, NO PROBLEM. CHECK OUT THIS DISMOUNT.



AND SHE STICKS THE LANDING! THE CROWD GOES WILD.

I TELL YOU, I OUGHT TO BE A SUPER-HERO.



WHOA! DAMN, THAT'S FAR.



SO, uh, DO YOU HAVE TO BE GETTING HOME OR ANY-THING?

NOPE. YOU?

NAH. I REALLY DON'T GO HOME ANYMORE. JUST KINDA, YOU KNOW, ROUGHING IT.

HEY, LOOK. IT'S DARK ALREADY.

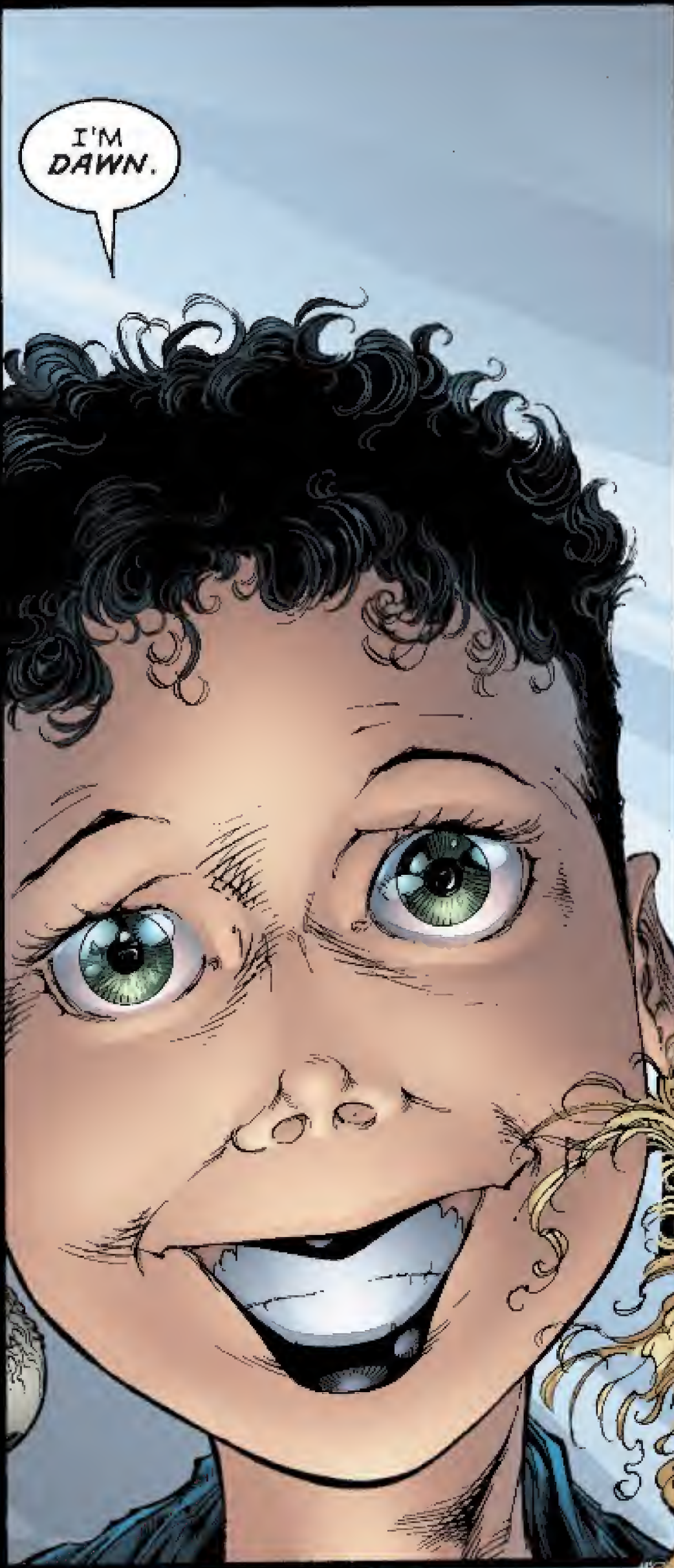
WOW. HOW LONG'VE WE BEEN TALKING?

ALL DAY, I GUESS.

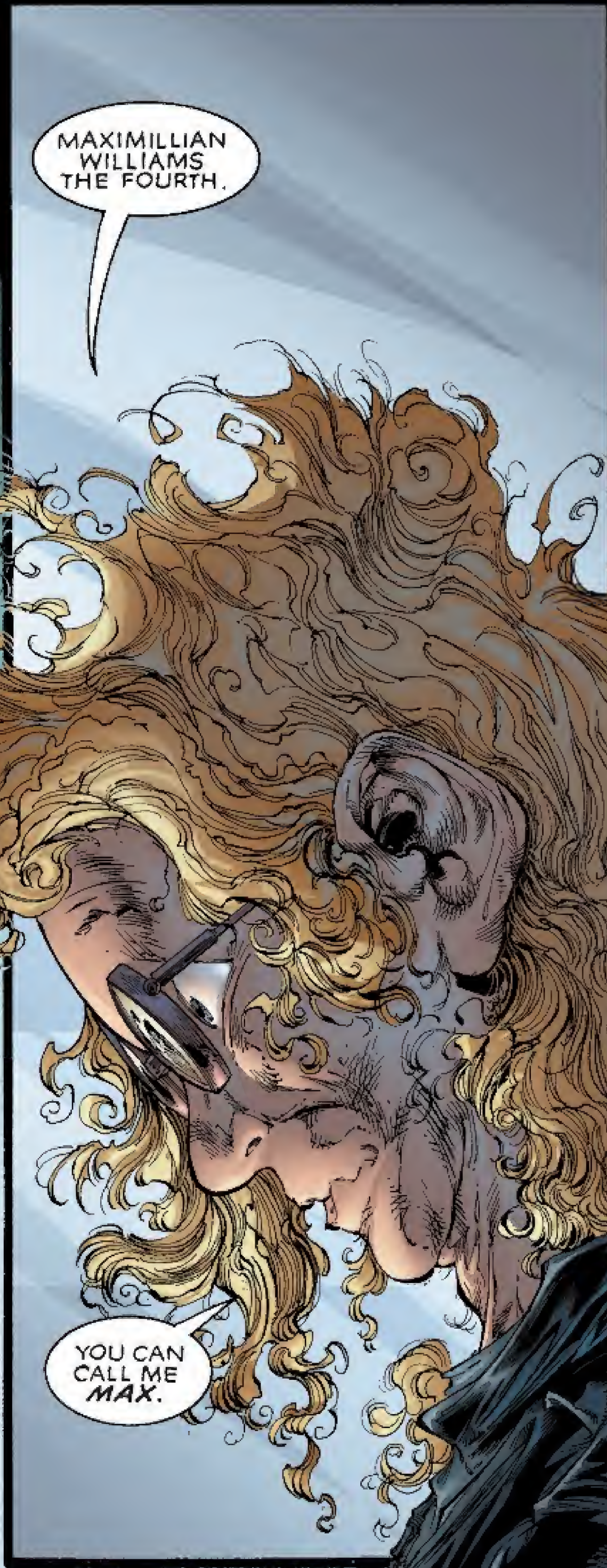
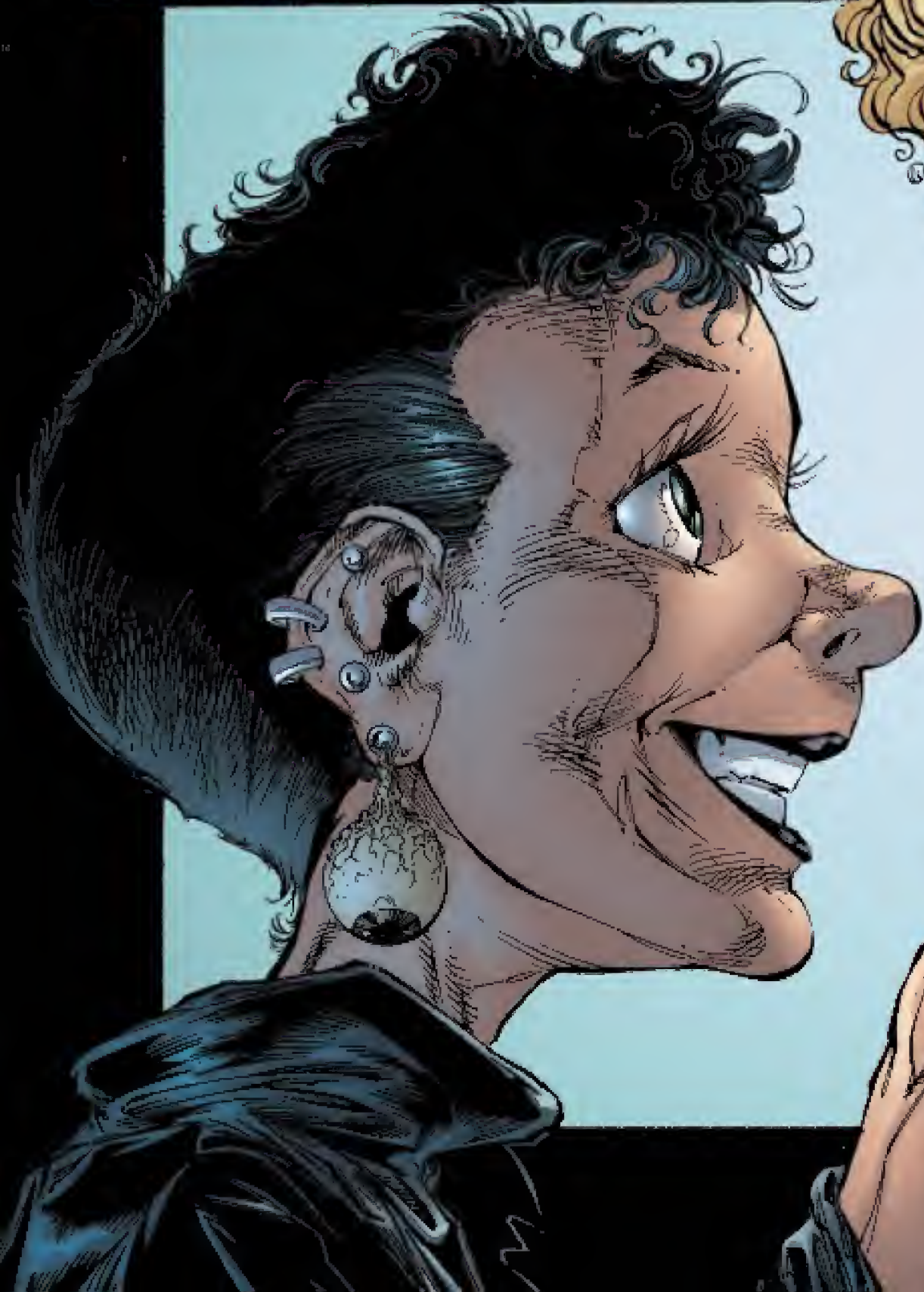


YOU KNOW, WE'VE BEEN CHATTING ALL THIS TIME, AND I HAVEN'T EVEN TOLD YOU MY NAME...





I'M
DAWN.



MAXIMILLIAN
WILLIAMS
THE FOURTH.

YOU CAN
CALL ME
MAX.



SPAWN



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Capullo

McFarlane

Talos

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING,
SAM?

SAM?
WHAT ARE
YOU--? DON'T
BE AN IDIOT,
SAM.

NO.
HANG ON...
THIS IS GOOD.
THIS IS GOOD...
THIS IS GOING
TO WORK. JUST
WAIT...

THIS
WAS A BAD
IDEA. HE WON'T
SHOW UP...

YEAH? WELL,
MAYBE YOU
SHOULD'NA TOLD
HIM TO F-OFF THE
LAST TIME WE
SAW HIM.

WHAT?
WHAT DID
YOU SAY?
I TOLD
HIM TO
F-OFF?

YOU. ME.
WHAT'S THE
DIFFERENCE?
BESIDES,
THIS IS
GOING TO
WORK.

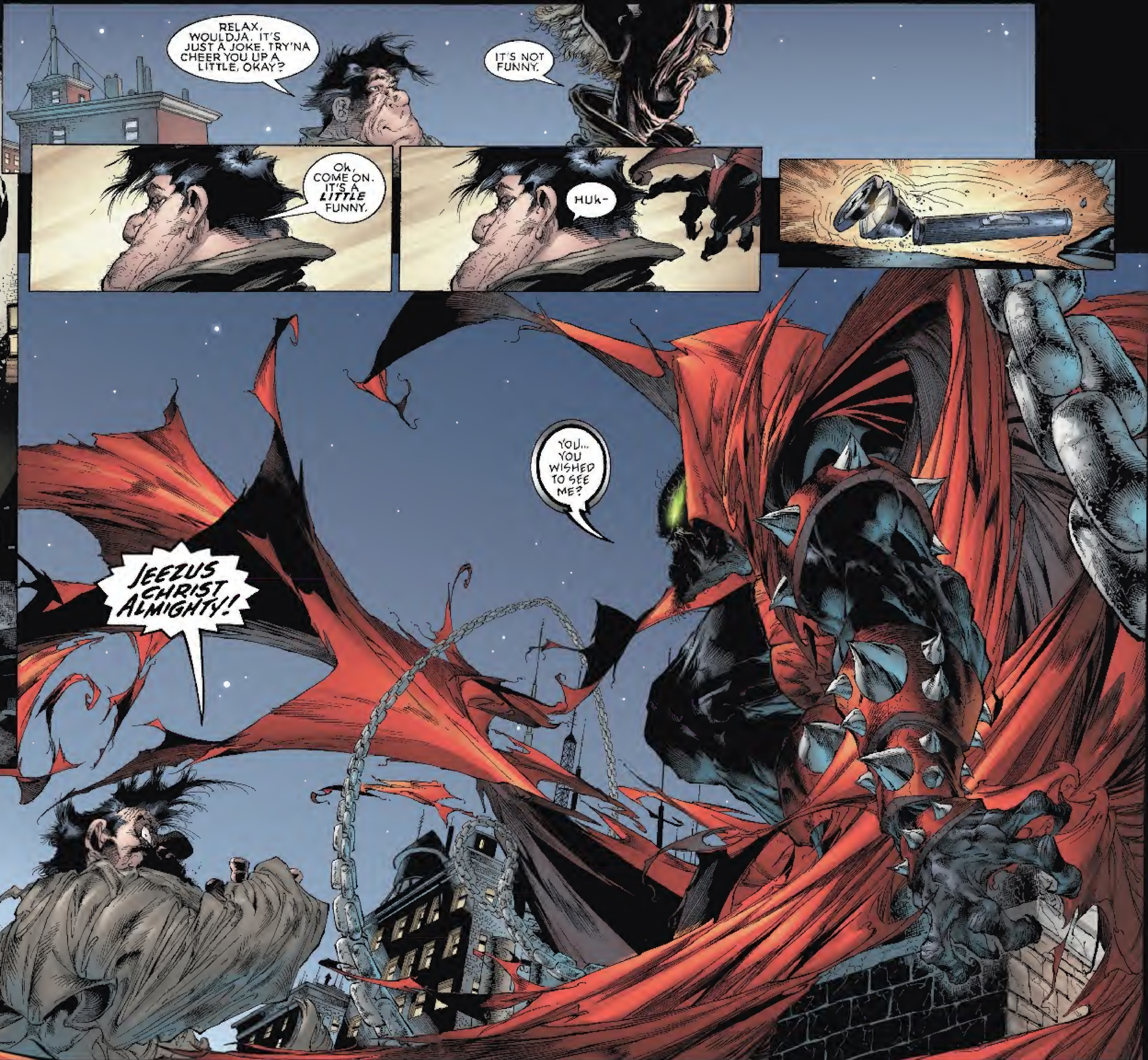
NO. WE
SHOULD GO.
WE SHOULD JUST
GO. HE'S NOT
SHOWING UP.

I DON'T
EVEN
KNOW
WHAT
MADE ME
THINK...



THIS
WILL
WORK, I'M
TELLIN'
YA.

WHAT
A CLEVER
BOY YOU
ARE.



RELAX,
WOULDJA. IT'S
JUST A JOKE. TRY'NA
CHEER YOU UP A
LITTLE, OKAY?

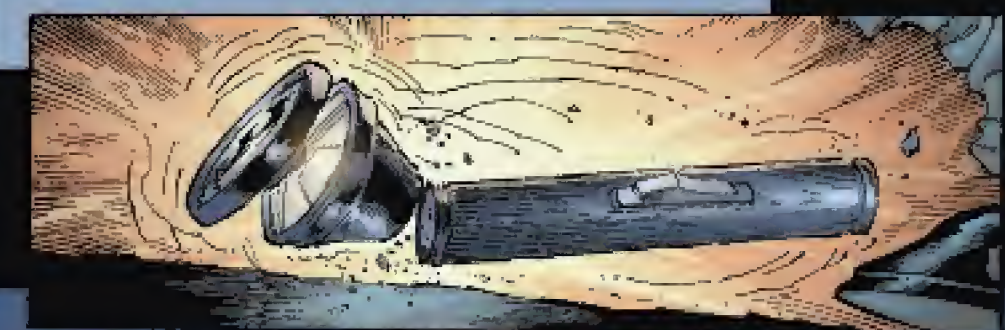
IT'S NOT
FUNNY.



OK,
COME ON.
IT'S A
LITTLE
FUNNY.



HUK-



YOU...
YOU
WISHED
TO SEE
ME?

JEEZUS
CHRIST
ALMIGHTY!



SPAWN.

I'M SORRY.
SPAWN.
OF COURSE.

IT'S BEEN...
IT'S BEEN A
WHILE. I
THINK I HALF
BELIEVED THAT
WE IMAGINED
YOU. BUT...
YOU'RE
DIFFERENT.
YOU'VE
CHANGED.

EVERY-
THING
CHANGES. YOU
WISHED TO SEE
ME. WHY?

TWITCH?

MR.
SIMMONS...

I'M
SORRY?

SIMMONS
NO LONGER.
JUST
SPAWN.

IT'S...

JESUS,
I'M
SORRY.
JUST GIVE
ME A
SEC.

IT'S...
WELL,
IT'S ABOUT
MY
SON.



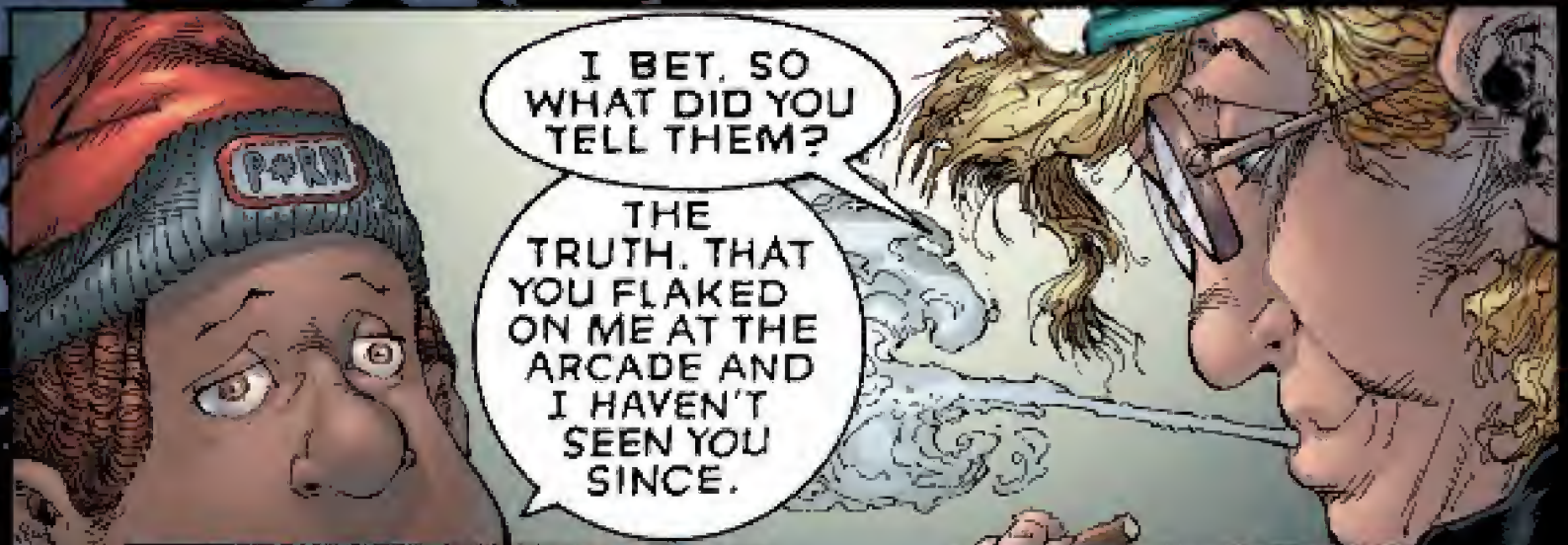
DUDE.
LISTEN
TO ME. I'M
SERIOUS.

THEY WERE
AT MY HOUSE,
ASKING ALL KINDS
OF QUESTIONS.

YEAH?
SO
WHAT?

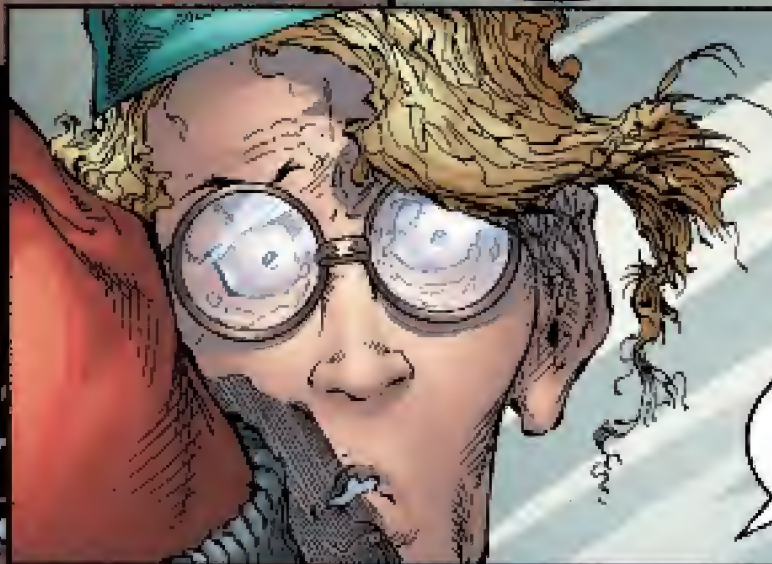
SO
WHAT?!
YOUR DAD'S
A FRIGGIN'
COP. HOW'S
THAT FOR A
START? HE'S
GOT THE WHOLE
FORCE
LOOKING
FOR YOU.

YOU
SHOULDA HEARD
THEM: WHERE'VE
YOU BEEN? WHEN
DID I LAST SEE YOU?
WHERE ARE YOU
STAYING? MY
PARENTS FULLY
FREAKED.



I BET. SO
WHAT DID YOU
TELL THEM?

THE
TRUTH. THAT
YOU FLAKED
ON ME AT THE
ARCADE AND
I HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU
SINCE.



LOOK,
MAX, I KNOW
IT HASN'T BEEN TOO
COOL SINCE YOUR DAD
SPLIT, BUT DUDE,
THEY'RE GETTING
SERIOUSLY
WORRIED.

I'M
GONNA HAVE
TO TELL 'EM
SOMETHING.



I MEAN CAN'T YOU
CALL YOUR MOM AND
JUST TELL HER YOU'RE
OKAY? CALL WHEN
SHE'S AT WORK
AND LEAVE A
MESSAGE IF
YOU DON'T
WANT TO
SPEAK TO
HER...



MAX.
ARE YOU
LISTENING
TO ME?





THEY
CAN GO TO
HELL.



DUDE,
C'MON.

Y'KNOW
WHAT, EDDIE?
TELL 'EM WHAT-
EVER YOU WANT. IT
DOESN'T MATTER.
MY DAD CAN HIRE
GOD HIMSELF TO
LOOK FOR ME. HE
AIN'T GONNA
FIND ME.



TELL
'EM I WAS
ABDUCTED
BY **ALIENS**.
TELL 'EM I
JOINED A
CULT.

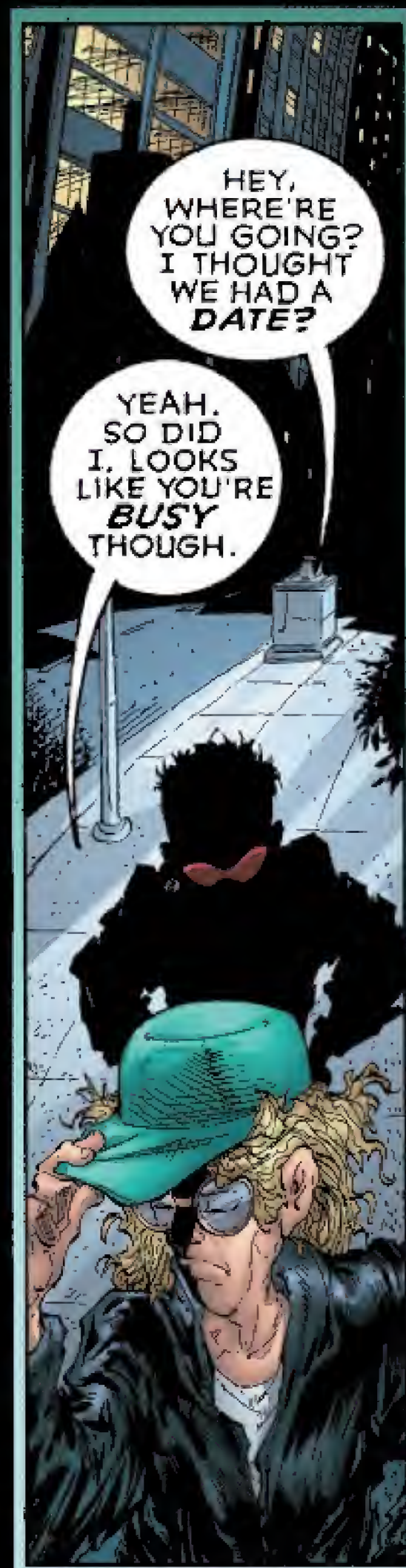


HEY
LITTLE BOY.
WHERE
ARE YOU
WANDERING
OFF TO?

DAWN?
HOW DID--?
FORGET
IT.

MAX!

BETTER
YET, TELL
THEM I'M
DEAD.



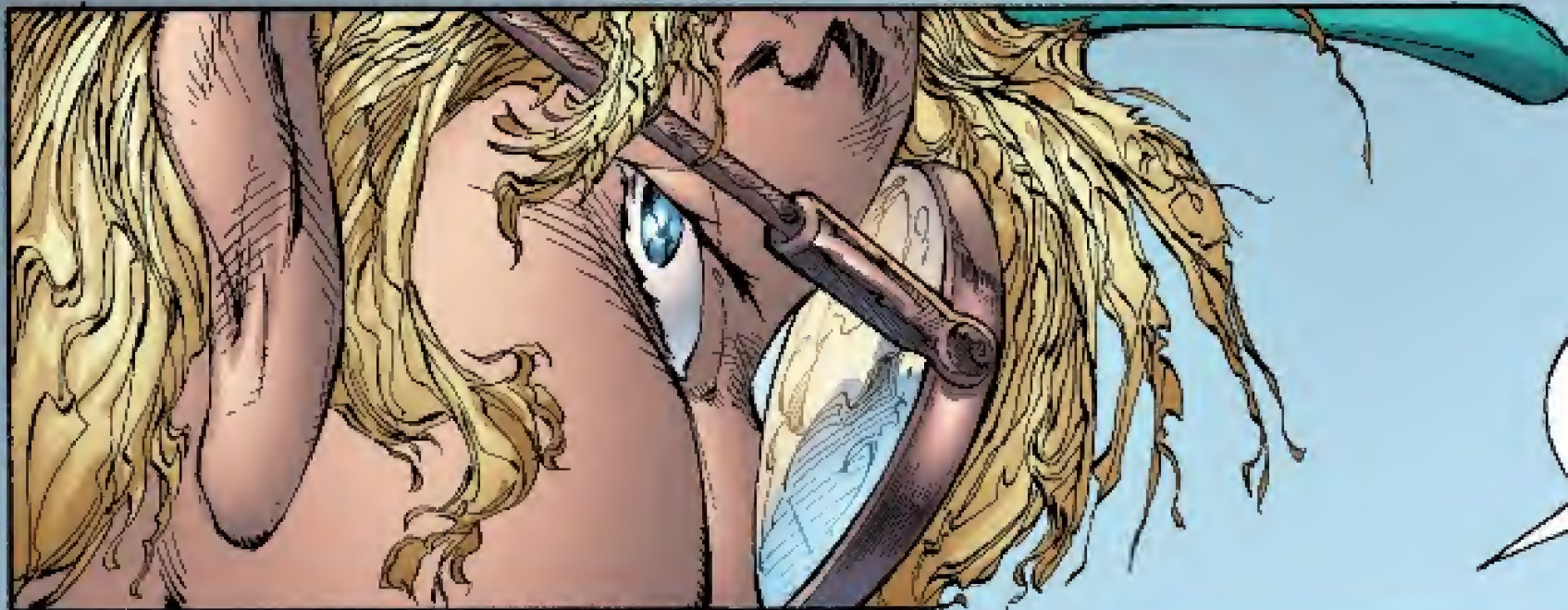
HEY,
WHERE'RE
YOU GOING?
I THOUGHT
WE HAD A
DATE?

YEAH.
SO DID
I. LOOKS
LIKE YOU'RE
BUSY
THOUGH.



WHAT?
COME ON,
MAX.

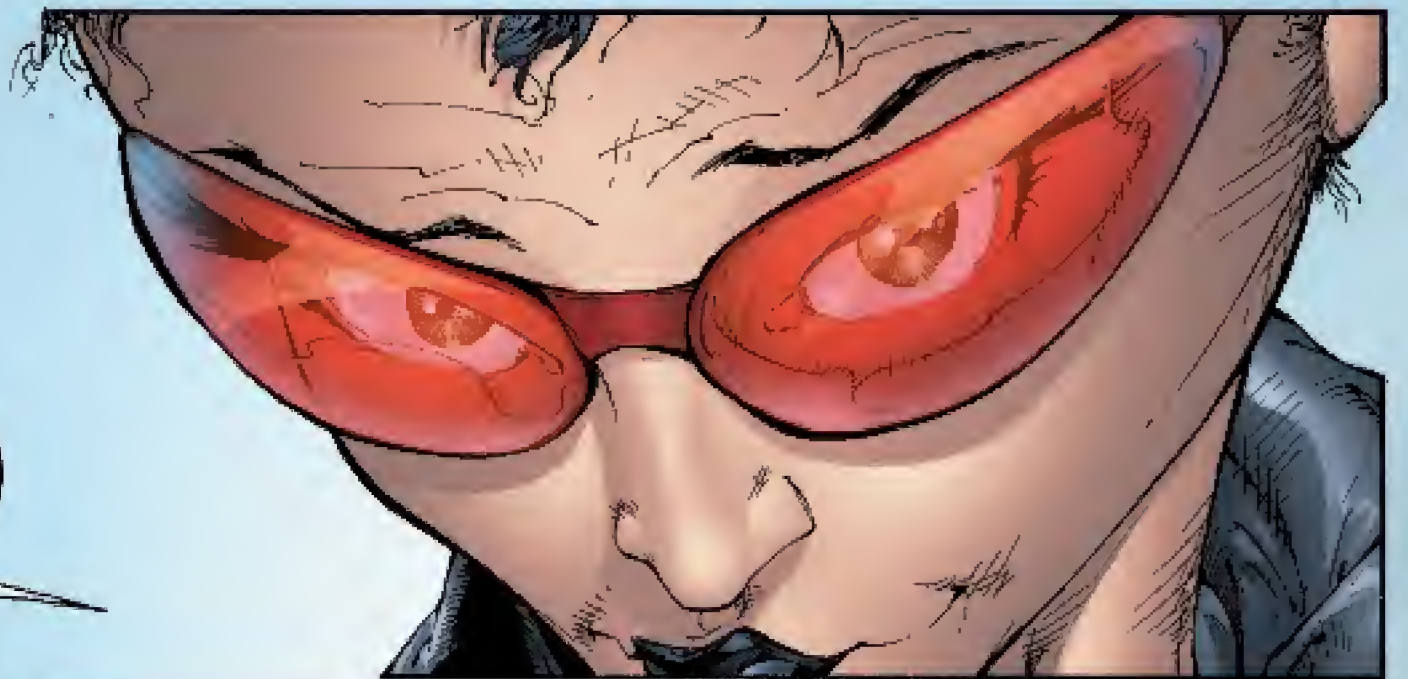
DON'T BE
STUPID.
TALK TO ME.



WHY
DON'T
YOU GO TALK
TO YOUR PAL
BACK
THERE.

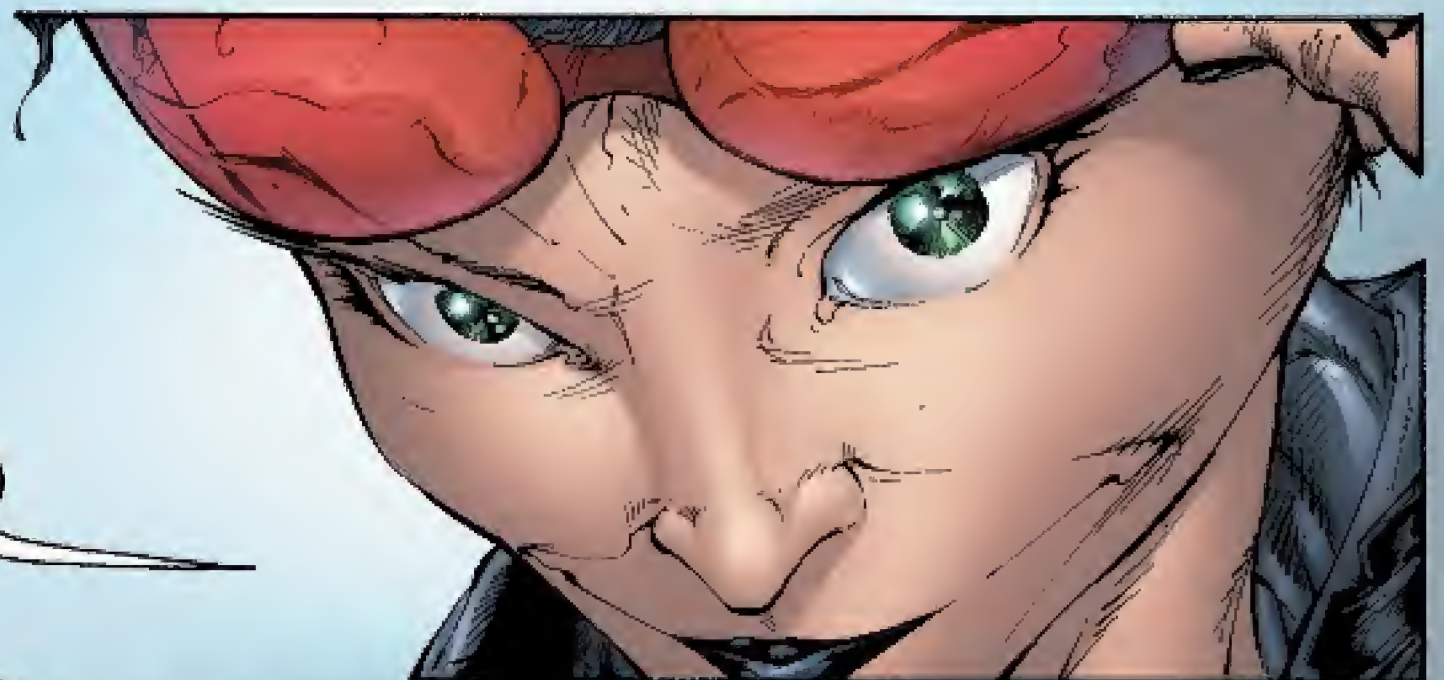
HIS NAME
IS **LUCAS**.
AND HE'S
A FRIEND.
A **FRIEND**.
THAT'S ALL.

TONIGHT'S KIND
OF A BIG NIGHT FOR
HIM. HE'S GETTING...
PROMOTED. KINDA. I
WAS JUST WISHING
HIM LUCK.



YOU
KNOW, I
DIDN'T REALIZE
YOU WERE SO
SENSITIVE. IT MAKES
ME ALL WARM AND
FUZZY INSIDE. SO
WHAT YOU SAY,
MAX?

MAX...



MAX.

MAX. MAX.

MAX.
MAX.

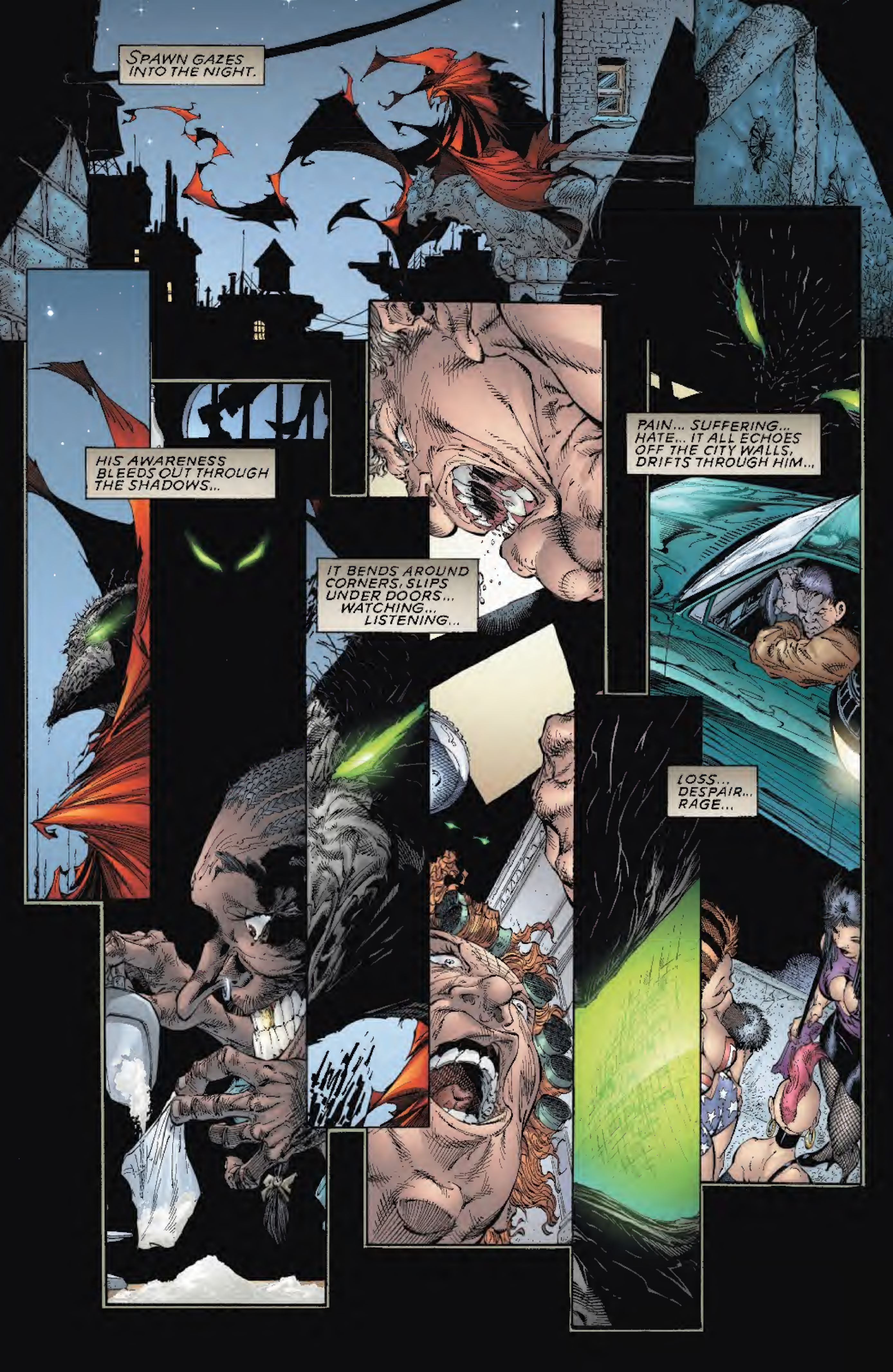
MAXMAXMAXMAXMAXMAX.

MAAA-
HAAX...

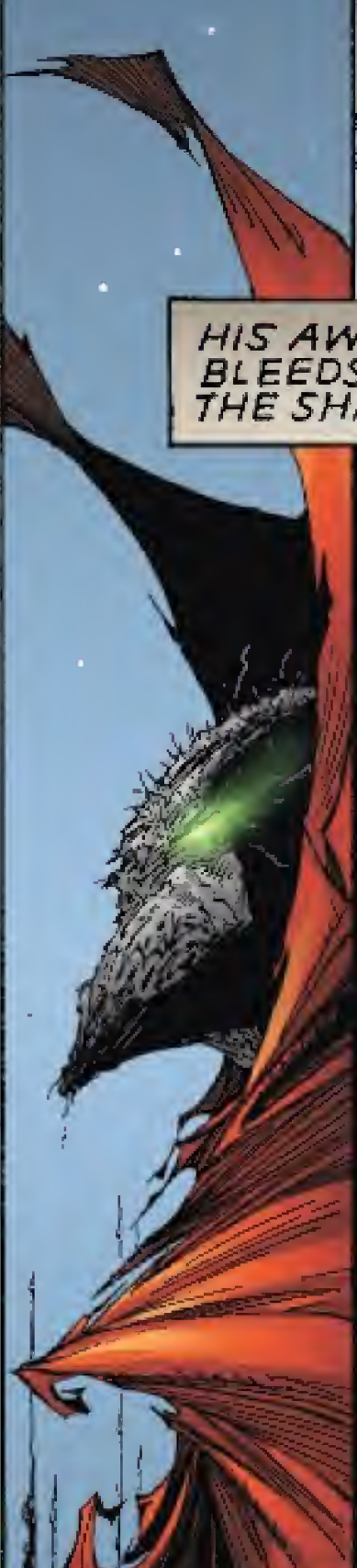
ALL RIGHT.
MAYBE I
OVERREACTED.
SORRY.

THAT'S
BETTER. COME
ON. I GOT
SOMETHING I
WANT TO SHOW
YOU.




A large, dark, and atmospheric illustration of Spawn flying over a city at night. The character is depicted with a red cape and bat-like wings, soaring through a dark sky filled with silhouettes of buildings and other flying creatures. The overall tone is dark and moody, with a focus on the character's presence in the urban landscape.


SPAWN GAZES
INTO THE NIGHT.

A vertical panel showing a close-up of Spawn's face. He has a menacing expression with glowing green eyes and a wide, toothy grin. The background is dark, emphasizing the character's features.


HIS AWARENESS
BLEEDS OUT THROUGH
THE SHADOWS...

A horizontal panel showing a close-up of a man's face. He has a pained or distressed expression, with his mouth open as if shouting or crying. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of his face.

IT BENDS AROUND
CORNERS, SLIPS
UNDER DOORS...
WATCHING...
LISTENING...

A horizontal panel showing two men inside a car. One man is in the driver's seat, looking forward, while the other is in the passenger seat, looking towards the driver. The car's interior is visible, and the scene is lit with a cool, blueish light.

PAIN... SUFFERING...
HATE... IT ALL ECHOES
OFF THE CITY WALLS,
DRIFTS THROUGH HIM...

A vertical panel showing a woman in a car. She is looking out the window with a concerned or fearful expression. The car's interior and the view outside are visible.

LOSS...
DESPAIR...
RAGE...

AND SOME-
THING ELSE.
SOMETHING
HE CAN'T
DEFINE.

A FAINT BLUR
ON THE EDGE
OF HIS VISION.

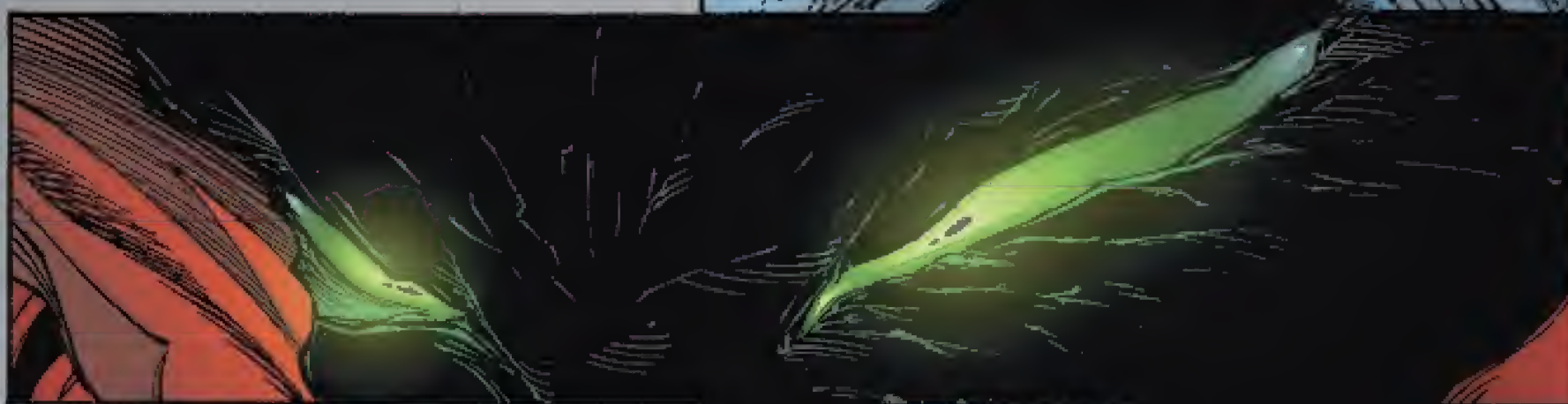



SOMETHING
HIDDEN
FROM HIM.

SOMETHING
DEADLY.

SPAWN
GAZES
INTO THE
NIGHT.

AND
THE
NIGHT
GAZES
BACK.






BROTHERS
AND SISTERS. I
BRING YOU THE **GOOD
NEWS**. I WANT TO TELL
YOU ABOUT SOMEONE.
ABOUT A CLOSE,
PERSONAL **FRIEND**
OF MINE.

SOMEONE WHO CAN
BE YOUR FRIEND TOO. SOMEONE
TO HELP YOU WHEN YOU THINK ALL
IS LOST. SOMEONE WHO WILL
LOVE YOU NO MATTER
WHAT.

ANYONE
CAN LOVE YOU
WHEN YOU'RE **GOOD**.
BUT WHAT ABOUT WHEN
YOU'RE WEAK? WHEN
YOU'RE FLAWED?
WHEN YOU'RE SO
**VERY, VERY
BAD?!**



I'M TALKING ABOUT
SOMEONE WHO WON'T
JUDGE YOU. WHO WON'T
LOOK DOWN ON YOUR
DREAMS AND
AMBITIONS.

SOMEONE
WHO DOESN'T
ASK YOU TO
APOLOGIZE FOR
YOUR NATURAL
DESIRES. IF YOU
WANT TO BE RICH
AND POWERFUL,
THEN YOU **SHALL**
BE RICH AND
POWERFUL.

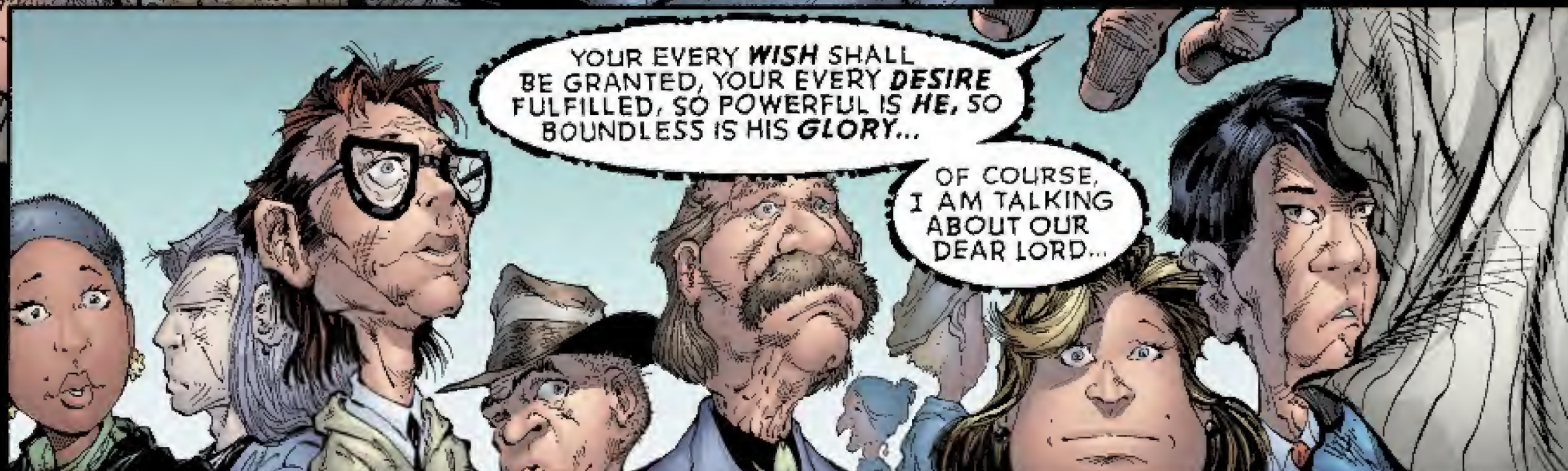
OK, I'VE
GOT YOUR
ATTENTION
NOW, HAVE
I?

TELL IT,
BROTHER **AB!**
LET THE
TRUTH BE
KNOWN.



LET
THE SPIRIT
MOVE YOU,
FRIEND.

HE DOESN'T
WANT YOU TO
SUFFER. HE WANTS
YOU TO BE **HAPPY**.
OFFER UP YOUR **SOUL**
TO **HIM** AND HE SHALL
GLADLY GIVE YOU
THE **WORLD**.



YOUR EVERY **WISH** SHALL
BE GRANTED, YOUR EVERY **DESIRE**
FULFILLED, SO POWERFUL IS **HE**, SO
BOUNDLESS IS HIS **GLORY...**

OF COURSE,
I AM TALKING
ABOUT OUR
DEAR LORD...

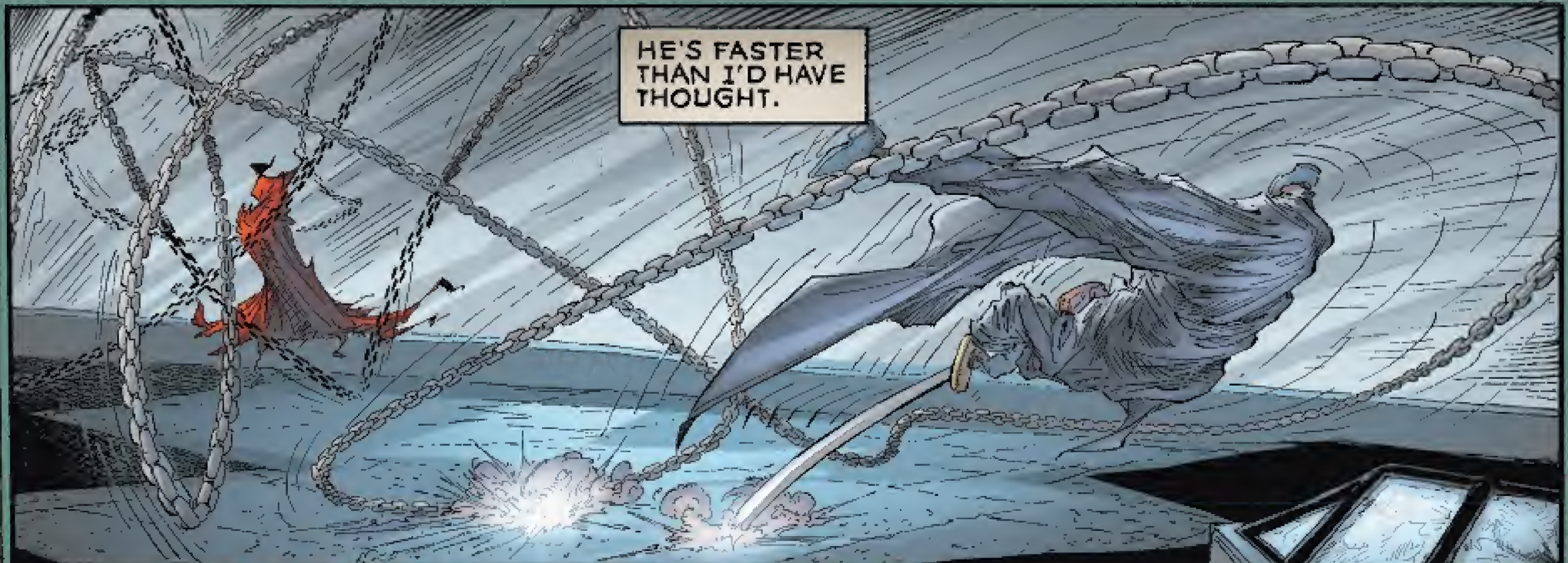


BEHOLD THE MAN...

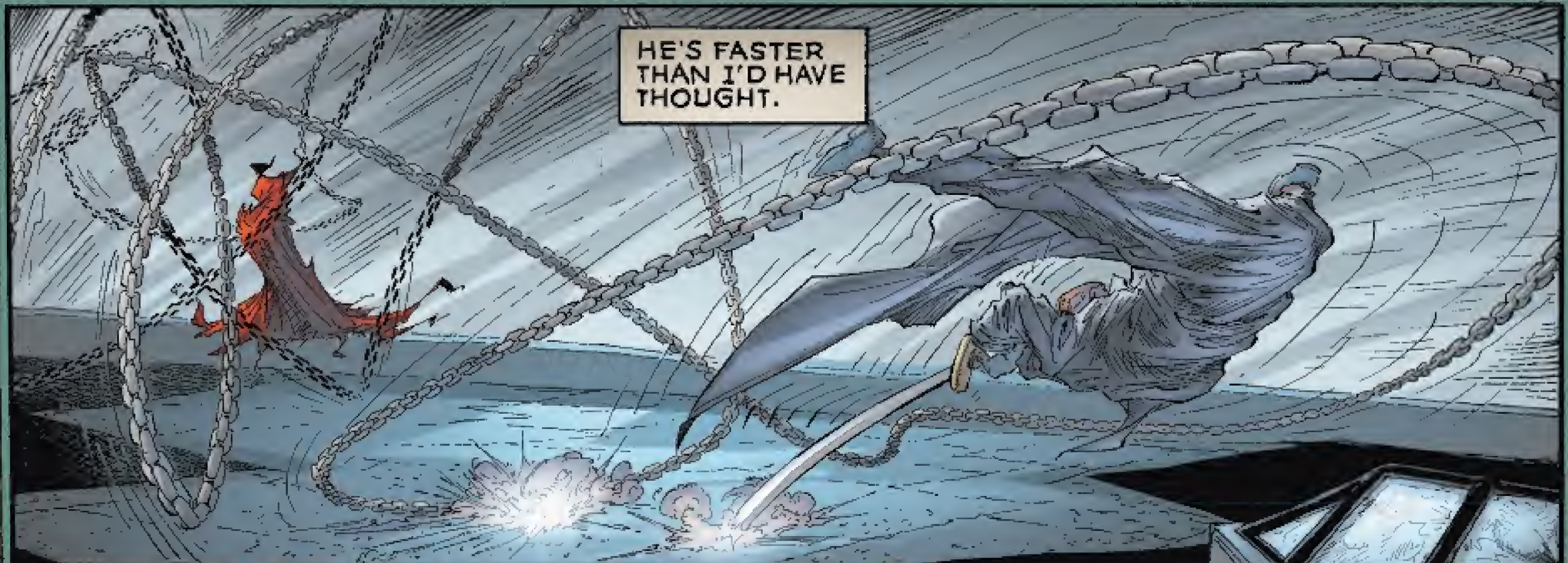
WHO--?

PATHETIC
THING. A
WALKING
COLLECTION
OF MEMORIES
THAT THINKS
IT HAS A
PURPOSE.

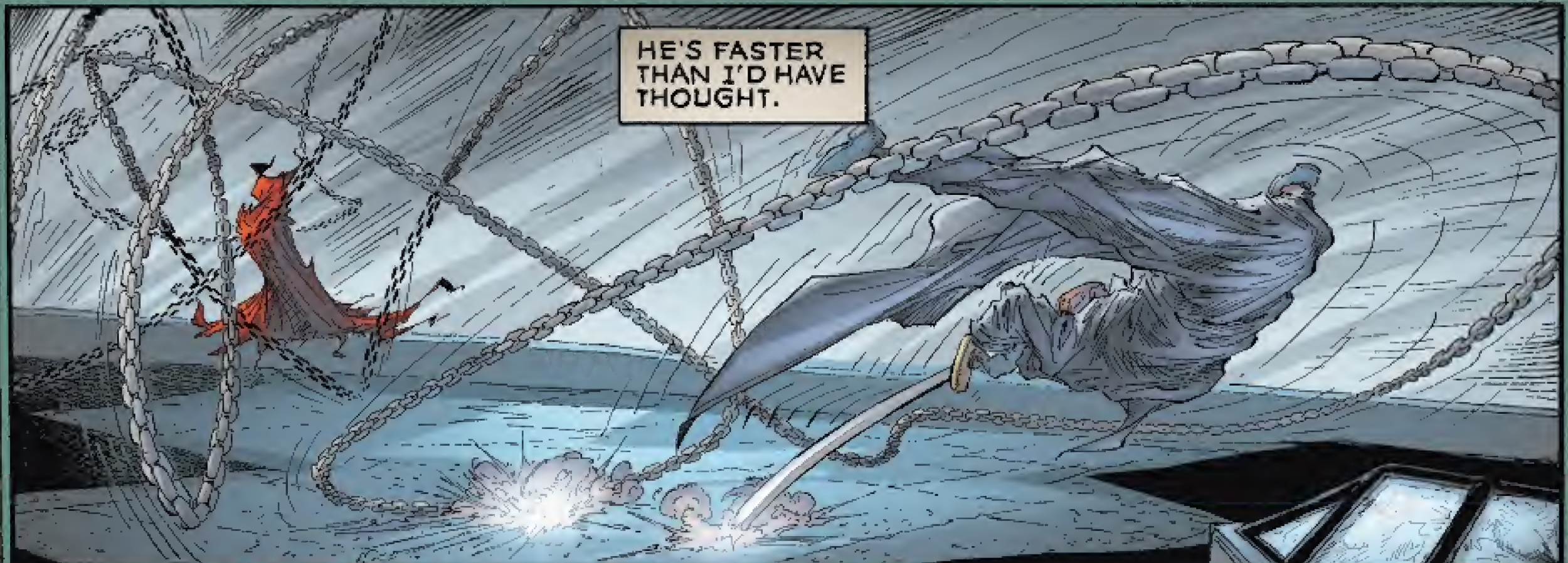
STILL, HE'LL
MAKE GOOD
SPORT.



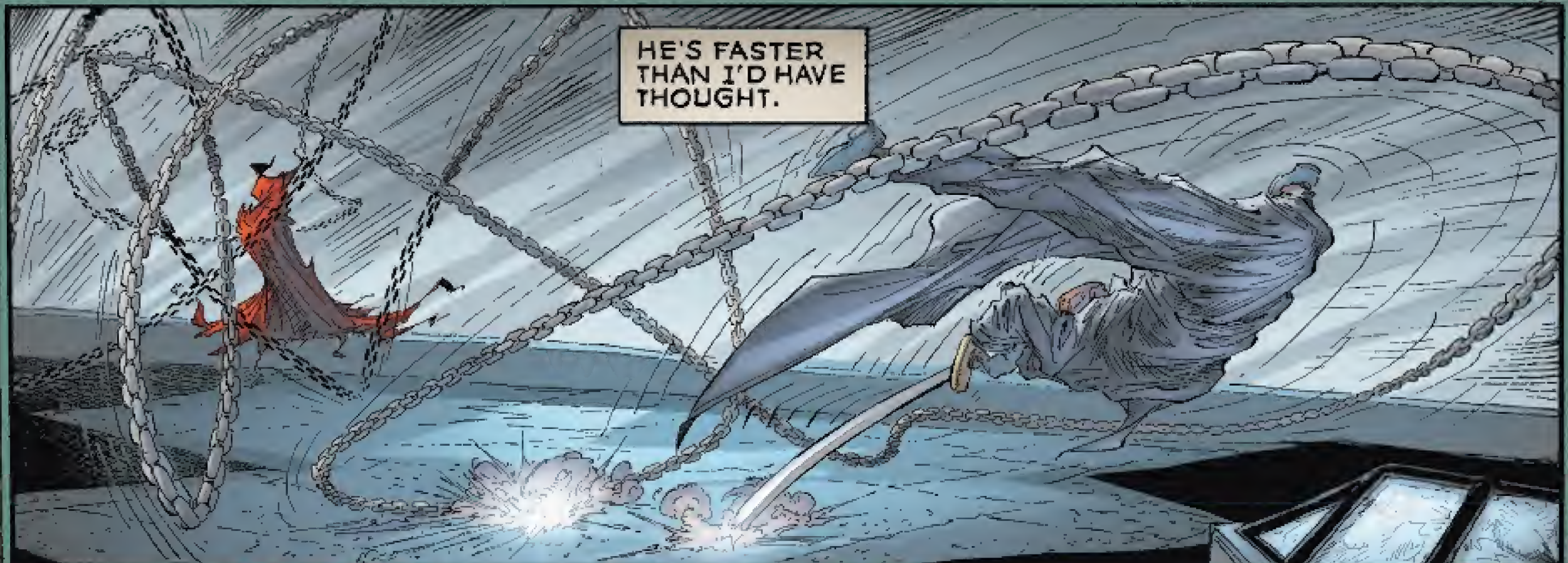
HE'S FASTER
THAN I'D HAVE
THOUGHT.



BUT NOT
FAST
ENOUGH.



THE NIGHT
OF CLEANSING
APPROACHES, BEAST.
YOUR HOURS ON
THIS EARTH ARE
NUMBERED.



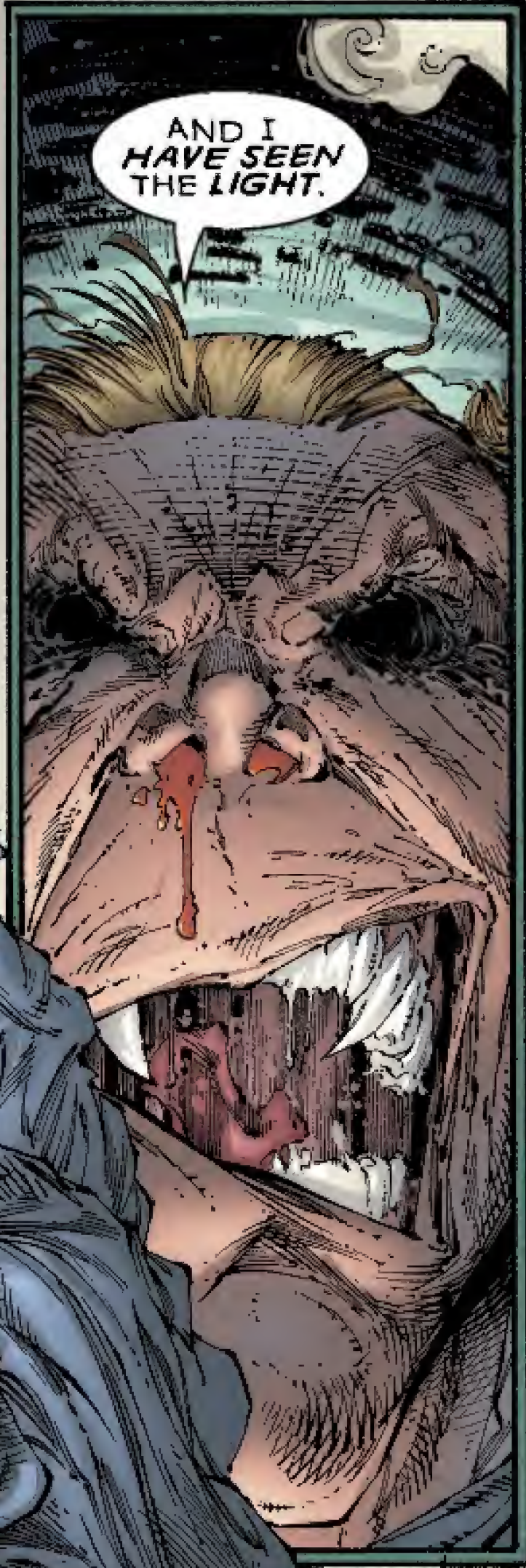
Ughh



WHO
ARE
YOU?



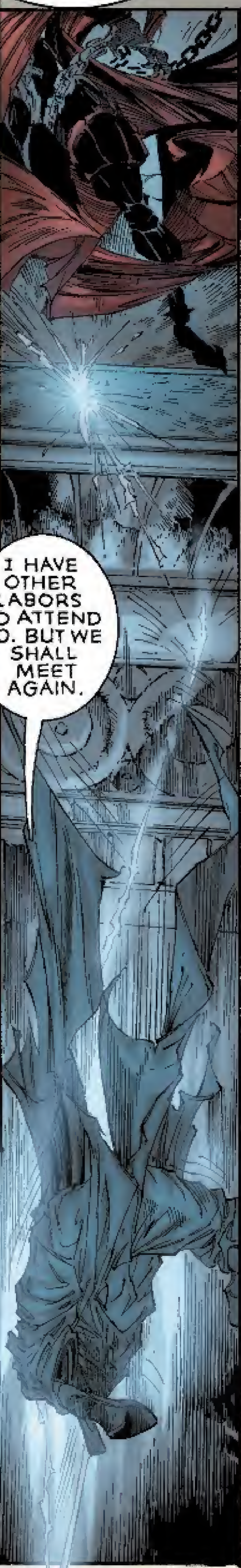
I AM
CALLED
SIMON...



AND I
HAVE SEEN
THE LIGHT.



THE
**CHILDREN OF
THE KINGDOM**
ARE ON THE RISE.
YOU MAY CONSIDER
THIS A
WARNING.

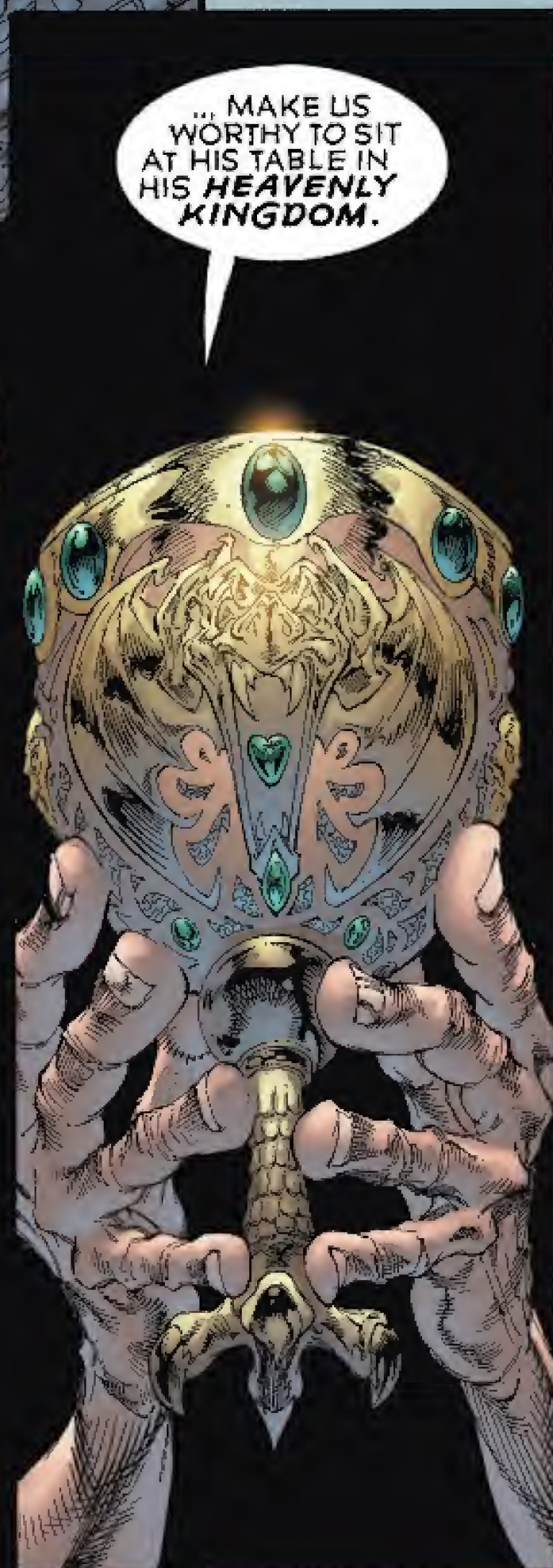


I HAVE
OTHER
LABORS
TO ATTEND
TO. BUT WE
SHALL
MEET
AGAIN.





... MAY THE **ALMIGHTY** CLEANSE US OF OUR SINS, AND THROUGH THE **SACRIFICE** WE CELEBRATE...



... MAKE US WORTHY TO SIT AT HIS TABLE IN HIS **HEAVENLY KINGDOM**.



AMEN!

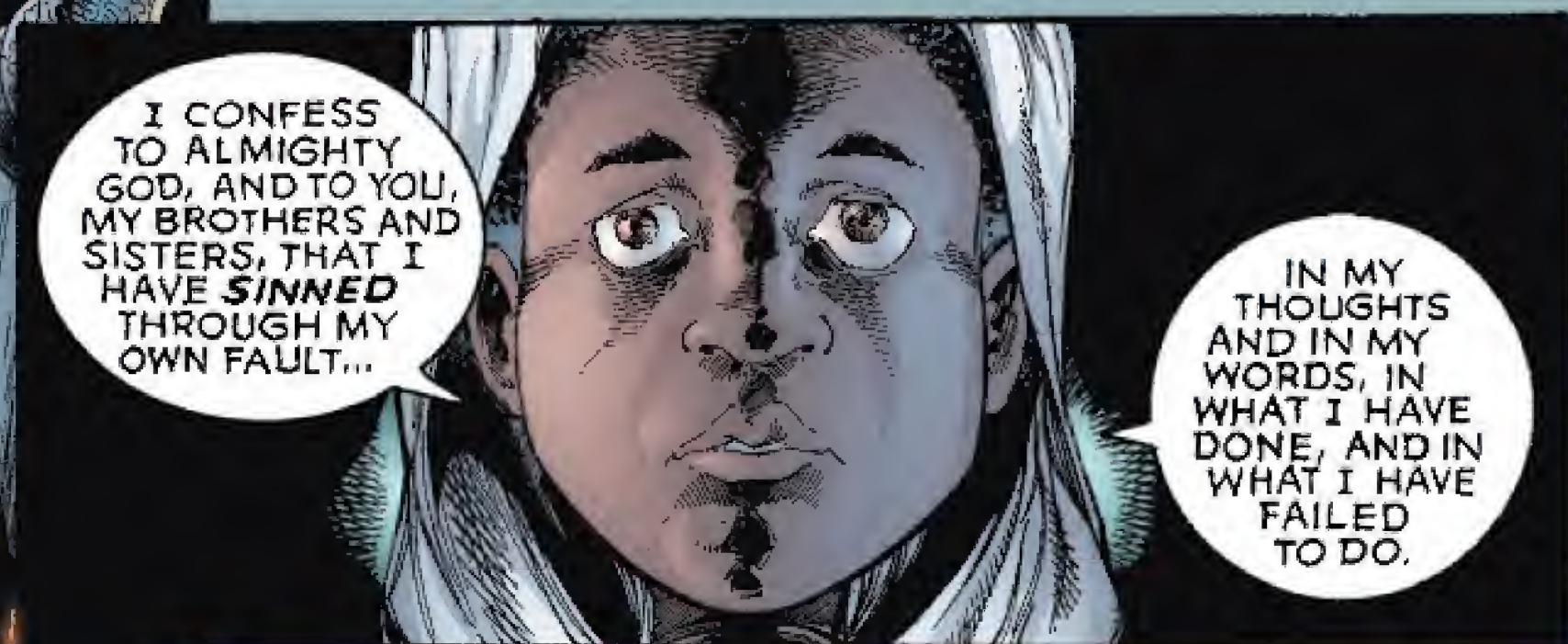
BRING FORTH THE INITIATE.



BROTHER LUCAS, DO YOU COME TO US FREELY?

I DO.

LORD, I KNOW I AM NOT WORTHY TO RECEIVE YOU, BUT ONLY SAY THE WORD AND I SHALL BE **HEALED**.



I CONFESS TO ALMIGHTY GOD, AND TO YOU, MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS, THAT I HAVE **SINNED** THROUGH MY OWN FAULT...

IN MY THOUGHTS AND IN MY WORDS, IN WHAT I HAVE DONE, AND IN WHAT I HAVE FAILED TO DO.



MAY GOD ALMIGHTY HAVE MERCY ON US, FORGIVE US OUR SINS AND BRING US TO **LIFE EVER-LASTING**.



THE LORD TOOK THE CUP AND GAVE IT TO HIS DISCIPLES. AGAIN HE GAVE THEM THANKS AND PRAISE.

"TAKE THIS, ALL OF YOU AND DRINK FROM IT..."



"THIS IS THE CUP OF MY *BLOOD*..."



"THE BLOOD OF THE NEW AND EVERLASTING *COVENANT*..."



"IT HAS BEEN SHED FOR YOU SO THAT SINS MAY BE FORGIVEN..."

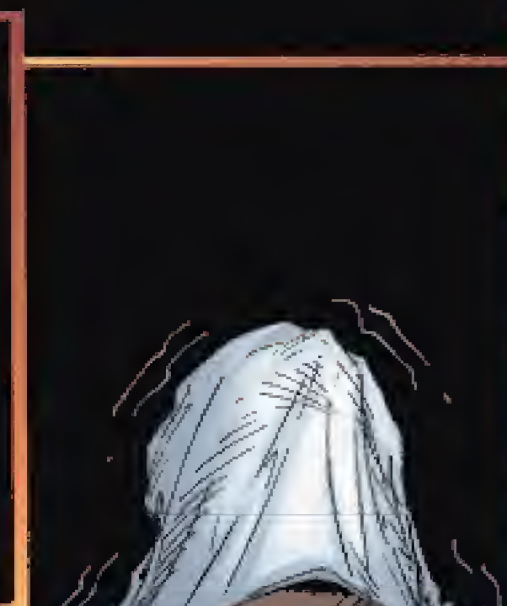
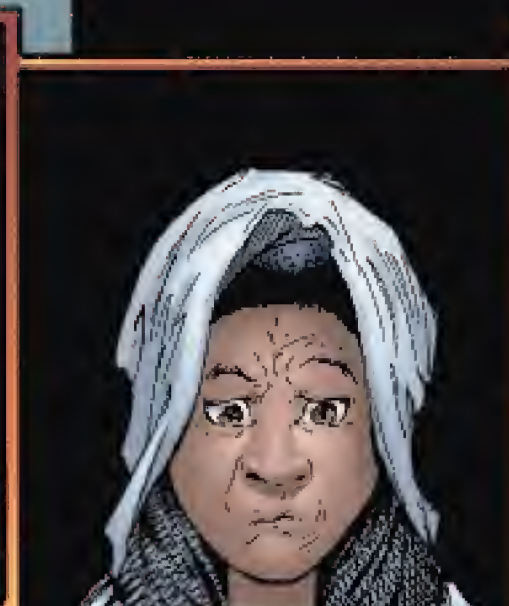
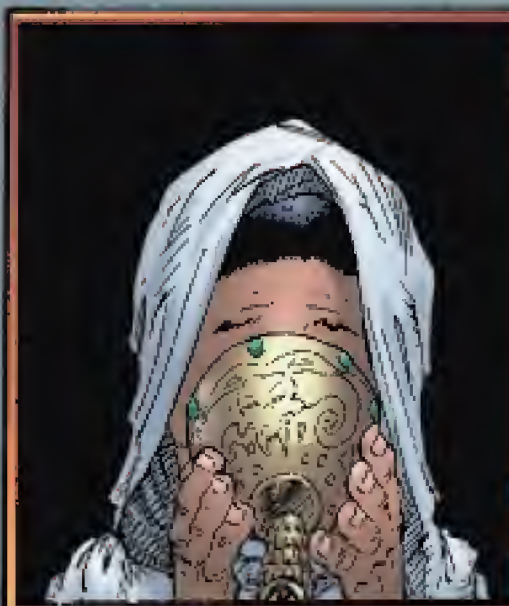


"DO THIS IN MEMORY OF ME..."

FOR THINE IS THE *KINGDOM* AND THE *POWER* AND THE *GLORY*...

FOREVER AND EVER.

AMEN.



THIS IS COOL.
HOW'D YOU
KNOW ABOUT
THIS PLACE?

ME? I'M
FULL OF
SECRETS.

GOD, I NEVER
REALIZED HOW
BEAUTIFUL THE CITY
COULD BE. THIS IS
AMAZING.

"THE
KINGDOM
OF HEAVEN IS
SPREAD UPON
THE EARTH, YET
MEN DO NOT
SEE IT."

SORRY
I GOT SO
WEIRDED
OUT EARLIER.
IT'S JUST...
I DON'T
KNOW.

WHAT?

I JUST
NEVER
FELT LIKE I
COULD TRUST
ANYONE BE-
FORE. I MEAN
COMPLETELY
TRUST
THEM.

YOU KNOW
WHAT I MEAN?

SO YOU
TRUST ME?

YEAH.
I DO.

GOOD.
'CAUSE
THERE'S
SOMETHING I
WANT TO TELL
YOU.

WHAT?

IT'S A
SECRET.
A **BIG**
SECRET.

WHAT
IS IT?
YOU CAN
TELL
ME.

THIS...

Mmmm.





HEY, AB.
HOW MUCH
DO YOU
FIGURE WE
HAULED IN
TONIGHT?

I DUNNO.
WHO CARES?
WHAT DO WE NEED
MONEY FOR
ANYWAY?

JUST
CURIOUS
IS ALL.



WHAT
TIME
IS IT?

ABOUT
MIDNIGHT,
I GUESS.
WHY?

OZZIE'S
ON
"BEHIND
THE MUSIC"
AGAIN. I
WANTED
TO CATCH
IT.



HOW
MANY
TIMES YOU
NEED TO SEE
THAT FREAKIN'
SHOW? PALE,
BLOATED
BUFFOON. I
SEEN BUNNY
RABBITS
SCARIER
THAN HIM.

SHUDDUP.
OZZIE'S
COOL.



IF
YOU SAY
SO. HEY
ZAB... DID
YOU LEAVE
THE DOOR
OPEN?

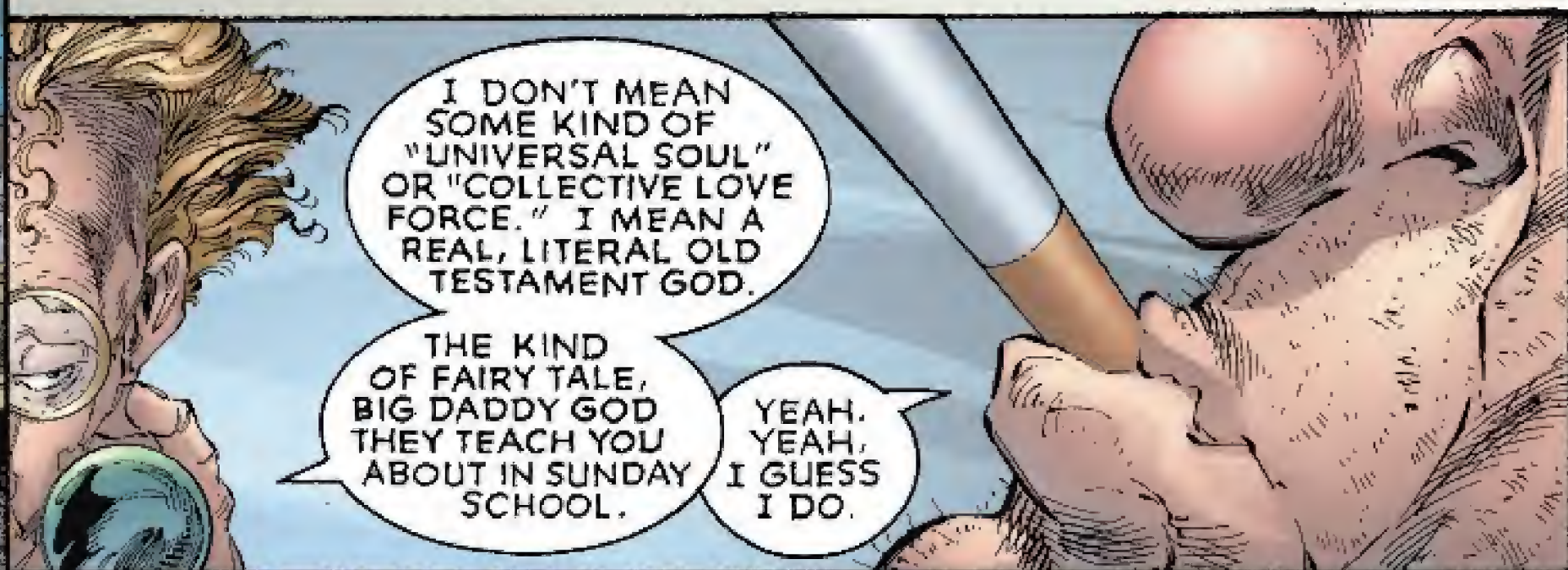
NO.
WHY?



Uh-
oh.



DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD, SAM?



I DON'T MEAN SOME KIND OF "UNIVERSAL SOUL" OR "COLLECTIVE LOVE FORCE." I MEAN A REAL, LITERAL OLD TESTAMENT GOD.

THE KIND OF FAIRY TALE, BIG DADDY GOD THEY TEACH YOU ABOUT IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

YEAH. YEAH. I GUESS I DO.

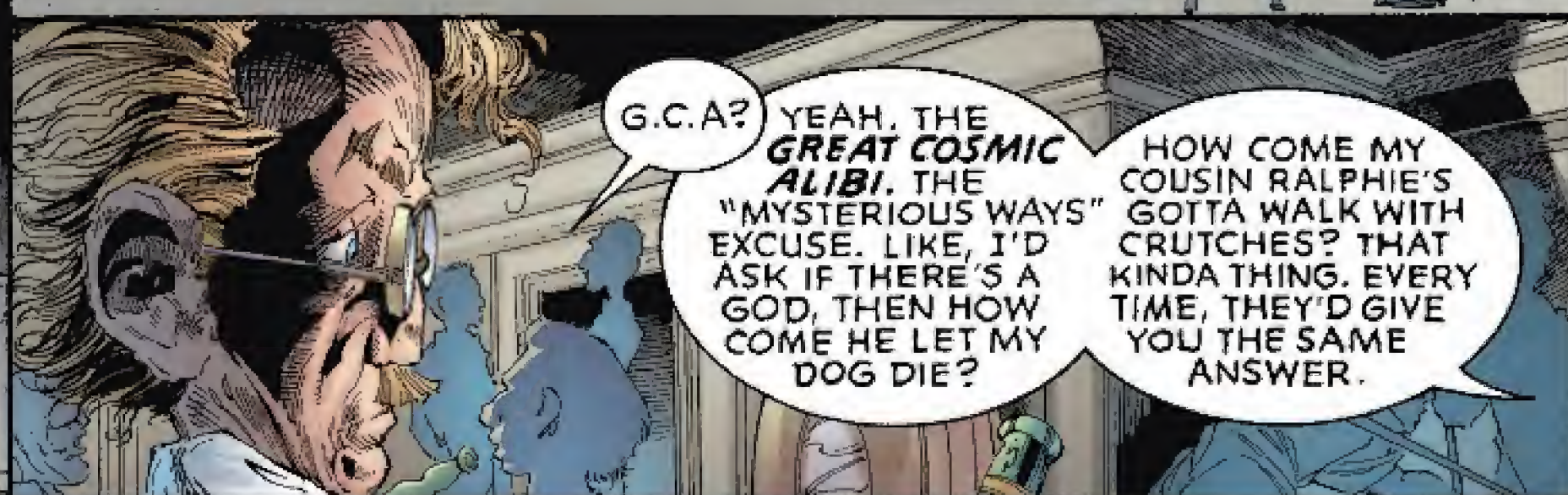


AFTER THE NUNS WHACK YOU ENOUGH TIMES WITH A RULER, IT'S KINDA HARD NOT TO BELIEVE.

BESIDES, WE'VE BOTH SEEN ENOUGH TO KNOW "THERE'S MORE THINGS ON HEAVEN AND EARTH," BLAH BLAH BLAH...

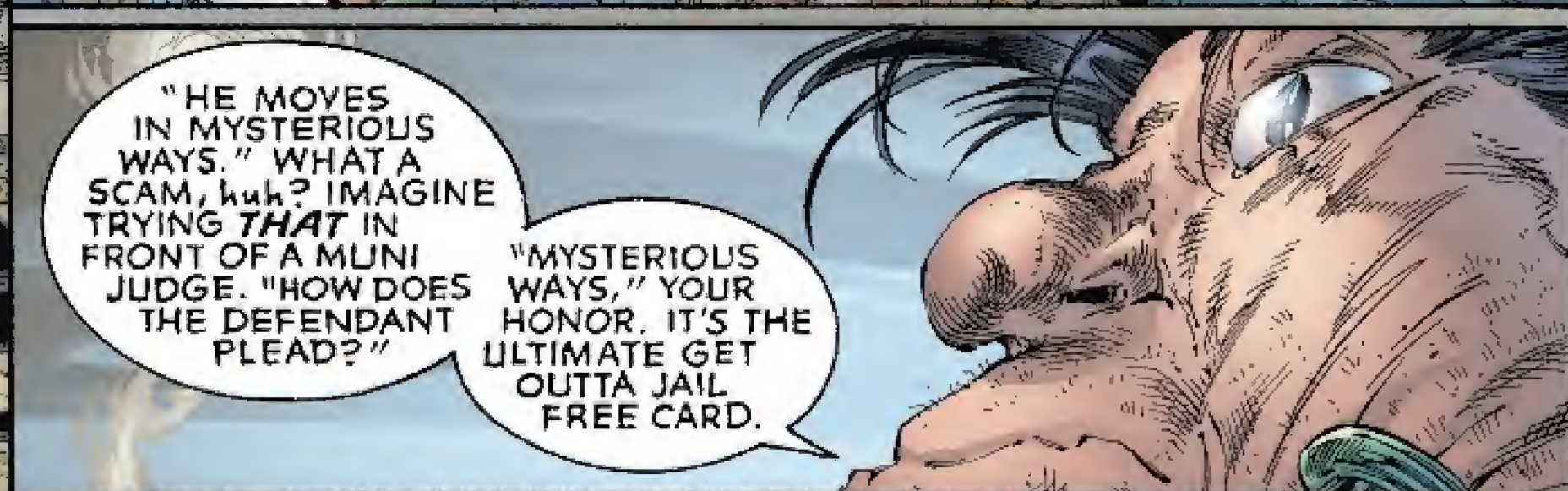
YOU NEVER HAD ANY DOUBTS?

DOUBTS? YEAH, I HAD LOTSA DOUBTS. ALL THE TIME. BUT THAT'S WHEN THEY GIVE YOU THE G.C.A.



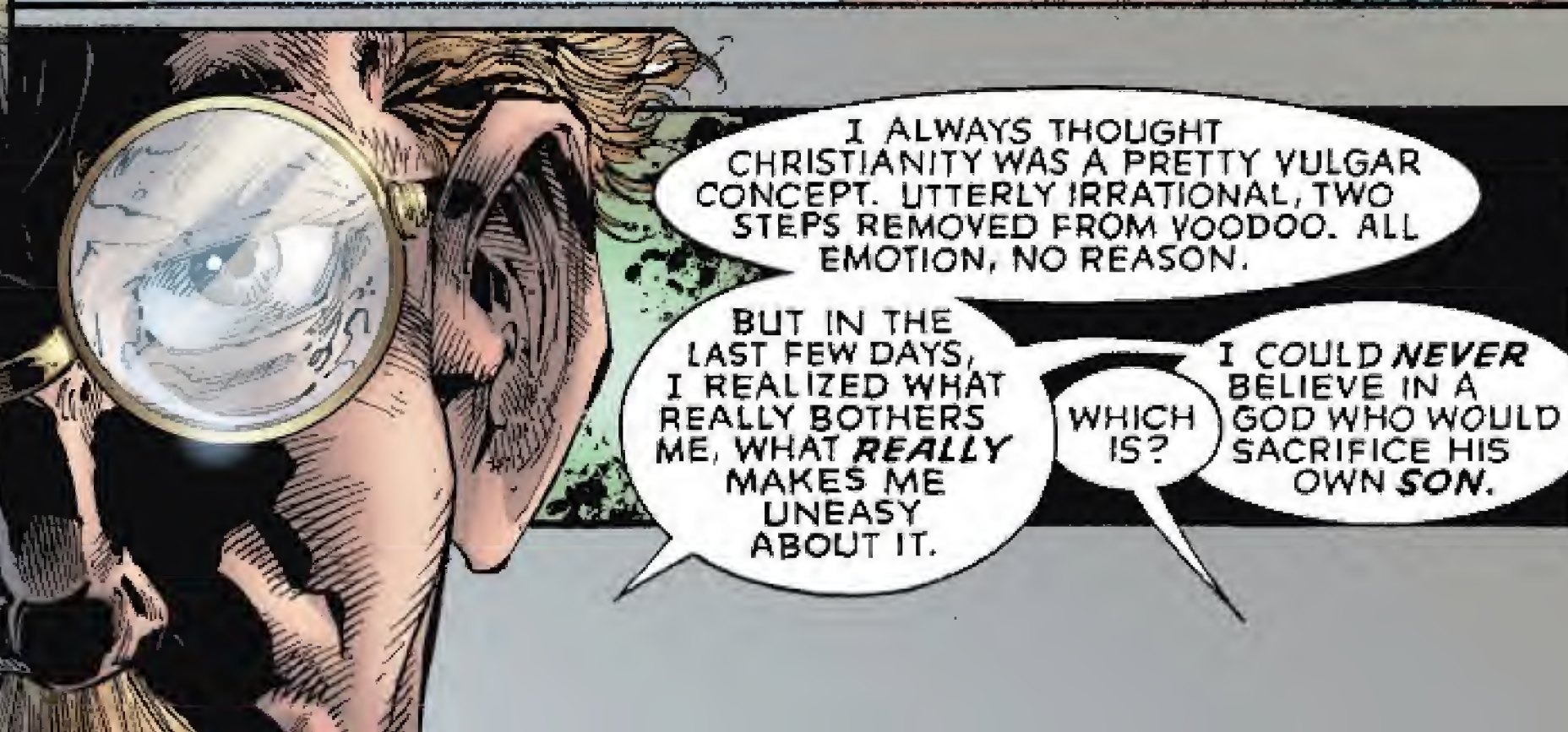
G.C.A? YEAH. THE **GREAT COSMIC ALIBI**. THE "MYSTERIOUS WAYS" EXCUSE. LIKE, I'D ASK IF THERE'S A GOD, THEN HOW COME HE LET MY DOG DIE?

HOW COME MY COUSIN RALPHIE'S GOTTA WALK WITH CRUTCHES? THAT KINDA THING. EVERY TIME, THEY'D GIVE YOU THE SAME ANSWER.



"HE MOVES IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS." WHAT A SCAM, huh? IMAGINE TRYING *THAT* IN FRONT OF A MUNI JUDGE. "HOW DOES THE DEFENDANT PLEAD?"

"MYSTERIOUS WAYS," YOUR HONOR. IT'S THE ULTIMATE GET OUTTA JAIL FREE CARD.



I ALWAYS THOUGHT CHRISTIANITY WAS A PRETTY VULGAR CONCEPT. UTTERLY IRRATIONAL, TWO STEPS REMOVED FROM VOODOO. ALL EMOTION, NO REASON.

BUT IN THE LAST FEW DAYS, I REALIZED WHAT REALLY BOTHERS ME, WHAT **REALLY** MAKES ME UNEASY ABOUT IT.

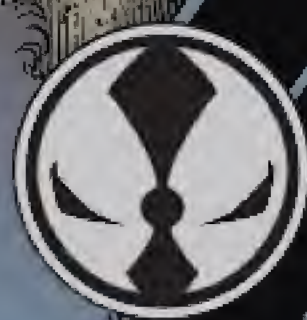
WHICH IS?

I COULD **NEVER** BELIEVE IN A GOD WHO WOULD SACRIFICE HIS OWN SON.





TO BE
CONTINUED...



SPAWN



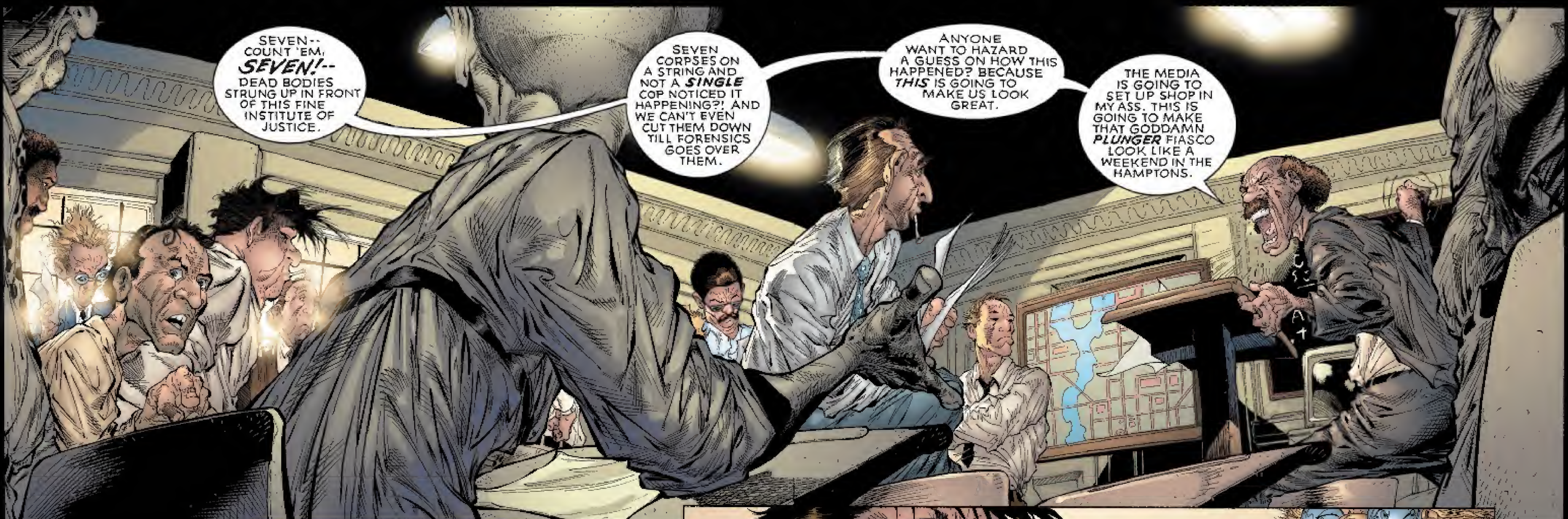
109

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM



uh-
oh.

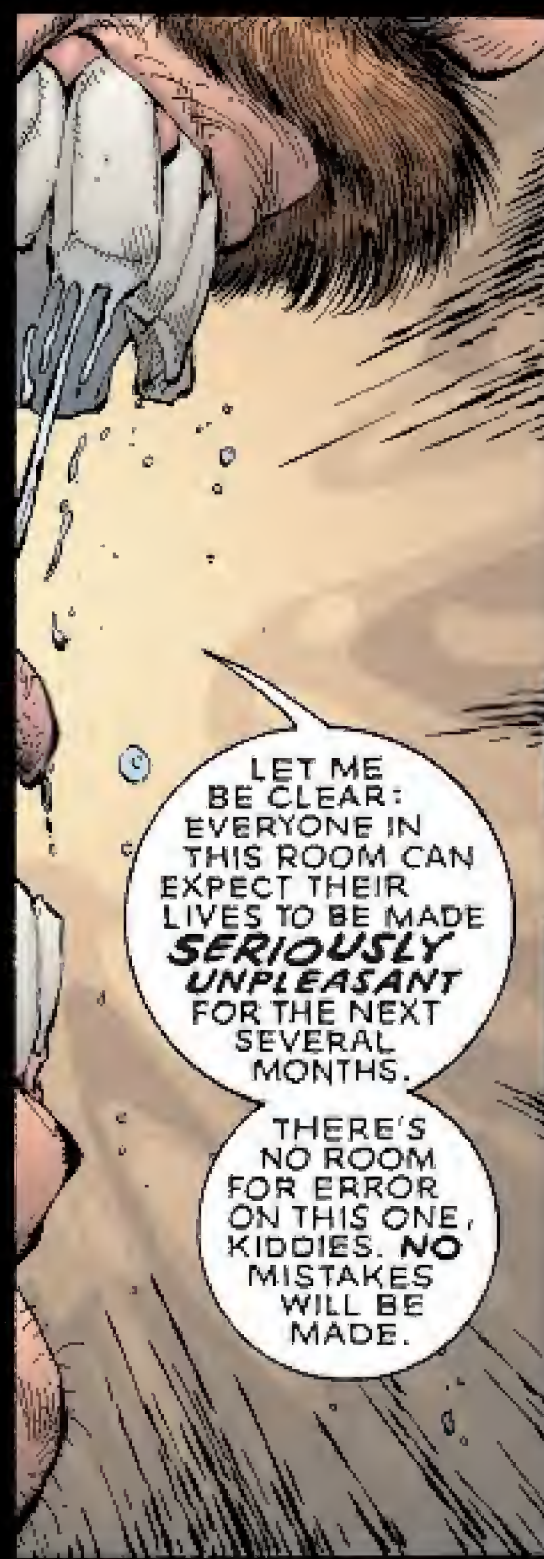


SEVEN--
COUNT 'EM,
SEVEN!--
DEAD BODIES
STRUNG UP IN FRONT
OF THIS FINE
INSTITUTE OF
JUSTICE.

SEVEN
CORPSES ON
A STRING AND
NOT A **SINGLE**
COP NOTICED IT
HAPPENING?! AND
WE CAN'T EVEN
CUT THEM DOWN
TILL FORENSICS
GOES OVER
THEM.

ANYONE
WANT TO HAZARD
A GUESS ON HOW THIS
HAPPENED? BECAUSE
THIS IS GOING TO
MAKE US LOOK
GREAT.

THE MEDIA
IS GOING TO
SET UP SHOP IN
MY ASS. THIS IS
GOING TO MAKE
THAT GODDAMN
PLUNGER FIASCO
LOOK LIKE A
WEEKEND IN THE
HAMPTONS.



LET ME
BE CLEAR:
EVERYONE IN
THIS ROOM CAN
EXPECT THEIR
LIVES TO BE MADE
SERIOUSLY
UNPLEASANT
FOR THE NEXT
SEVERAL
MONTHS.

THERE'S
NO ROOM
FOR ERROR
ON THIS ONE,
KIDDIES. **NO**
MISTAKES
WILL BE
MADE.

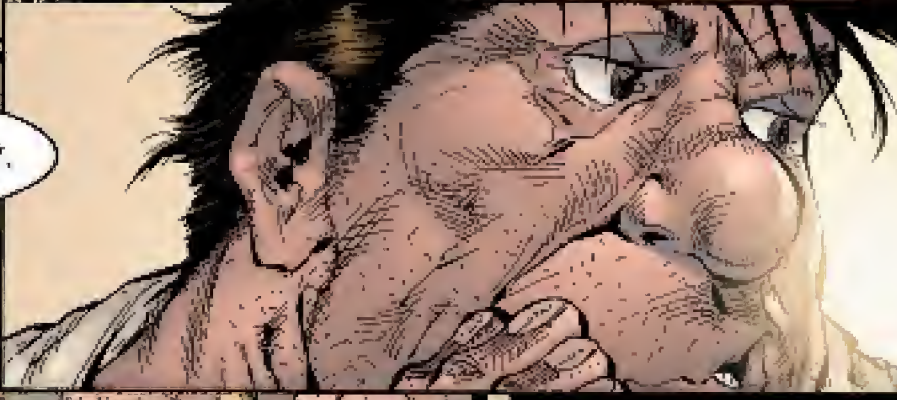


NOW, THEN, LET'S
LOOK AT WHAT WE KNOW.
AND IT'S NOT MUCH...



EXCUSE ME,
LADIES. YOU TWO
HAVE SOMETHING
YOU WANT TO SHARE?
A THEORY YOU'D LIKE
TO OFFER UP FOR OUR
BENEFIT? PLEASE,
WE'RE ALL
EARS.

WELL...?



THIS IS
FREAKY, TWITCH.
I MEAN... NOT
JUST FREAKY
BUT, YOU
KNOW...

YES. I
THINK I
TAKE YOUR
MEANING.



SORRY.

OUR
APOLOGIES,
SIR.



WELL,
GUESS
WHAT.

I'VE JUST NOW
PICKED MY LEAD TEAM
ON THIS ONE--

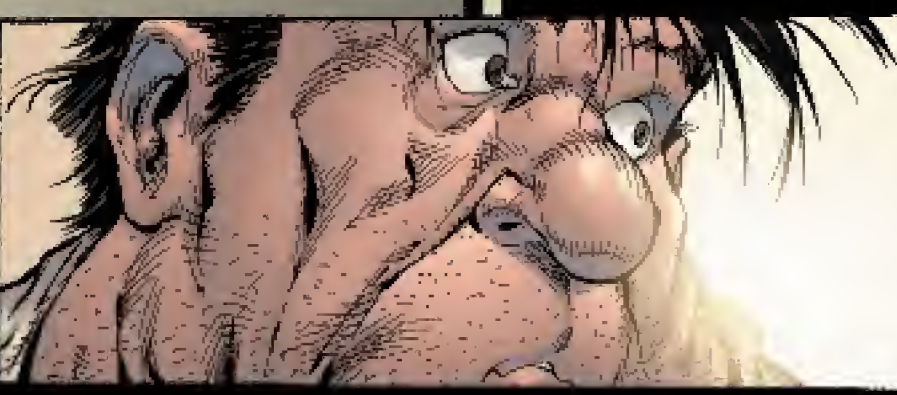
-- AND
YOU TWO
GENIUSES DREW
THE SHORT
STRAW.




THIS IS
YOUR
CASE.



EVERYONE
FROM GOD ON
DOWN IS GOING TO
HAVE THEIR EYES ON
YOU, WATCHING,
WAITING
FOR YOU TO SCREW UP.
SEE TO IT THAT
YOU DON'T!







SPAWN...
WE'RE SORRY.
THAT WHOLE
ARMAGEDDON
THING. IT WAS
MALEBOLGIA'S

MALEBOLGIA
IS DEAD.
I KILLED HIM.
WHAT WAS HIS
IS NOW MINE.

THAT
MEANS YOU
BELONG
TO ME
NOW.



THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE. IN MY CITY. SOMETHING DARK AND HIDDEN. HIDDEN EVEN FROM ME.



HOW? I MEAN... HOW?

I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.



USE YOUR IMAGINATION. YOU HAVE 48 HOURS.



AND ONE LAST THING...



BEHAVE YOURSELVES.



LISTEN...
I THINK
MAYBE I SHOULD
TELL YOU SOME-
THING. I
HAVEN'T... WELL,
I'VE DONE **STUFF**
BEFORE, BUT I
HAVEN'T... YOU
KNOW...

IT'S
OKAY.
I KNOW.
THAT'S
WHY I
LIKE
YOU.

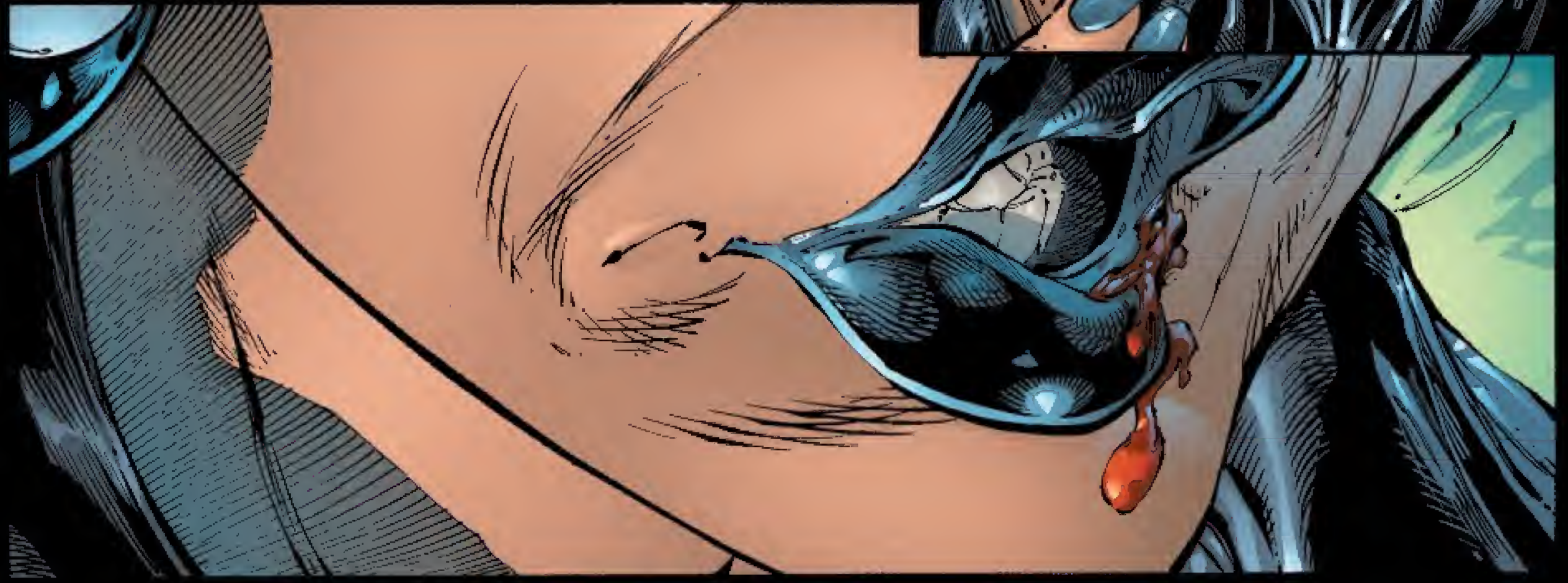
INNOCENCE
IS NOTHING
TO BE
ASHAMED OF.



I WANT
TO SHARE
SOMETHING
WITH YOU, MAX.
SOMETHING
VERY, VERY
PRIVATE.

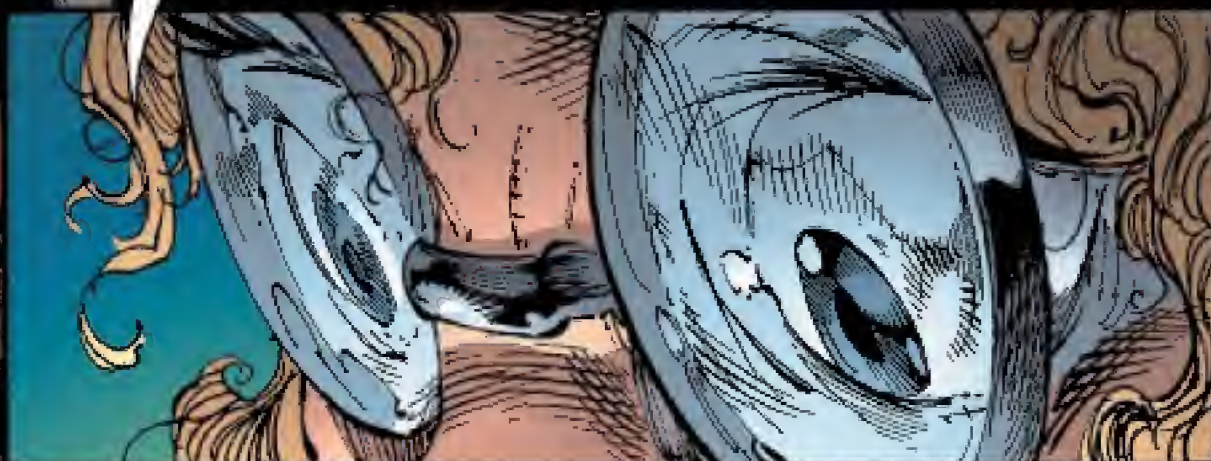


SOMETHING
SPECIAL.

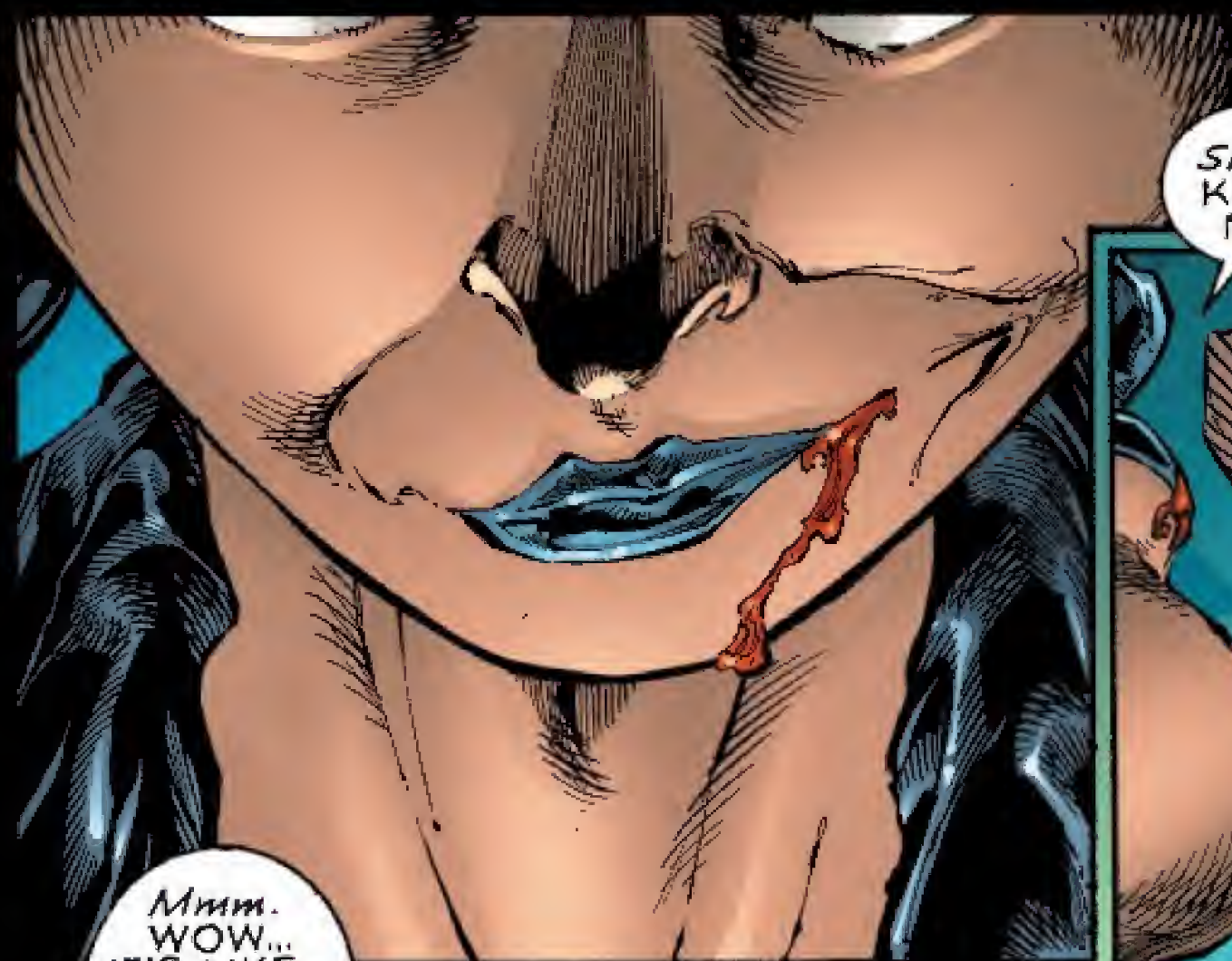




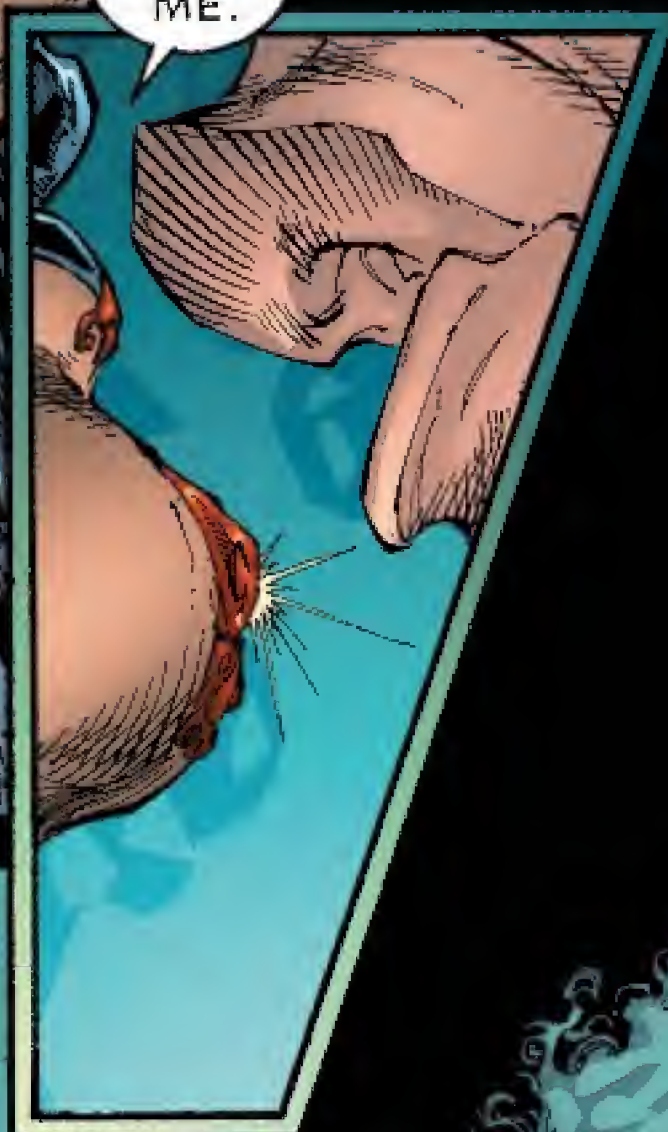
COME
HERE.



WHOA.
WHAT DID
YOU DO?
ARE YOU
OKAY?

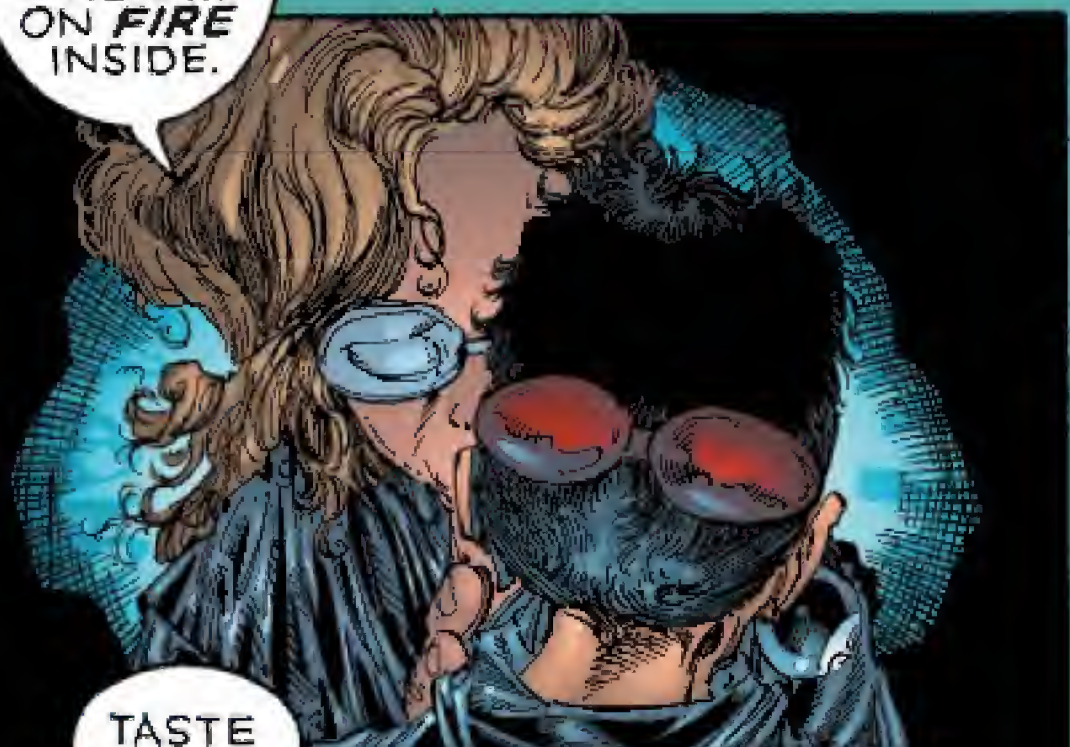


Shhh.
KISS
ME.



DRINK
ME!
YES...

Mmm.
WOW...
IT'S LIKE...
mmm...
LIKE I'M
ON FIRE
INSIDE.



TASTE
ME.



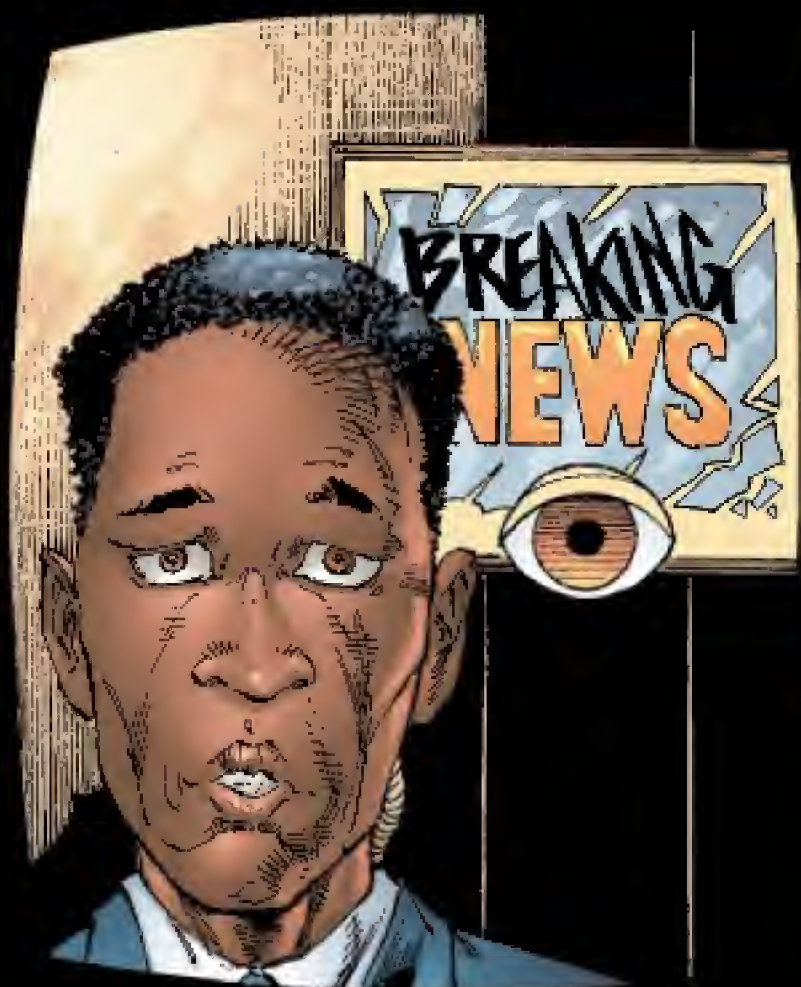
...STORY THAT HAS HAD THE ENTIRE COUNTRY BUZZING ALL DAY. DETECTIVE SAM BURKE, THE LEAD INVESTIGATOR ON THIS CASE, SPOKE TO THE PRESS EARLIER TODAY, BUT WAS RELUCTANT TO REVEAL ANY DETAILS ABOUT THE ONGOING INVESTIGATION.

NO. NO. SORRY. I APPRECIATE YOUR PATIENCE, BUT THERE'S NO WAY I COULD POSSIBLY DISCUSS A CASE AS SENSITIVE AS THIS ONE.

AS SOON AS WE HAVE SOMETHING TO REPORT, THE DEPARTMENT WILL ISSUE A STATEMENT. THANK YOU.

CAN YOU CONFIRM OR DENY SOME OF THE RUMORS THAT ARE CIRCULATING ABOUT LAST NIGHT'S EVENTS?

I CAN CONFIRM THAT THERE IS AN INVESTIGATION. I MEAN... WE'RE INVESTIGATING. BUT OTHER THAN THAT... NO COMMENT. THANK YOU.



--RUMORS OF DEVIL WORSHIPPERS OR SATANIC CULTS--

--ANOTHER BLACK EYE FOR THE N.Y.P.D.--

--WILL THE MAYOR ASK FOR FEDERAL AID IN--

--DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANOTHER BOOK DEAL IN THIS--

--REFUSAL TO BE FORTHCOMING--

--SO-CALLED CODE OF SILENCE--

HEY! WHAT DID I JUST SAY? HUH?

LISTEN, YOU LIMP-**BLEEP** SONS OF A **BLEEP**! WHAT **BLEEP** PART OF **NO-BLEEP COMMENT** DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?




NOW CRAWL OUT OF MY **BLEEP** YOU LITTLE **BLEEP** BEFORE **BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP**--



HEY, TWITCH. HOW'S IT GOING?

CAUGHT YOU ON THE NEWS THIS MORNING, SAM. VERY COLORFUL.

GODDAMN MEDIA VERMIN. TELL ME YOU'VE GOT GOOD NEWS.




HARDLY. STILL WAITING FOR ID'S ON ALL THE VICTIMS. BUT IT LOOKS LIKE NONE OF THEM KNEW EACH OTHER.

NOW, ACCORDING TO THE WATCH LOGS, DETECTIVE RODRIGUEZ SIGNED IN AT 20:57. OFFICER FERRIS CHECKED IN AT 20:58. BOTH SAID THERE WAS NOTHING AMISS WHEN THEY ARRIVED.

OFFICER HAVEL CAME OFF SHIFT, SIGNING OUT AT 21:04 AND DISCOVERED THE BODIES.

THAT LEAVES A MAXIMUM WINDOW OF **SIX MINUTES** FOR SOMEONE TO WALK UP TO A POLICE STATION AND FESTOON THE ENTRANCE WITH MURDER VICTIMS.

FAST WORK.



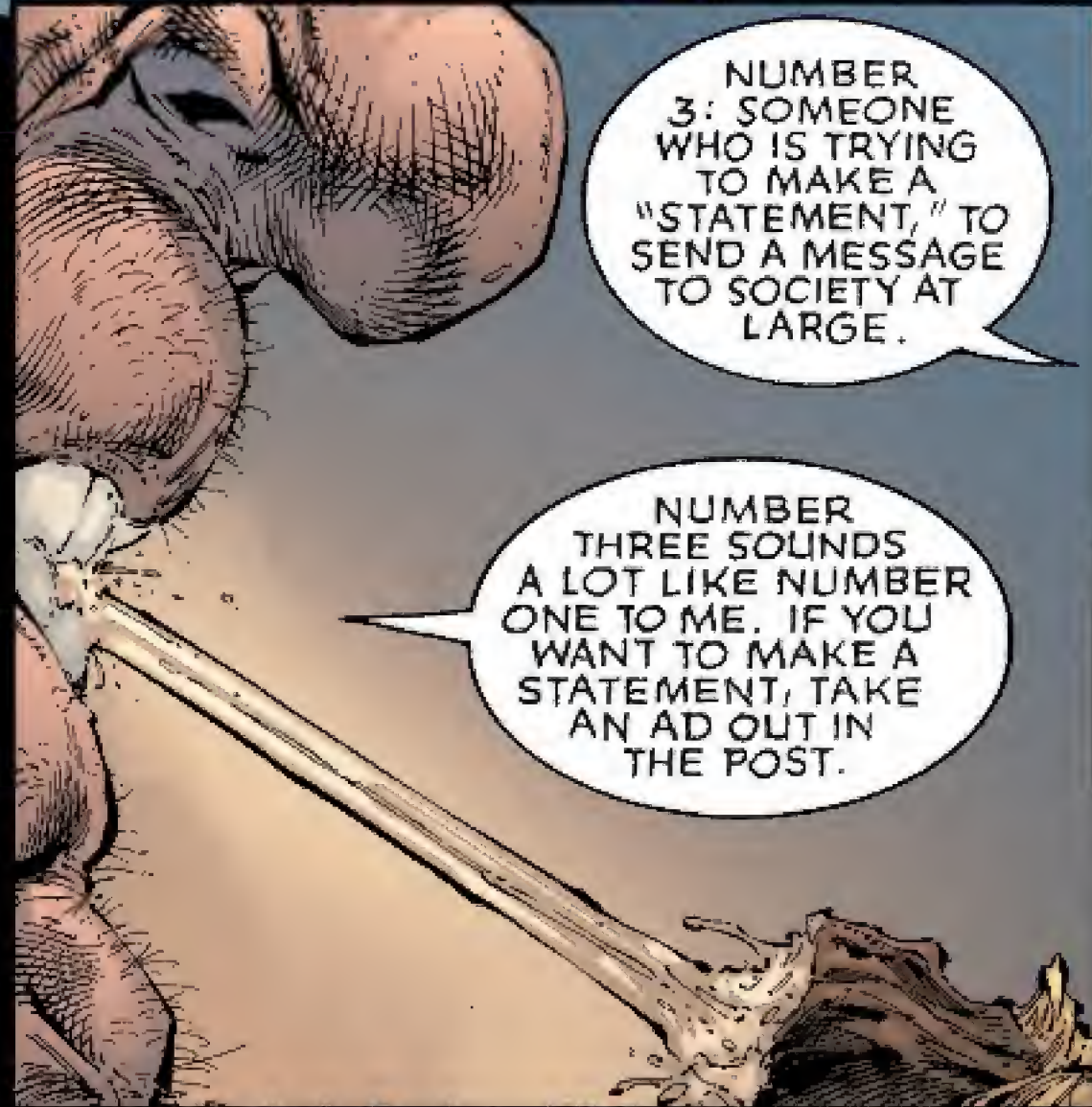
THAT'S NOTHING. I'VE GONE OVER THE SECURITY VIDEOS. THE BODIES APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE. LITERALLY. ONE FRAME THEY AREN'T THERE, THE NEXT THEY ARE.

I'M HAVING TECHNICAL SUPPORT CHECK THE TAPE TO SEE IF IT POSSIBLY HAS BEEN ALTERED.

SO WE GOT SQUAT ON METHOD. HOW ABOUT MOTIVE?

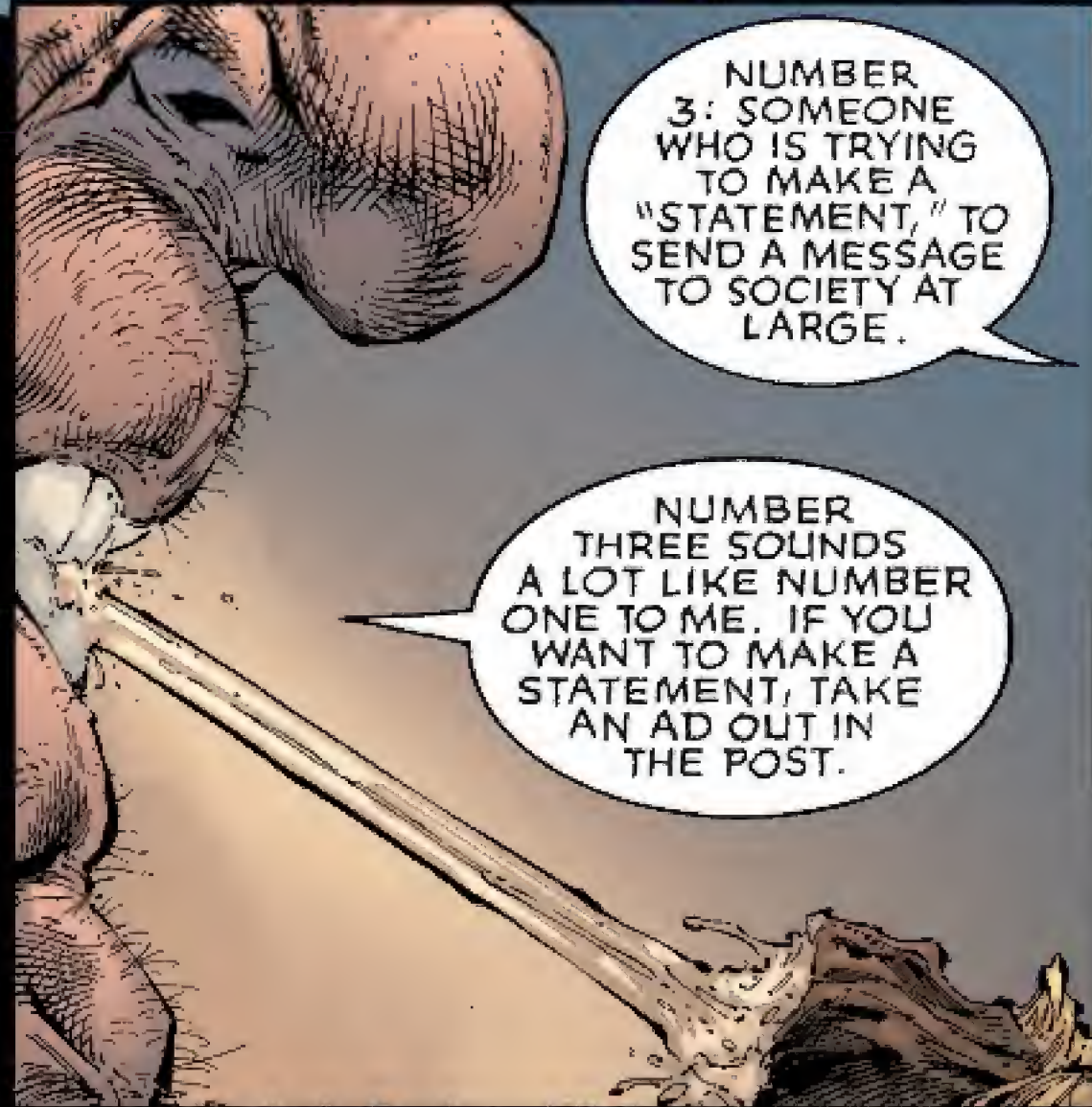
A COUPLE OF THEORIES. NUMBER 1: SOME PERSON OR PERSONS WHO ARE JUST PLAIN CRAZY. THE WORK OF A MADMAN.

NUMBER 2: SOMEONE WITH A VENDETTA AGAINST THE POLICE, SOMEONE TRYING TO MAKE US LOOK BAD.



NUMBER 3: SOMEONE WHO IS TRYING TO MAKE A "STATEMENT," TO SEND A MESSAGE TO SOCIETY AT LARGE.

NUMBER THREE SOUNDS A LOT LIKE NUMBER ONE TO ME. IF YOU WANT TO MAKE A STATEMENT, TAKE AN AD OUT IN THE POST.



AND THEN THERE'S UNSETTLING THEORY NUMBER 4...



THAT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE IS **WAY** BIGGER THAN ANY OF US.



COME ON... COME ON. WHERE IS SHE?

DAMN IT. HURRY UP ALREADY.



HEY, HANDSOME. YOU WAITING FOR SOMEONE?

DAWN! JEEZUS CHRIST! WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN? YOU'RE LATE.

NO, I'M NOT. I'M RIGHT ON TIME. AND DON'T BLASPHEME, OKAY?



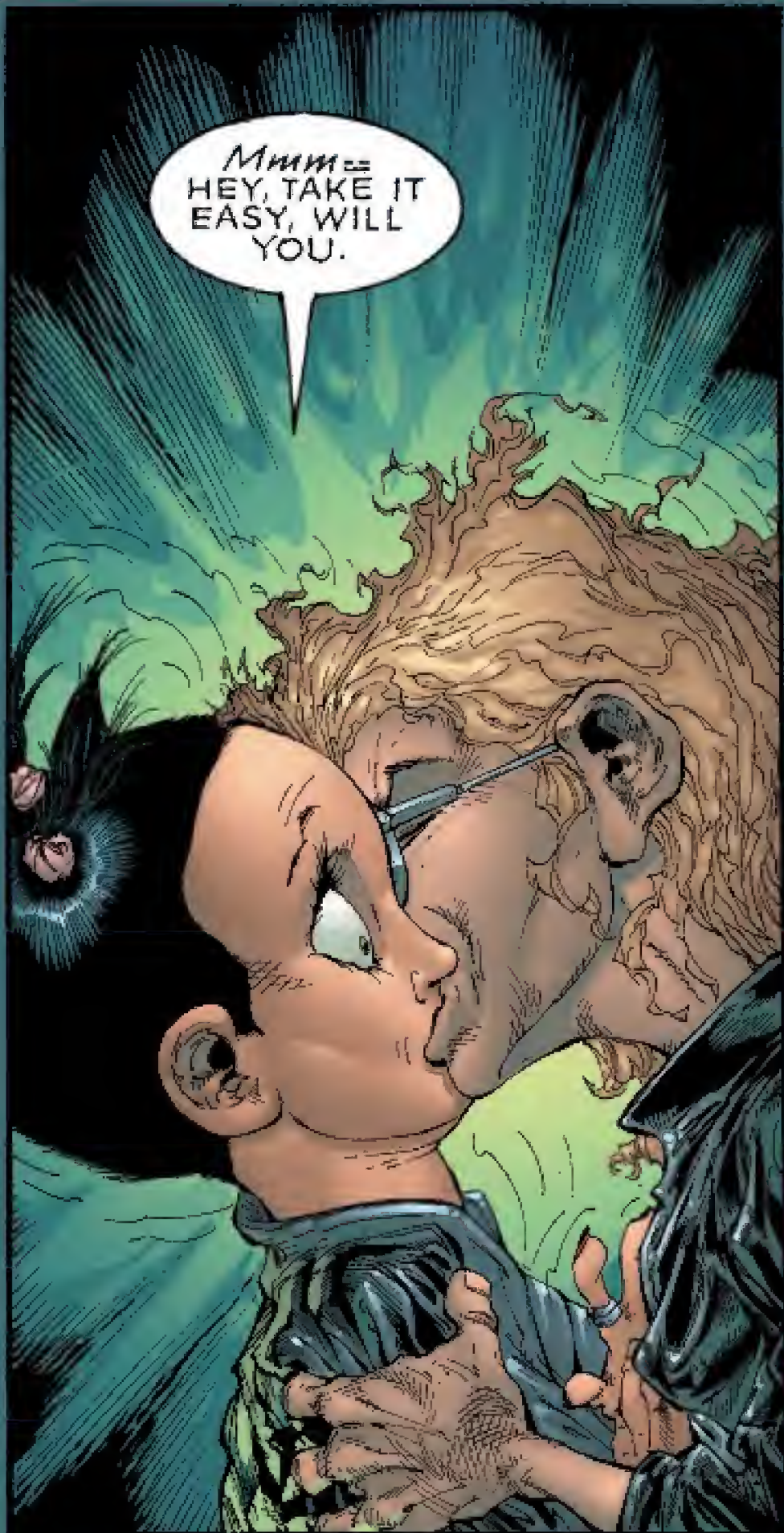
LOOK... I MEAN, I'VE BEEN WAITING. I JUST... GOD, I REALLY NEEDED TO SEE YOU AND...



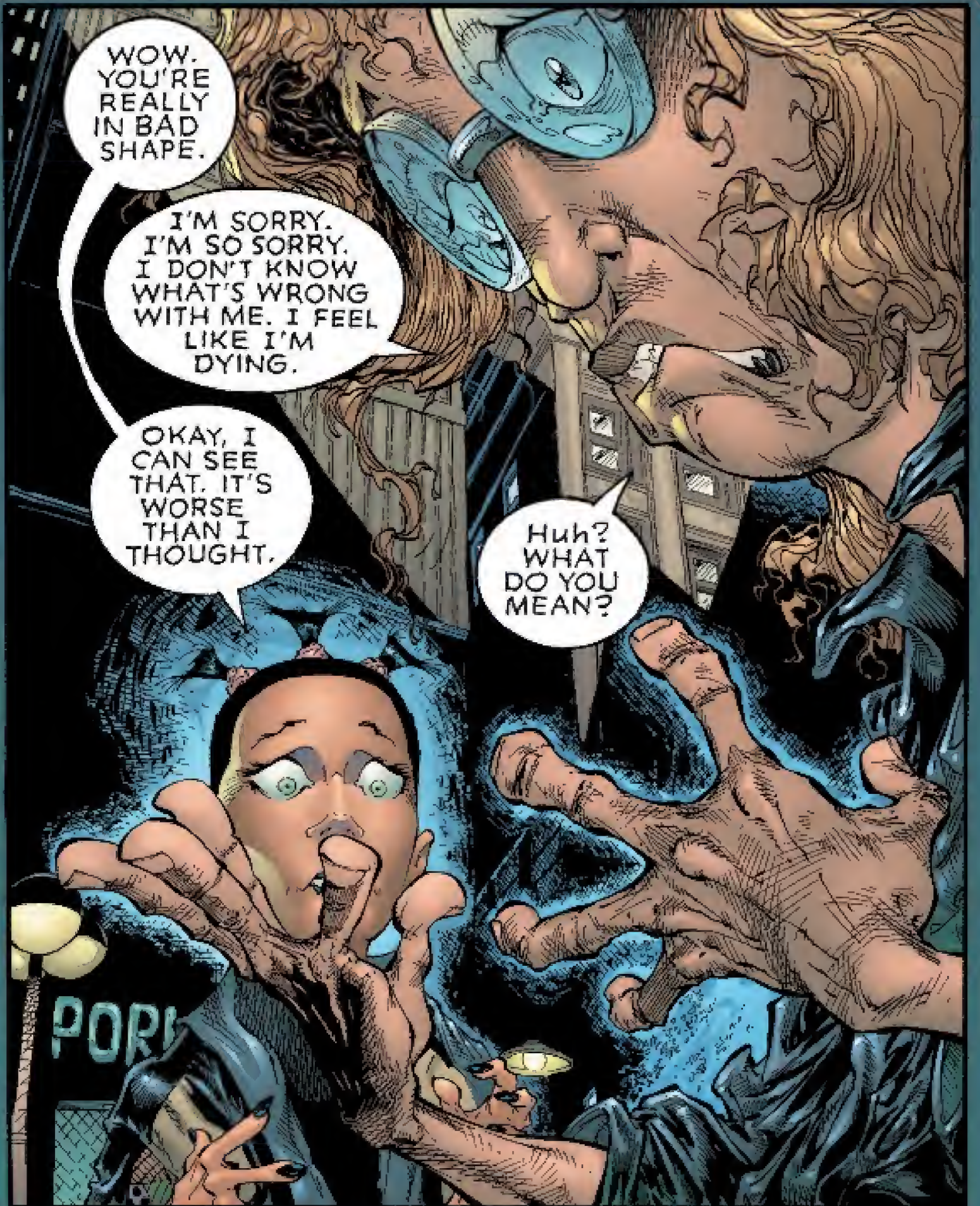
LISTEN, MAX. JUST CALM DOWN, OKAY. EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT. I'M HERE NOW.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG. I JUST FEEL SO... I DON'T KNOW. I FEEL...





Mmm...
HEY, TAKE IT
EASY, WILL
YOU.



WOW.
YOU'RE
REALLY
IN BAD
SHAPE.

I'M SORRY.
I'M SO SORRY.
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH ME. I FEEL
LIKE I'M
DYING.

OKAY, I
CAN SEE
THAT. IT'S
WORSE
THAN I
THOUGHT.

Huh?
WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?



DON'T
WORRY.

I CAN
MAKE IT
BETTER.

BUT NOT HERE.

NOT OUT
IN PUBLIC
LIKE THIS.



COME
ON.
DOWN
HERE.



WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME?

DON'T
WORRY, MAX.
I CAN FIX IT.
OKAY? I'LL FIX
YOU RIGHT
UP.

-- MISTER
BIG- SHOT-
SPOOKY-ASS-
CLOAK-WEARING-
SONUVABITCH!
BOSSING US AROUND
LIKE THAT! WHO
DOES HE THINK
HE IS?

WELL,
IF YOU
WANT TO GET
TECHNICAL, HE'S
A LORD OF HELL
NOW. THAT'S
WHO HE IS.

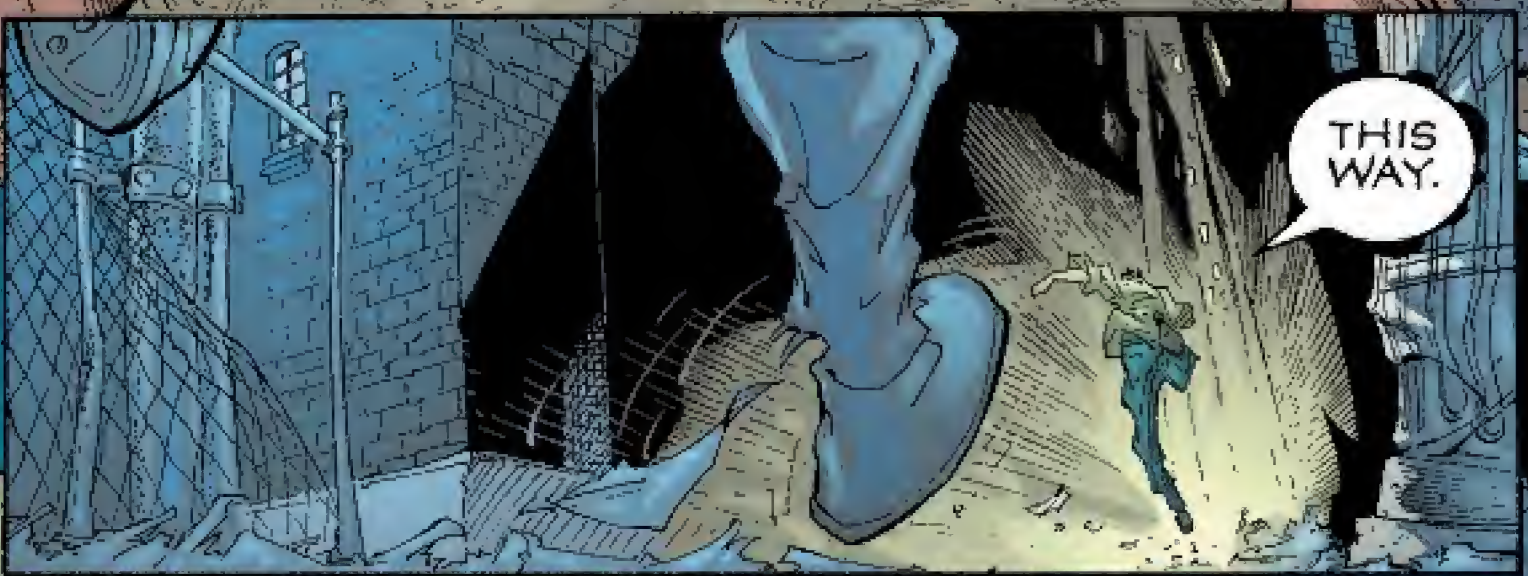
AND WHAT?
WE'RE JUST
HUMBLE
MINIONS, AT
HIS BECK AND
CALL?

PRETTY
MUCH.

WELL
THAT SUCKS.
WHY CAN'T HE DO
HIS OWN DIRTY WORK?
I DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHAT WE'RE LOOKING
FOR. MY FEET
ARE KILLING--

HEY!
--sniff--
YOU
SMELL
THAT?

YEAH.



THIS
WAY.

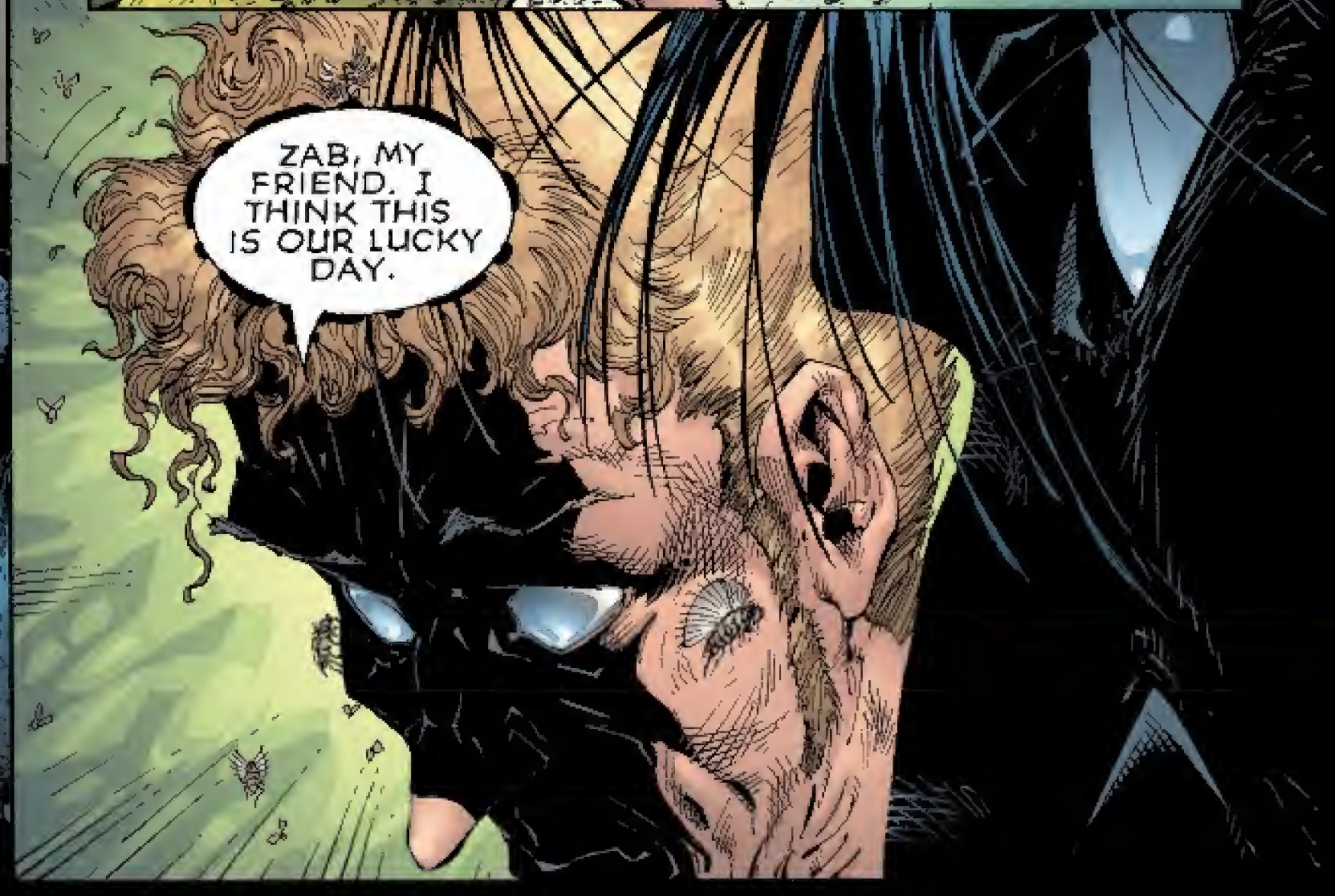


AND
WHAT WAS
ALL THAT
"BEHAVE
YOURSELF" CRAP?
HUH? SCREW
HIM.

WHY
DON'T YOU
TELL HIM
THAT? TELL
HIM RIGHT
TO HIS
FACE.



WELL,
NOW,
LOOKEE
HERE.



ZAB, MY
FRIEND. I
THINK THIS
IS OUR LUCKY
DAY.



NO...
NO, STILL
NO WORD.
LOOK... LOOK,
I KNOW. MAX
IS MY SON TOO,
YOU KNOW...
OKAY, LET'S
NOT GET
STARTED.

LISTEN,
I'VE RECRUITED
SOME OUTSIDE
HELP. IT DOESN'T
MATTER WHO.
SOMEONE I THINK
CAN HELP... YES...
OF COURSE, I
TRUST HIM.

JUST SOMEONE...
NO, I WOULDN'T CALL
HIM A FRIEND EXACTLY.
YEAH. I HOPE TO HEAR
SOMETHING SOON... YOU
NEED ANYTHING, JUST
HAVE ME PAGED.

THANKS.
YOU TOO. BYE,
HELEN.





I'M BORED.

ME, TOO.

DUDE, WHAT'S TAKING SO LONG? I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU KNEW HOW TO DO THIS.

WELL, MAYBE IF YOU STOPPED BREATHING DOWN MY NECK...



ISN'T IT PAST CURFEW, CHILDREN?

WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN GODDAMN BUSINESS, ASS-BITE?

THIS IS OUR BUSINESS. THOU SHALT NOT **COVET** THY NEIGHBOR'S GOODS.

THOU SHALT NOT **STEAL**.

THOU SHALT NOT TAKE THE LORD'S NAME IN **VAIN**.



HEY!

AWW!





LET THEM GO.

NOW!

AS YOU WISH.

BEAST!
YOU ARE AN
ABOMINATION
BEFORE THE
LORD!

HAAAHH!



AAARGH!

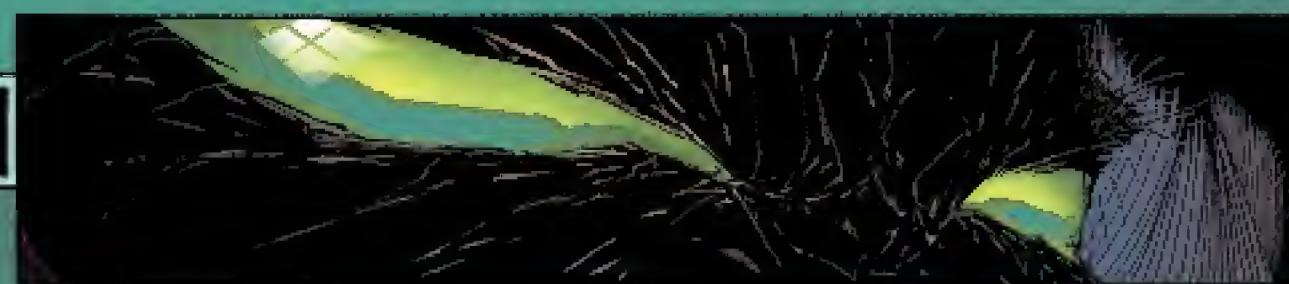
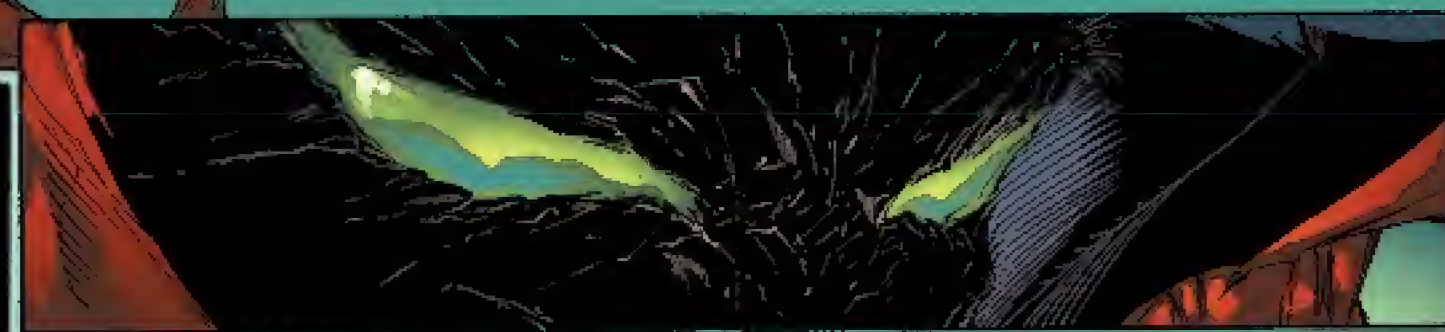
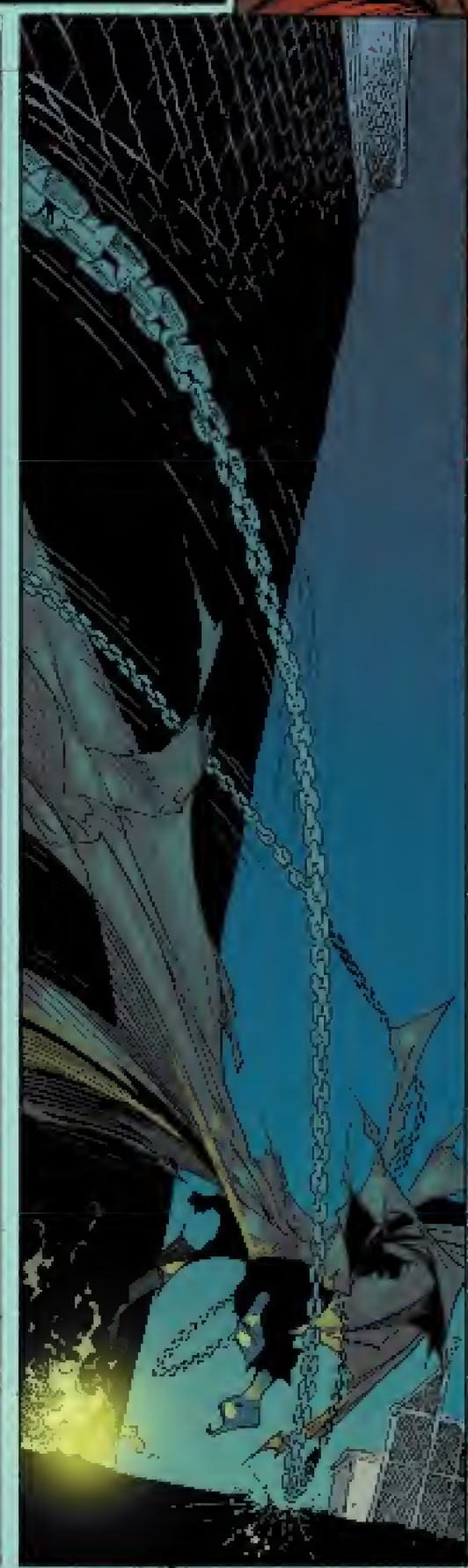
HE'S GOT
LUCAS!

LOOK
OUT!





THAT'S
ENOUGH!
LET'S
GO!





TO BE
CONTINUED...

